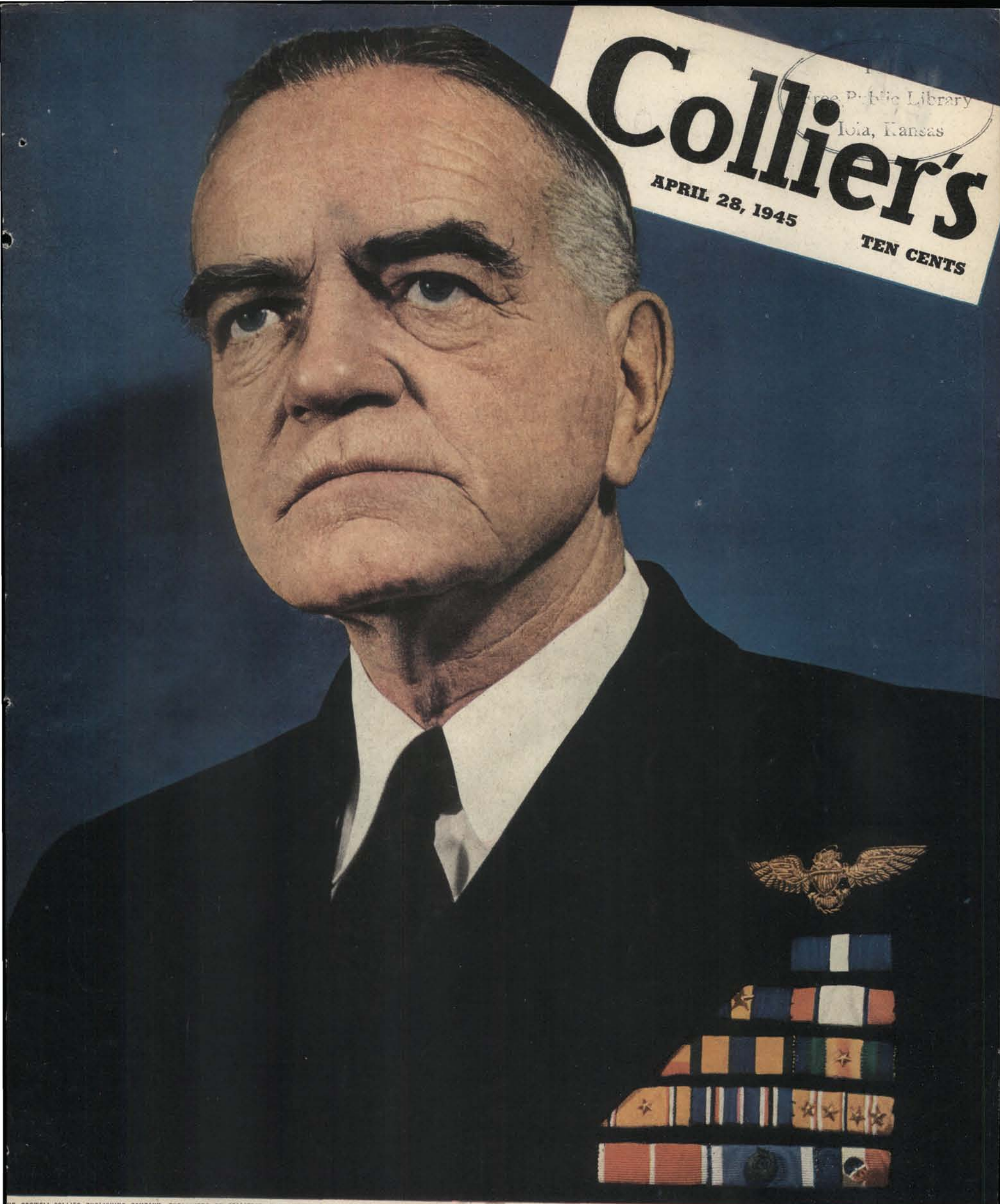


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**ADMIRAL WILLIAM F. HALSEY
PLAN TO CONTROL JAPAN**

ADMIRAL WILLIAM F. HALSEY. Photograph by Bob Leavitt

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Distinguished

from every viewpoint

Most men dislike being conspicuous in their dress.

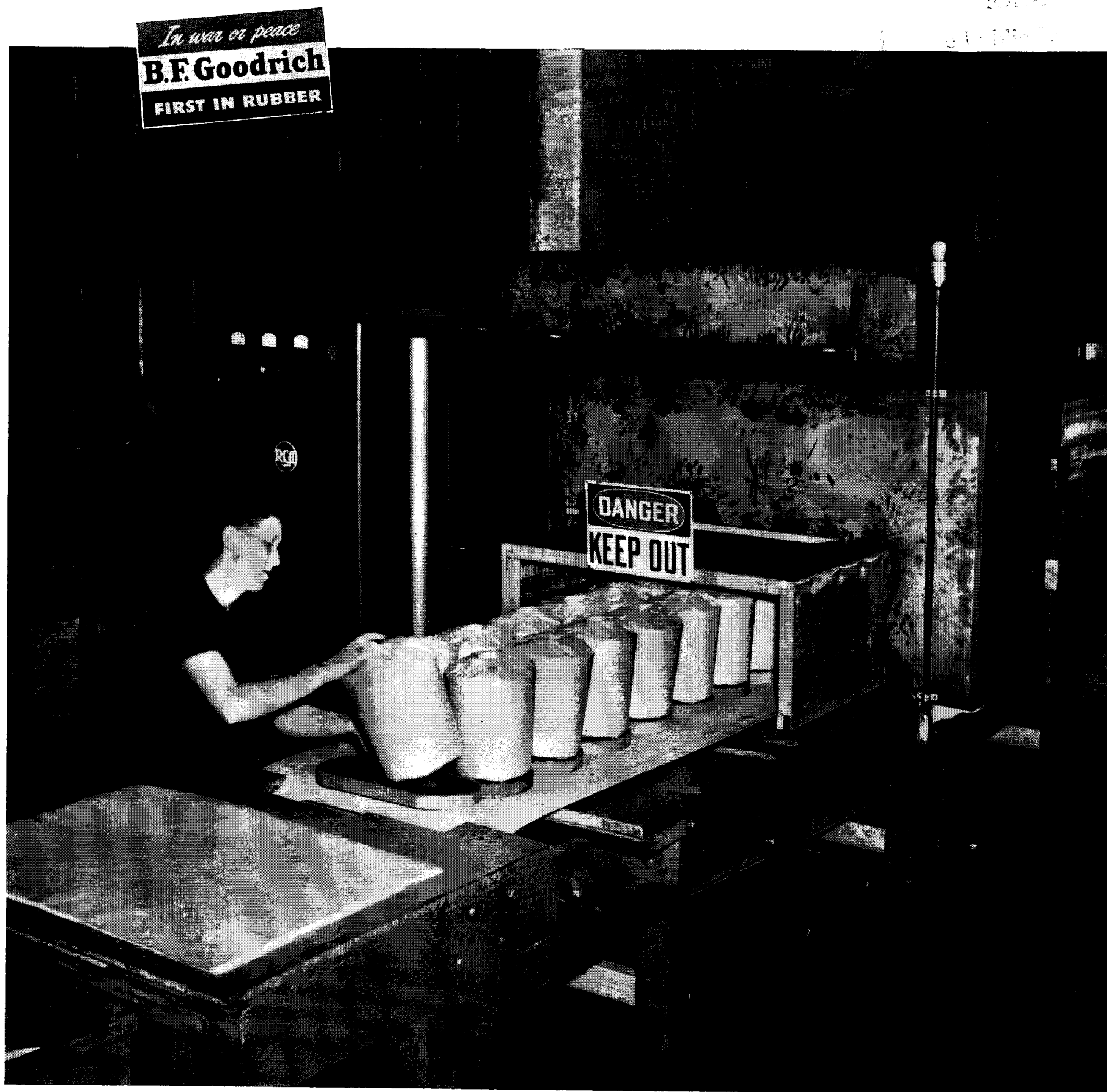
But no man minds a touch of individuality. In fact it's pretty important these days. That's the touch we try to tailor into Hart Schaffner & Marx all-wool clothes. They fit your type, as well as your figure. They're styled in quiet good taste. They feel comfortable and they look comfortable. You enjoy living in them and you do your best in them because you have that relaxed, confident feeling, born of the assurance that your clothes are right in every detail.



Hart Schaffner & Marx



The Trumpeter Label... a small thing to look for... a big thing to find



Cooking by radio tried out on string

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich improvement in tires

WHEN heating is done by "electronics" or radio waves, the oven itself is cool. Inside is an electrical field that alternates *a million times a second*. Articles inside this cool oven are heated internally. There's just as much heat down inside the article as at the surface (bread could be cooked without crust in an electronic oven).

B. F. Goodrich men are now applying this kind of cooking to spools of

rayon string to make better truck tires. With rayon cord, tires usually run cooler. But the rayon was hard to handle; it kinked and wouldn't lie straight while the tires were being built, unless held in place by cross threads or interlacing strands. In the finished tires those cross threads caused more heat and made them wear out faster.

Electronic heating or cooking "sets"

the twist; the cord lies straight, can be handled as easily as cotton cords. So B. F. Goodrich installed the equipment shown in the picture in its own cord mills, is making tires of rayon *without* any crossing strands. Each cord is completely surrounded by rubber; cords just can't touch each other.

No other tire manufacturer makes tires in this modern way with "weftless" rayon cord, as it's called. It's especially important with synthetic rubber because synthetics get hotter than

natural rubber. It's just one more step in the B. F. Goodrich program of constant improvement in every type of tire and every other rubber product. It's a policy that brings you more value in tires whether they're for auto, truck, airplane, farm implement or any other use. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

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this week

any week.

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MR. KENT WATSON of Jacksonville, Florida, wanted to be (and was) the first to call our attention to The Snoot League. President is "Solon Warts." Originator and holder of the copyright is somebody initialed J.M.S., whose P.O. box number is 1526, Jacksonville. Well, let's get on with it. Snoot League members are waitresses and clerks. They are admitted automatically when long-suffering customers hand them Snoot League cards listing the Snoot League Pledge. Among other promises the clerk or waitress has to make are: "I will keep customers waiting until they walk out, disgusted. I will sneer at and insult customers. I will do all within my power to kill any possible postwar public good will toward the joint for which I allegedly work. I will be snootily ungracious in accepting tips. I will always be abrupt and discourteous, and ask customers if they don't know there's a war on. I'm a stinker." The fascinating thing about this league is that its success depends upon how many of its members refuse to abide by the rules.



FOLLOWING a brief sojourn in these crowded halls, our Mr. Frank Morris is again bound for the Pacific to investigate a report broadcast March 13th by the Jap Domei news agency that "fighting has begun to assume an aspect." Mr. Morris will be much less vague when he begins to set his observations on paper. This will please Mr. I. Krantz, S 1/c (M), who resides (temporarily, we hope) in the U.S. Naval Hospital in Brooklyn and who opines that our Mr. Morris "is quite a go-getter. I happened to run onto his short article about the checks sent out by the Kearney shipyard to all fighting ships it has produced," Mr. Krantz continues. "I worked in Kearney in 1943 and used to chip in to the cigarette fund each week. Early last year I became a sailor and eventually I landed on a ship with which I had had something to do while it was being built. (Continued on page 28)

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This illustration is taken from Metropolitan's Sound Film Strip, "Jimmy Beats Rheumatic Fever." If you would like to show this feature at your P.T.A., Woman's Club, Red Cross, or other Group Meeting, just write and let us know.

"Look what the doctor ordered for my Rheumatic Fever!"

That may seem like peculiar medicine piled up on Jimmy's bed.

But those books and games and crayons have been carefully selected to keep him contentedly occupied, until all signs of the disease have cleared up. He still faces long weeks in bed.

Bed rest is a tough assignment for any youngster who no longer feels sick, and wants to be up and at play. But if rheumatic fever and rheumatic heart disease are to be fought successfully, it is the best medicine he can get.

Doctors think it is the treatment that will do most to lessen the menace of rheumatic fever—the cause of more deaths among children of school age than any other disease!

Rheumatic fever in its early stages is very difficult to recognize—all the more reason why parents should be alert to its tell-tale symptoms. The most striking is pain and swelling in joints and muscles. The pain often travels from joint to joint and is frequently preceded by a sore throat or tonsillitis.

Other signs such as continued loss of weight or appetite, or fleeting muscular aches, call for medical checkup. They may or may not mean rheumatic fever.

Unfortunately the disease has a tendency to recur, so it is vitally important that the first attack be recognized and treated promptly.

Generally the sufferer must stay in bed under a doctor's care until all signs, including laboratory tests, show that the inflammation has disappeared. He may stay at home, if circumstances permit—or possibly in a convalescent home.

Equally important, thereafter, he should be protected as far as possible from contact with people who have colds, since recurrence often appears to be brought on by mild illnesses like colds, grippe, sore throat, and respiratory trouble.

Three quarters of those attacked by rheumatic fever are between the ages of 5 and 30—and of these the great majority are between the ages of 10 and 15. Experiments now being made with small regular doses of certain drugs show promise of preventing recurrence. But even if these prove effective there will be continued need to maintain susceptible children in the best possible health by regular medical supervision.

To learn more about this disease, send for Metropolitan's free booklet "Rheumatic Fever." Just ask for Booklet 55C...or use the coupon.

Remember—May is Child Welfare Month...a fine time to check up on the general health of your children. Take this occasion to make sure your boy or girl has been immunized against childhood diseases for which protection is available.

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 55C,
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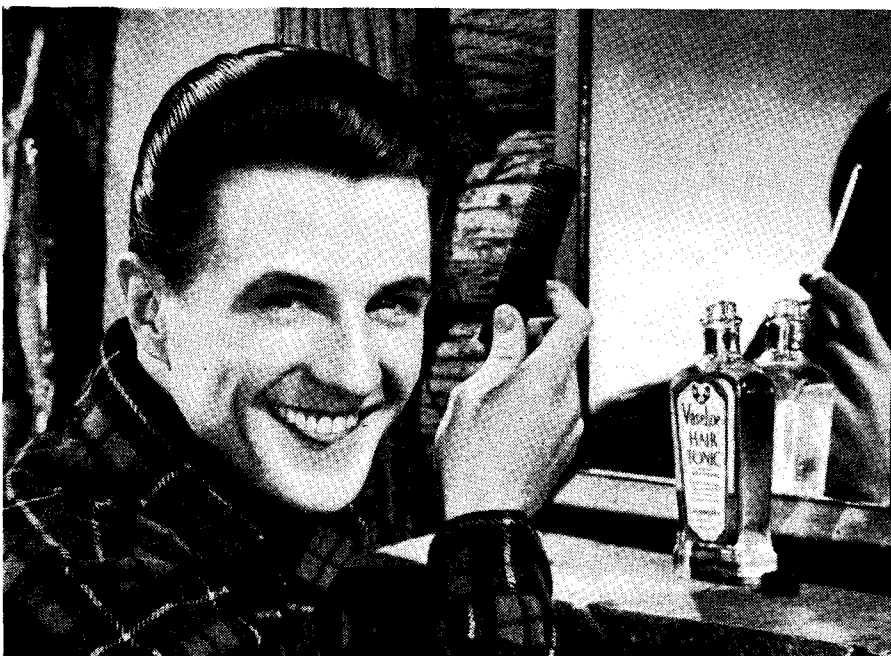
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Dry Scalp is nature warning you...



help nature give you good-looking hair!



YOUR HAIR TELLS THE STORY! Dry Scalp is often the cause of lifeless-looking hair and loose dandruff. Take heed! Supplement your natural scalp oils with five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic a day. It checks Dry Scalp. Your hair gets that natural, "just-combed" look. Your scalp feels better. Try 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic with massage before shampooing, too. Remember...it contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients.

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HAIR TONIC
double care... both scalp and hair

More bottles sold today than any other hair tonic



Keep up with the world by Freling Foster

Every circus clown originates the design for painting his face and uses it throughout his career without fear of infringement by his colleagues.

In 1903, the Wright brothers flew the first man-carrying airplane nine days after one made by Doctor Samuel Langley had proved a failure. The doctor was so piqued that he had his machine placed on exhibition in the Smithsonian Institution, where he had been an official for 25 years, and called it the first plane to fly with human cargo. Eleven years later, Glenn Curtiss was asked to prove that it was capable of flight, and he flew it, but only after making 35 improvements, including a better engine. It was not until 1942 that the Smithsonian finally admitted in an official publication that the Wrights had built the first machine and apologized for the attitude it had maintained for almost 40 years.

Although American railroads operated on 23 different gauges, or track widths, as late as 1871, they had all adopted the world's standard gauge by 1886, thus making the United States the first country in which a carload of freight could reach any point without having to be unloaded and reloaded en route.—By Bernard Sachs, New York City.

On irrefutable evidence, Germany was found guilty in 1939 of ordering saboteurs to set off the Black Tom and Kingsland explosions in New Jersey shortly before America entered the first World War. The Nazis were ordered to pay \$20,000,000 in compensation for the damage and \$30,000,000 in accrued interest. As they refused to pay anything, the Treasury Department prorated among the claimants \$23,625,000 of frozen German funds in its possession.

Of the 1,100 persons who constitute the working population of Vatican City, about 800 have their homes within its walls. Approximately 300 of them are women, mostly wives of Vatican citizens, while about 50 others are children who have been born to these resident families.

For eighteen years, one New Yorker, Doctor Harry A. Coveler, has been the house physician of 50-odd legitimate and movie theaters in the Times Square district.—By Alice Kneigge, City Island, N. Y.

On Mindanao, in the Philippines, the natives still stage horse fights in which fiery stallions are pitted against each other for the possession of a mare.—By Sylvia Sperling, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The marine sunfish (*Mola mola*) grows to a length of eight feet and a weight of 1,800 pounds, yet its spinal cord is only 1½ inches long.—By Patricia Nolan, Larchmont, N. Y.

Only after a bomb is clamped in the bomb bay of a plane is the fuse installed in its nose. The fuse then remains incapable of detonation until its little propeller whirls and unscrews it during the first 500 feet of the fall. To prevent the propeller from revolving while in the plane, it is tied with a wire which is jerked free when the bomb is released. However, the wire will continue to hold the propeller motionless if the bomb is released by a special lever when jettisoned over friendly territory.

During the past three centuries, 11 of the 38 important peace treaties negotiated throughout the world have been signed in or near Paris. Among them were the treaties that terminated the American War of Independence in 1783 and the Spanish-American War in 1898.

Through warfare in the past 50 years, Japan has grabbed land, totaling 2,796,600 square miles in area, with a population of 368,212,000, that belonged to eight countries: China, Britain, France, Thailand, Russia, Portugal, the Netherlands and the United States, our territory being Guam, Wake and the Philippines. Including its own people, Japan therefore controlled, one year ago, 21 per cent of the population of the world.

Although Yiddish is written in Hebrew characters and has been spoken by millions of Jews of many countries for centuries, it is basically a High German dialect and, therefore, an Aryan language.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission.

In dramatized form Keep Up with the World is now broadcast every Wednesday night (at 9:00 E.W.T., 8:00 C.W.T., 7:00 M.W.T., 6:00 P.W.T.) over 140 stations of the Blue Network

TOMORROW'S CARS ARE FORMING NOW IN THE CRUCIBLE OF WAR



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War is not all waste. Sparked by its urgency, men explore and utilize new fields of knowledge . . . telescope into months the normal progress of years . . . convert highly specialized industries into prolific sources of products hitherto foreign to their field.

Thus it has been with the automotive industry. From the assembly lines once devoted to automotive production are cascading planes, tanks, ships and other war materials involving processes new to the industry. American business ingenuity, trade secrets and scientific discoveries have been freely thrown into the melting pot for one patriotic purpose—to win the war.

The present result the world knows—vast quantities of superior armament assuring Victory. *The future result is as certain.* From this union of many industries

will come remarkable developments in highway transportation—motor cars and trucks reflecting the latest thinking in every field of science and industry.

Bendix—through long association with the automotive industry and broad experience in many industrial and scientific fields—is particularly well equipped to speed this progress. Bendix developments in aircraft carburetion and ignition may well be utilized to improve motor car performance. Bendix advancements in brakes and brake lining . . . starter drives . . . hydraulic steering . . . practical electronics—all offer opportunities for great improvements in safety, driving ease, comfort.

This war-won knowledge awaits only the return to normal peacetime production to be utilized for your pleasure. And the return of peacetime production

waits only on our individual willingness to sacrifice everything for Victory. We can really do so little when our fighting men are doing so much—but *let's do all we can.* Give to the Blood Bank . . . buy War Bonds . . . help the Salvage Drive . . . *stay on the job.*

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First IN CREATIVE ENGINEERING
Builders of the INVISIBLE CREW



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THE TICKING OF THAT TAXI METER



WAS MUSIC TO MY EARS



I'm a cub reporter for the *Daily Sentinel* . . . landed the job right after my medical discharge from the service. The other day I got my first big break. It's a four-alarm fire down by the river front, and I'm the only one around to cover it. I make tracks

for my car. • When I step on the starter, she just groans. Me too!

I race down to the corner and spot a cab with one passenger stopped at the light. When I shout my story through the window, the old gentleman inside eyes the veteran's pin in my lapel and says, "Go ahead, buddy—you need this cab more than I do!" • Well,



I covered the story—thanks to the grand old guy who gave up his cab—and it made the front page. But my good luck taught me a good lesson: *Keeping a car dependable is part of everybody's job these days. Wartime transportation depends on it.*



KEEP YOUR CAR ON THE JOB

To make your car last, follow these simple maintenance rules of service: 1. Get *regular* service and inspection. 2. Take care of minor repairs *promptly*. You'll find your nearby United Motors Service station ready to help you with skilled mechanics—original-equipment parts.

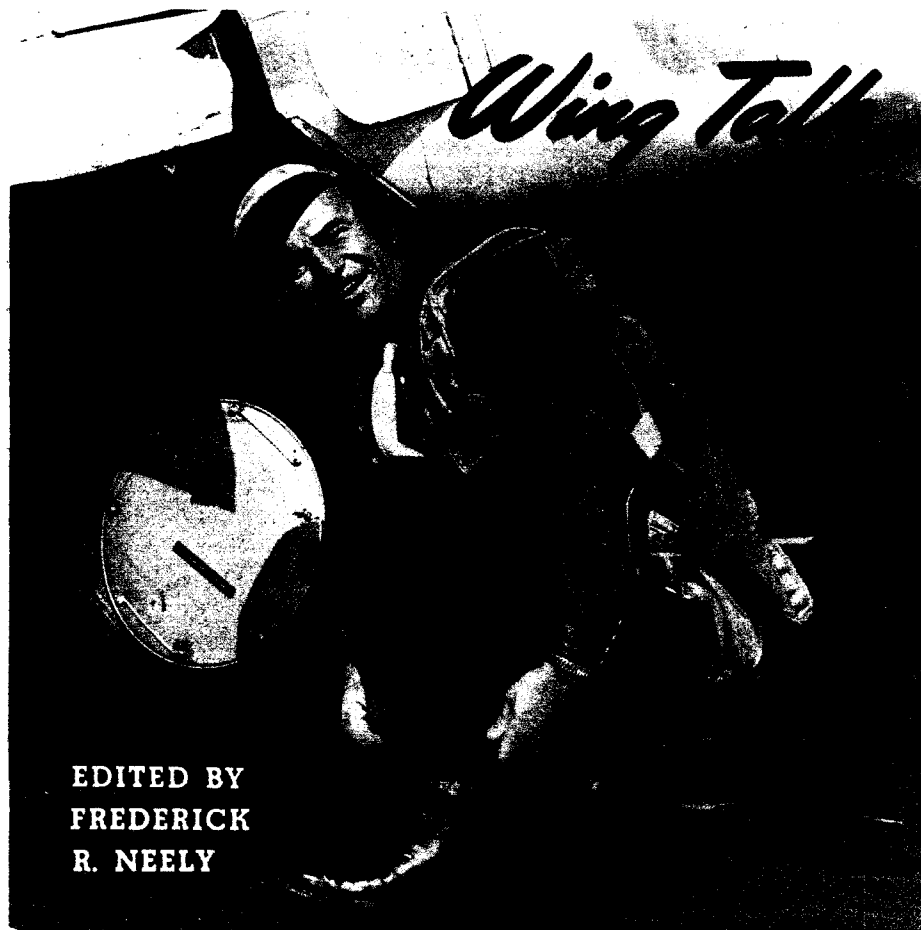
**Keep Faith with
Your Fighters and Yourself
BUY WAR BONDS**



LOOK FOR THIS SIGN • IT'S RIGHT NEARBY

United Motors Service is a nationwide organization of selected independent service stations authorized to sell and service these products:

DELCO Batteries	DELCO Auto Radios	DELCO Shock Absorbers
AC Fuel Pumps, Gauges and Speedometers	HARRISON Heaters	GUIDE Lamps
INLITE Brake Lining	DELCO Home Radios	DELCO-REMY Starting, Lighting and Ignition
DELCO Radio Parts	NEW DEPARTURE Ball Bearings	KLAXON Horns
HYATT Roller Bearings	HARRISON Thermostats	HARRISON Radiators
		DELCO Hydraulic Brakes



EDITED BY
FREDERICK
R. NEELY

Lockheed Production Test Pilot Tom J. Wilkison wears cowboy boots when he flies. He's an expert on the Ventura, or PV, two-engine search bomber

A FLYING black-out usually is an individual thing, an experience of a fighter pilot alone, but the Navy has a plane which can black out a crew of seven or more. In a test dive to the black-out point, I have watched the faces of the crew go pale and sag in that strange experience.

The Lockheed Ventura, or PV, is a plane for a rugged crew. It is a rugged ship, a stubby two-engined search bomber for over-water reconnaissance, and it has outrun and outfought Japanese fighters. It is a big-breasted bird like a homing pigeon. It may be blue with a white breast or entirely white for snowy countries. Each engine has 2,000 horsepower, together almost as much power as a Flying Fortress. It can bomb, drop depth charges or torpedoes, lay mines under the enemy's nose and do some uncanny things with radio. If it has to engage in combat, it can throw its crew around the sky at terrific speed and also make long power dives, such as are made sometimes in test flying.

The PV has been used exclusively for more than a year out of the Aleutians on bombing operations against the Kurile Islands. Planes on this duty have been known as the "Empire Express" because they have consistently bombed the Japanese homeland. They are also used in the Atlantic for antisubmarine patrol work and in the Pacific as long-range search planes.

IT WAS my function to check the radio on test flights at the Lockheed plant at Burbank, California, and it was on one of these flights that I made my first long dive with an expert on this type plane. He is Tom J. Wilkison of North Hollywood, California, a Lockheed production test pilot. Tom comes from Abilene, Texas, he is twenty-nine years old, has two children and weighs 145 pounds in his cowboy boots, which he always wears when he flies.

When my radio testing was finished, he motioned me to the cockpit. "I'll show you how the Navy dives these birds," he said.

The plane was flying all by itself. He was using neither hands nor feet, for he had set the throttles right and trimmed the tabs so that it was flying smooth and steady.

Then he took the first finger of his right hand, and with the tip of it he pushed the stick forward. That was all. Down we went in an almost vertical dive. An absolutely vertical dive is considered impractical be-

cause a gust of wind may throw you over on your back.

I was standing and the crew chief was standing, but we did not fall forward. We remained standing about as we were before, but in an almost horizontal position.

This dive was about three thousand feet long. Tom pointed to the air-speed indicator whose hand went from 150 knots to something over 300, while we stood almost horizontal and watched it. I felt almost nothing but a pain in my ears. This was eased by frequent swallowing. You must swallow every few seconds because of the rapid change in altitude.

AT THE end of the dive, Tom took the same finger and pulled back on the stick. It was a good pull for one finger, but he brought us slowly out of the dive and pointed the ship up into the sky again. We climbed almost straight up three thousand feet to the stalling point.

"The Navy handles them rougher than that. This baby really can take it. Can you?" Tom was suggesting a real ride.

I nodded and said, "I'll try."

Not many pilots will give a plane such a thorough workout on its first flight, but being a Texan, Tom likes to "take her by the horns." He likes to flop and zoom all over the sky. He flies only on test flights, and, if he is to have what he calls fun, he must have it in the first hour or two of a plane's life.

I had no more than nodded assent to his proposed ride, when I reached for the ceiling where I was thrown when he seized the stick by its horns and dug the beast's nose into the air for a joust with gravity.

My hands found the top of the fuselage and I tried to hold myself away from it, but I could not. My head came up and pressed tightly against my hands. These are the conditions under which crews sometimes must fight in these ships when the going is rough. A navigator may have to plot a course while hanging by his knees at one moment and trying to lift his hands against the pull of gravity at the next. A gunner must shoot while he is pinioned against the side of the ship, feeling as though he were half paralyzed.

When the ship's nose pointed almost straight down, I managed to push my feet

(Continued on page 76)

WAITING FOR YOU...



Those things you
love...
Those things you're
waiting for...
Are waiting here for
you!

Bright sunlight dancing
on the waters of a brook...

The friendly shade of sycamores along
the bank...

Shouts and laughter and the quick
call of names you know...

Roads that you'll explore, and lazy
summer afternoons... trails twining
by a mountain fishing-stream... un-
hurried country lanes... wide high-
ways that beg your car to spread her

wings and fly...

Her low, sweet motor-music as the
miles race by... the way she quick-
ens to a throttle-touch and leaps
ahead to flatten out the hills and
make the pavement sing beneath her
wheels.

All these...

Your friends, your car, the fun you'll
share...

The good things that once were yours
and will be yours again...

All these are here... waiting for you.

When Victory comes, Nash will go on
once again to production for peace...
from the building of engines of war to

the making of two great new cars de-
signed to be the finest, biggest, most
comfortable, most economical, most
advanced automobiles ever produced
in their respective fields... the new
Nash Ambassador in the medium-
priced field, and the new Nash "600"
in the low-priced field.

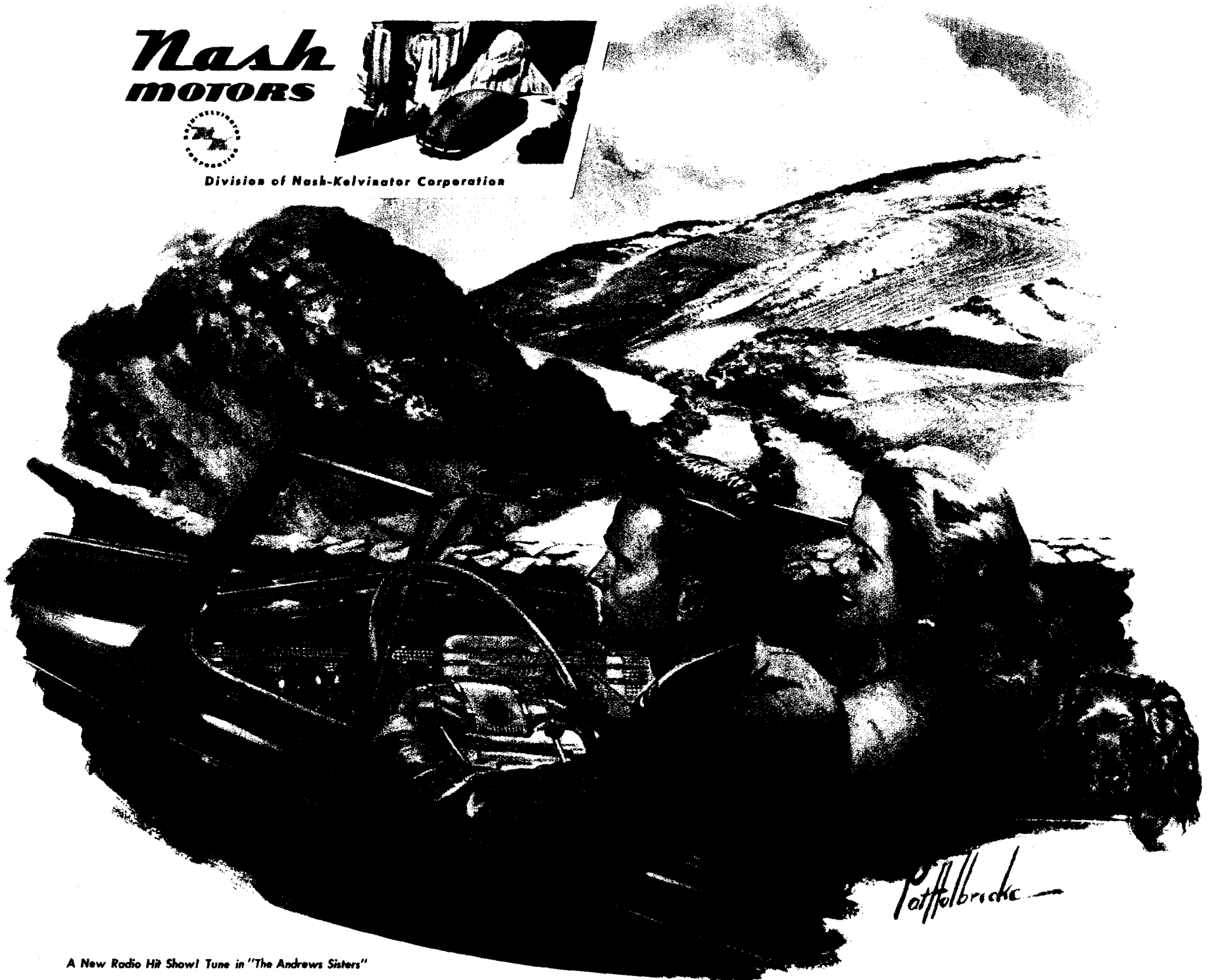
And we will build these cars in num-
bers three times greater than we did
before the war.

In this way, Nash will help contribute
the jobs, the opportunities, the futures
which will insure the strong, vital and
growing America all of us owe to
those who are fighting and working
to preserve it.

Nash
MOTORS



Division of Nash-Kelvinator Corporation



A New Radio Hit Show! Tune in "The Andrews Sisters"

and Guest Stars—Sundays 4:30 P.M. E.W.T. Blue Network

**WAR KEEPS ON NEEDING
LONG DISTANCE**

"GETTING things done 'til the war is won" is still the big job of Long Distance.

Sometimes there's a particularly heavy load on certain circuits, as many busy hands reach for the telephone all at once.

Then the operator will ask your help by saying — "Please limit your call to 5 minutes."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



LISTEN TO "THE TELEPHONE HOUR" EVERY MONDAY EVENING OVER NBC

DANGER!

We're not going to get the kind of inflation Germany had after the last war, but we don't have to in order to know disaster. For that, all we have to do is lift our controls on prices and wages too soon

FOR some time, economists, politicians and administrators, echoed by columnists, editorial writers, commentators and cartoonists, qualified and otherwise, have been sounding the warning sirens at the approach of a new cataclysm called inflation. It is, they say, a fate worse than war.

Translated into human suffering, inflation can be as bad as war. It cheapens money, evaporates savings accounts, reduces life-insurance policies to worthless scraps of paper, along with stocks and bonds. The poor become paupers, the well-off become the badly-off, and only the very rich can ride the storm.

But inflation isn't coming. It's already here. You needn't wait up nights for it any longer. Our national economy is beginning to feel the strain of the long uphill pull to victory. Prices have risen, and with them the cost of living. Wages have gone up. There are nearly three times as many bank notes in circulation as there were before the war.

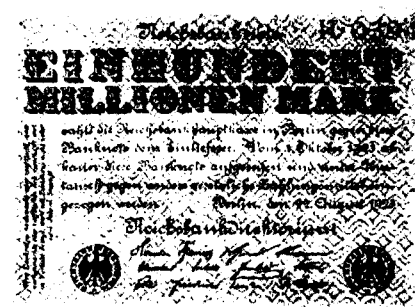
To relieve your anguished nerves, however, we hasten to advise you that everything's figuratively and literally under control. We are approaching the frontier between economic sanity and economic chaos, but we aren't quite on it yet. We are still on the right side of uncontrolled or runaway inflation, which is what our economists and the others are so eloquently worried about.

It would be nice to provide you at this point with a good ten-word definition of this economic phenomenon. Unfortunately none exists. Economists know what causes inflation and know or can plot its potentially catastrophic effects. But when you try to pin one down as to what it is, he comes up with something like this:

"Inflation is a disproportionate and relatively sharp and sudden increase in the quantity of money, or credit, or both, relative to the amount of exchange business and always produces a rise in the price level."

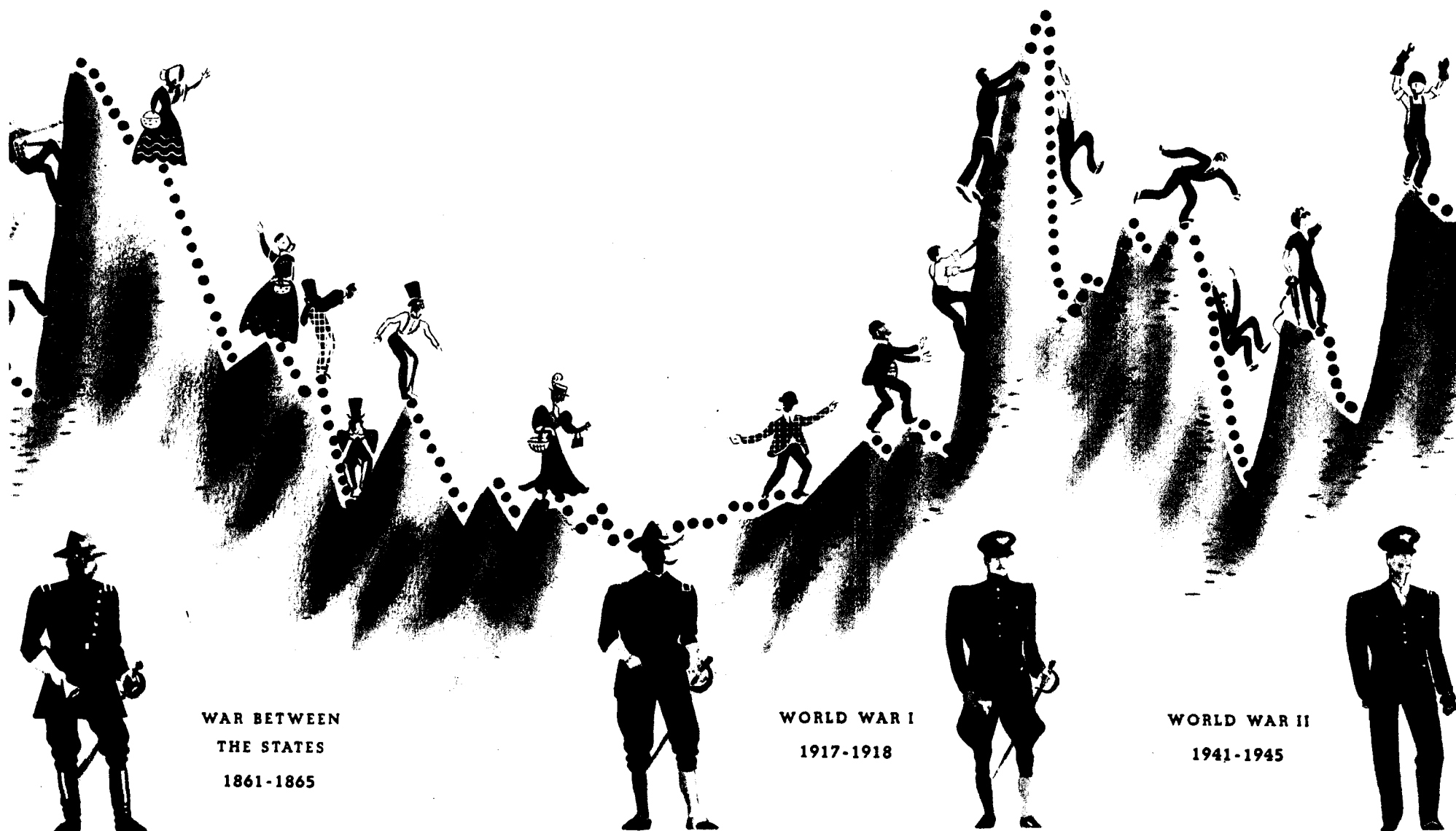
In two-cent words, this means that when there's plenty of money in people's pockets and/or in bank accounts, and the stuff that money buys is scarce, prices (i.e., the cost of living) go up. Inflation, in other words, results from a distortion of supply and demand, and unless the supply of goods is increased proportionately to demand, something always gives. Always it's prices.

The forces responsible for inflation, too much money and too few civilian goods, are particularly strong in wartime. We are at war, although certain pressure groups are still eminently unaware of the fact, (Continued on page 79)



This is inflation. The five billion drachma note at top is worth about a penny; the German 100 million mark note, vintage of 1923, was not even worth that

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Every one of America's wars has been followed by dizzy inflation and a toboggan-slide drop in values as this chart shows. But notice that, despite vastly increased pressures, the inflationary peak in this war is not as high as in World War I. This is the result of the efforts of the OPA, WPB, WLB and the Office of Economic Stabilization. But the greatest pressure comes after victory, and unless controls are kept until our economy has been readjusted to peace, the threatened inflation will be an all-time lulu

ILLUSTRATED BY LEO RACKOW

Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday

By James Hopper

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

About a little French girl who knew how to accept a gift, a grandfather who learned painfully what not to take, and a wise American soldier who understood the secret of giving

THINGS certainly have changed, thought Fauvette. The Germans were gone from the village—whiff, just like that—and the Americans were here.

"Fantastique," her grandfather called it as he stood by her side, watching the Americans go by. Along the village street, they rumbled and splashed in a procession that had no end—camions and camions of gay soldiers who waved at you, and then guns and tanks, and queer sorts of machines and darling lit-

tle jeeps. And provisions—oh, mounds of provisions.

Another change was the reopening of the school. Mademoiselle le Clerc, who was so pretty, had reopened the school where now she could teach the right way again, without being watched by the Germans all the time. She could tell now of the past glories of France, of her knight Du Guesclin and of Bayard, the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*. But there was school only in the morning because the stove had no coal and would not burn the wood brought from the forest, and br-br-brrrrr it was so cold that by noon you were frozen and Mademoiselle le Clerc let you out for the rest of the day. So, Fauvette had time in the afternoons to stand on the main street watching the Americans roll by and to squeeze in a little visit every Thursday to what the village now called *le Champ des Machines Americaines*.

The Field of the American Machines was just beyond the end of the village, and it was full of things broken and crippled—great tanks, camions of all kinds, and little jeeps. Among all those broken things big American soldiers scurried, fixing them up. They performed miracles. They would take two broken tanks, and cut out what was broken

in one, and cut out what was broken in the other, and then put the two good parts together, and there would be a good tank!

What Fauvette loved was to see the completion of one of these operations. There a little jeep would stand, whole and well again. A man poured gasoline in, a man leaped to the wheel. "Whir, whir," the little jeep went, then suddenly caught and went rolling off saucily.

EVERY Thursday, Fauvette would wander down the village street, keeping close to the walls to escape the rumbling traffic, till she came to the Field of the Machines. For a while she would take in the great activity from a distance, her back against the wall of the last building, but then she would advance little by little into the field itself, skirting a truck here, a tank there.

She never had much trouble finding him, because she could always tell his tall flat back from all the other backs around. She gradually picked her way to him, a little shy in the enormous clatter and noise. Finally she was right behind him.

He continued at his work, she so quiet that he did not know she was there. She saw only his back, she had never seen his front. Nor

his face, because, even when he turned his head a little, the face was hidden by a great iron mask that looked just like the mask of the Chevalier Bayard, without fear and without reproach, whose picture hung in the school. But he did not carry a lance like the Chevalier Bayard. Instead he had a stick which was pure fire at the tip. And with this fiery stick he carved huge pieces of steel as easily as, in the days when there was still meat, Monsieur Chantard, in his butcher shop, carved joints out of some big beef.

Fauvette stood there close behind him, still as a mouse, and watched him carve trucks and jeeps in a shower of sparks like fireworks on a fourteenth of July. And after a while something wonderful happened. Though he did not turn but went on with his work, and she remained as still as a mouse, suddenly she knew that he knew she was there.

And after another wait he said, "So there you are, eh?"

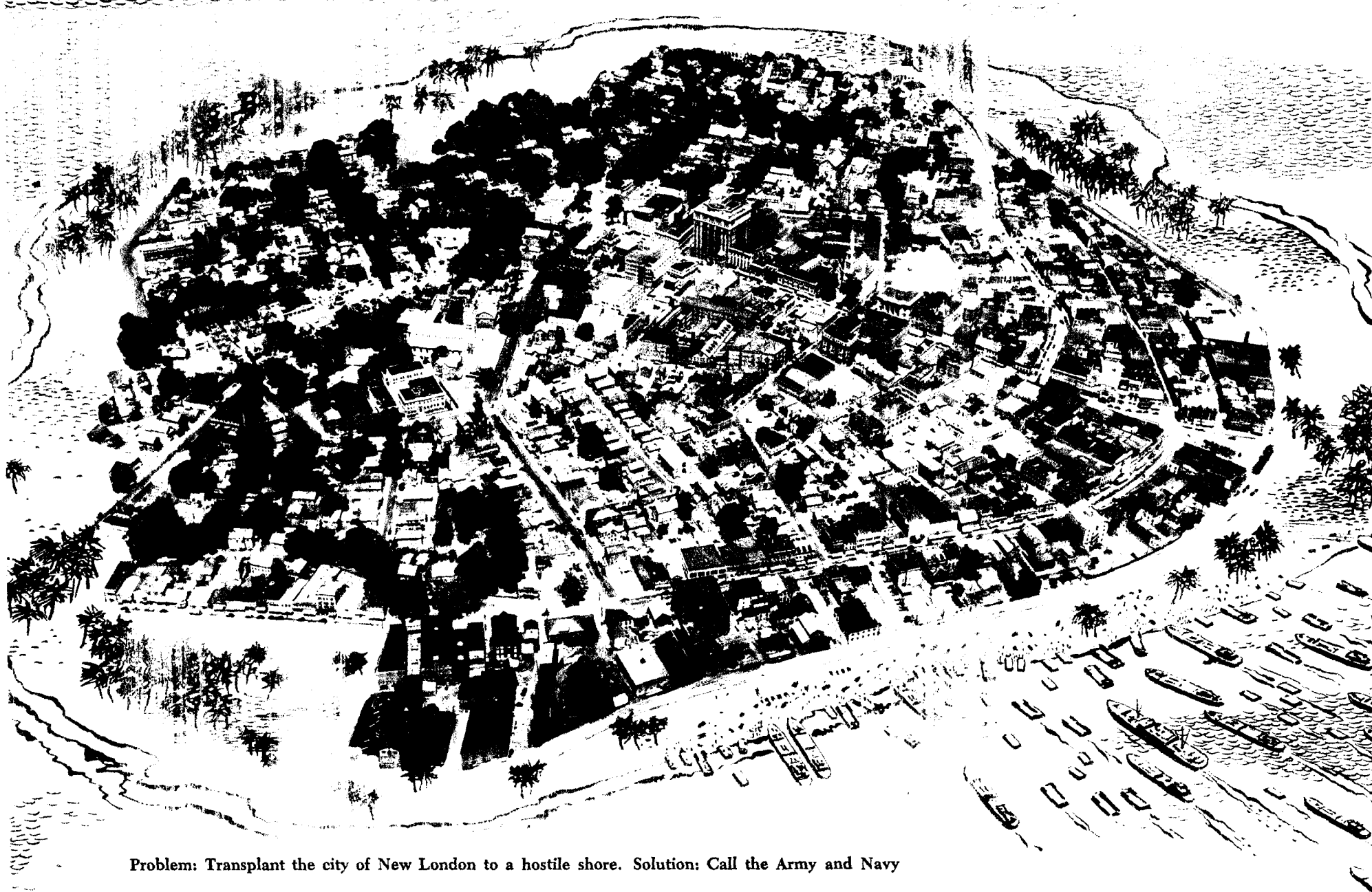
He said it inside the mask, and it sounded hollow. "Oui," she said softly, "here I am!"

After that there was another period during which they continued as they were, he with his back toward her, working; and she

(Continued on page 72)

"Could anyone inform me," Grandfather asked, "whether the lamp is still there?" Everyone began to laugh, though they did not understand, and everybody was feeling good





Problem: Transplant the city of New London to a hostile shore. Solution: Call the Army and Navy

A CITY STORMS A BEACH

BY WALTER DAVENPORT

Collier's correspondent tells you how the Army and the Navy move the equivalent of a city of 30,000 to a hostile shore, and then set it up in the teeth of fierce opposition

WHAT they've been waiting for for weeks is about to happen. The United States Navy, Army and Marine Corps are about to blast the Japs from another Pacific island. Never mind its name. It has happened before—Tarawa, Saipan, Guam, Kwajalein, Peleliu, Iwo Jima. We've seen this island, and physically it doesn't look much different. We've seen it from the air.

Presently we're going in across a reef, across a thousand yards of shallows. We've been fighting this one for many days on maps, on paper, on charts and drawing boards. For the purpose of this piece, we've lived with, worked with, talked to and listened to the men responsible for the supplies—the food, the clothing, the hospitals, the machines, the ammunition—that go in with the men. You read in your newspapers the stories of the fighting, the tragedy, the heroism, the always incredible tales of the valor of American kids who, the Japs said, wouldn't fight. You've read all that many times. So this time we're telling you the story of the logistics of an assault.

We're not writing this. The original plan and loading scheme of this assault was written with slide rules, computing machines and logarithmic tables. It's the old beans and bullets that bothered Hannibal and confounded Napoleon. Only today it is multiplied by ten thousand. It's science, not Gunga Din. It is timed to the second like a radio program. It's no longer written by a few men in a near-by tent but by ten thousand men working almost hand in hand across

ten thousand miles from this blob of coral rock and reeking jungle in the far Pacific to the Pentagon Building in Washington.

This business of getting your boy onto that beach has been planned up to the first second of H-Hour, D-Day, which is now. After that, it's up to him, the CO—and God.

Just now we'll not bother about what happened before he arrived here this morning. He is silent, his face set. Only his eyes tell you that he is thinking blankly two ways at once—of you at home, of the haze-hung shores yonder. His officers and noncoms walk in and out about him, talking conversationally. If he hears them, he gives no sign. They probably don't hear themselves.

All Set for Action

Scores of winches, cranes and tackles are screaming. All wheels and bearings screech in this climate, however well greased. This undulating line of assault transports, conforming their ranks to the coastline, is made up of, say, seventy ships. Far in the rear, shattering the air, lie the battleships, the cruisers, the destroyers combing the beaches, the jungle, the coral cliffs.

Overhead in waves fly clouds of fighter planes, bombers soaring back and forth across this miserable island, pouring fire and high explosive upon the wretched enemy.

All the sense of time and space and common things is absent as your kid goes over the side. Somehow out of what seems like a jumble of ships but decidedly isn't, landing

craft for troops, for tanks, for food and ammunition barge up alongside the transport. Somebody shouts in your ear that nothing thus far has been more than eighteen seconds off schedule.

So your kid is over the side. He's in an LCI and is being churned toward the reef, three thousand yards away. Let's have a charted look at him before he is lost in the smoke and dust, the haze and the spray.

As he stands there, he weighs 224 pounds complete with gear. One hundred and fifty pounds of that are the lad himself, the rest equipment. Of course you'll understand that we're dealing in averages although G-4, the Supply experts, reckon their ship loadings on just that figure.

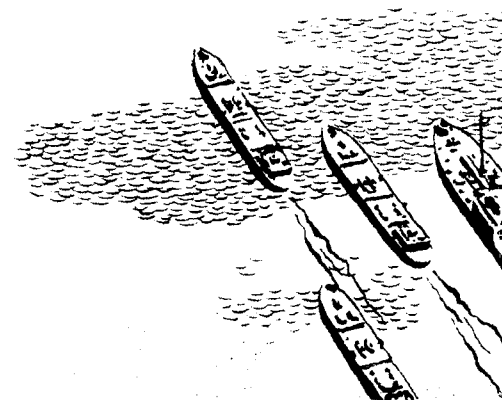
In dollars and cents on G-4's cold-blooded charts, he is far more complicated. If he's carrying a carbine his seventy-four pounds of equipment has cost the government \$194.41. If he's armed with a rifle, he is carrying \$219.67 worth of gear. If he's armed with only a pistol, he is toting a mere \$158.47. These figures soar a bit if he is one of a group carrying a machine gun or mortar, a flame thrower, a bazooka or antitank weapon, but not a great deal, because the cost of these expensive destroyers is apportioned over several men. But that gives you the statistician's picture of this lad who to you is merely a son, a husband, a brother or some such beloved creature.

And oh, yes; another look at the chart reminds us that this kid represents \$10,000 in insurance, too. And there you have him in

statistics—a slim, well-conditioned, sharply disciplined kid twenty-four years old, bless him, to whose straight shoulders and slim waist are hung over thirty separate and distinct articles, from his rifle to his knife and fork and tent pins. And these articles have come from twenty-seven of the United States.

All right. All right. We'll stay away from statistics and numerals for a time. While we were thus diverted from our course, the floundering, clumsy landing craft have advanced upon the reef. Some are bearing huge trucks—most of the latter, amphibious themselves, but not for deep water. These truck carriers are surprisingly speedy but they can't negotiate that reef. Those monsters beyond are amphibious tractors. They're slow, easy to hit, although, oddly enough, almost all of them get through. That's due in part to the Japs' poor marksmanship but

(Continued on page 34)





SWEET POTATO GOLDBUG. Perhaps you didn't know that the sweet potato belongs to the morning-glory family. But this beetle-shaped bug knows and eats all members of the family. If it had its way, they all would be as extinct as the auk



TOMATO WORM. This squishy worm strips a tomato plant in two or three nights. It also attacks tobacco, doing damage of \$13,000,000 yearly. If you see white spots on this worm, let it live. They are cocoons of a parasite. When parasites hatch they eat any worms that are around



CODLING WORM. The larva of the codling moth is the worm that glares at you when you bite into an apple. In some areas, this pest raises the cost of apples over 30¢ a bushel. A spray of arsenate of lead kills the moth before she lays eggs



BUFFALO TREE HOPPER. Most insects shown here feed on vegetables. This one likes sap of fruit trees: particularly apple, pear, peach, cherry. It punches a hole in the bark, deposits its eggs. Reducing vigor of trees, they are costly to orchardists



APHIDS. They eat 15 per cent of the pea crop, are about the size of pinheads and are sap suckers. Stomach poisons like arsenic won't kill them, but contact poisons like lethane will. They are enthusiastic reproducers. A pair of them have enough children in a week to level a crop



GRAIN WEEVIL. The lady of this family drills a hole in a grain of wheat, deposits an egg, glues it shut. When the young hatches, it eats its way out. Grain weevils also eat corn, oats, buckwheat, even macaroni; and devour a lot—\$300,000,000 worth



Bug House

BY J. D. RATCLIFF

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY VISHNIAC-PIX

They are pampered guests for a time. Then they're poisoned. Their hosts kill them for a reason—to save us all a little money

THESE pictures were taken in a little red-brick building at Bristol, Pa.—the Rohm & Haas insectary. One of the most complete insect zoos in existence, it holds over a million specimens.

In a way, this is the Ritz of the bug world. Insects live in air-conditioned splendor. They eat choicest foods. Carpet beetles munch wool blankets; mosquitoes gorge on rabbit blood; aphids eat specially grown nasturtiums.

From the insect's point of view, there is only one flaw in this picture of solid comfort. The sixteen scientists who watch over them have but one goal: to find a quick and cheap means of killing them off.

Insect depredations cost the average family \$100 a year—what it cost to run the federal

government when Cal Coolidge held frugal fingers on its purse strings. Insects compete for every scrap of food grown. When insects, or fungi, get the upper hand there is starvation.

Remember Ireland's potato famines, and the failures of grain crops in Russia and China which killed millions of people.

Such a thing might have happened in the United States when war cut off our supplies of insecticides imported from China, Japan, Malaya and elsewhere. The bugs had their big chance. The fact that they lost this chance is due to our chemists.

The chemist's approach is one of orderly elimination. He tests thousands of chemicals in order to find the one or two that may work out.

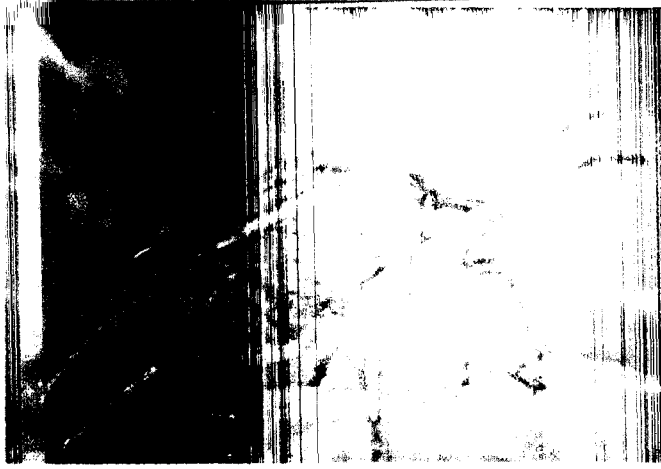
Rohm & Haas has lethal chambers where measured amounts of new sprays are tried on flies; and there are screened greenhouses where poison dusts combat vegetable-eating insects.

But simple killing ability isn't the entire answer. The chemical that kills Jap beetles must not kill honey bees. In destroying plant lice, a new poison dust must not kill off the

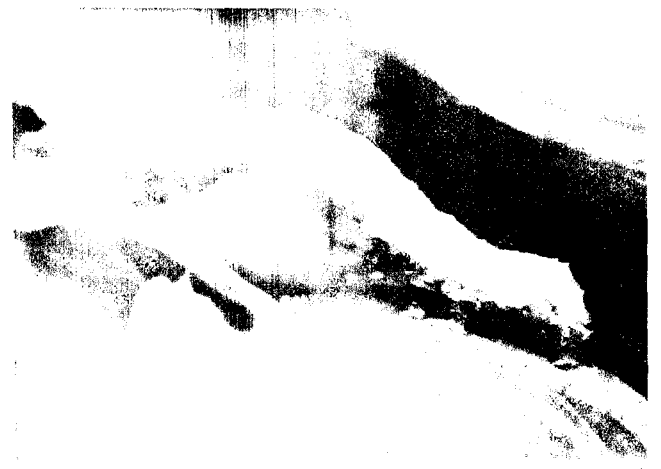
COCKROACHES. Every new chemical killer for insects is extensively tested before being put on the market. Here Doctor Frank Maugham, Rohm & Haas entomologist, tries a new one on cockroaches. You'll recognize the test chamber. It's a Plexiglas bomber nose



FIRE BUG. These bugs are a particular problem with people who have DT's. They are also found in turnip patches, on radishes, cauliflower, cabbage. Mexico presented us with this bug about Civil War time. They are found south of the 40th parallel, from coast to coast



SQUASH BUG. Maybess. I know this as the squash bug. It hibernates during winter in trash piles. In spring it is rested, ready to eat any melon crop: squash, watermelons, cantaloupes, cucumbers. Burn trash, keep a clean garden, and he won't bother you



CABBAGE LOOPER. Unless you take precautions, this one will keep you from having that dish of cabbage and hocks you like on next fall's menu. It likes tender outer leaves and can eat its weight in cabbage in no time at all. It leads a dull, monotonous life



COLORADO POTATO BEETLE. This is the larva of the insect which will try to eat your potato crop. He is a leaf chewer, and stomach poisons get him. Other countries have sent us pests like the Jap beetle. We sent this one to Europe with our troops in the last war



JAPANESE BEETLE. This insect arrived in New Jersey with a shipment of iris roots from Japan, and has spread to other states. It eats corn, apples, grapes—almost anything. Even grandpa's wooden leg isn't safe. So spray the old gentleman well



MEXICAN BEAN BEETLE. Chief enemy of your bean crop. They chew the plant until leaves look like yellow lace. Their larvae are fuzzy, lemon-yellow. If you like big figures, the female beetle can provide them. She lays 1,600 eggs at a time, every 2 to 3 days

tiny parasites that serve to keep overproductive plant lice in check.

Luck occasionally greets the efforts of the searchers. One of the best synthetics was discovered by accident. The scientists were seeking a chemical to kill soil fungi. They doused the soil of a bean plot with the new chemical, called dithane. When the beans were up, Mexican bean beetles were turned loose in the field for breeding. A day or so later, all of them were dead.

Thinking that they had a poor strain of beetles, the investigators tried the experiment over again. The second batch toppled over.

The research men crushed the bodies of the dead beetles and analyzed them. They found the new chemical, the fungicide. It had been absorbed into the plant's sap system, and was a deadly draught for the sap-sucking insects.

Here was a double-barreled weapon. It stopped blight and killed insects. In a recent Florida test, the chemical increased potato yield 25 to 100 bushels per acre.

Bug-Killers with a Future

Lethane is another insecticide with promise. It replaces much of the pyrethrum in fly sprays which we used to import from China and Japan. DDT is still another. Until recently, this glamorous stuff was shrouded in war secrecy.

DDT appears to be the most potent insect killer ever found. Sprayed on the walls of homes, it kills any fly that lights on them—and retains this killing power for months. It spells total death to ants, bedbugs, head lice, cockroaches.

It is similarly effective against agricultural pests. It is a top weapon against the red scale that plagues California citrus growers. It destroys the peach-eating Oriental fruit moth and a variety of vegetable pests, among them the cabbage worm, bean-leaf hopper, corn-ear worm.

Unfortunately, DDT also kills bees, but that danger can be avoided by care in its application to flowering plants. As far as tests have shown, it does not harm humans.

The last few years will go down as the golden era in our war against insects. You may doubt it as you watch them slowly mow their way through your two rows of snap beans. But they aren't eating the 5,000 acres planted by a certain commercial grower. And it is from the commercial growers that most of our food comes. ★★★



COLORADO POTATO BEETLE. The picture above to the left shows this creature in the worm stage. This is the adult. If it didn't eat \$18,000,000 worth of potatoes it would be pretty to have around



CORN-EAR WORM. After worrying over your corn all summer, this is the unpleasant sight that awaits you when you shuck it. We have to plant 2 million acres of corn a year to feed this worm—\$100,000,000 worth. If there is no corn around, this creature manages to get by on cotton, tomatoes, squash, okra, peppers

SPOTTED CUCUMBER BEETLE. If you don't like cucumbers you won't mind this bug. If you do, keep plants well dusted with poisons. If there are no cucumbers around, this beetle will eat squash and melon vines. It has another point against it: It spreads plant diseases



HOUSEFLY. As masters of ceremony say, this old favorite needs no introduction. Besides being unpleasant, he is costly. His annual upkeep is \$66,000,000—for fly sprays, screening and such fly-spread diseases as typhoid and dysentery

HOMECOMING

BY MACKINLAY KANTOR

O GOD, *O somber God in sunset dust—
Now I come Home.
But I am nothing like
The green and hopeful thing that went away.*

The elevator man had ducked his head;
He tried to make a joke. He said
Something about his boy in the Pacific.
Al didn't listen. Floors went by . . .
He saw the painted numerals
On grimly antiqued doors.
Now he was here. The panel slid.
"First on the right, sir. Glad you're back!"
Descending now . . . hydraulic depths.
Al felt a shame; he didn't turn around
Or say a word.
He pressed the bell beside the door.

Long, long he waited, hearing clean
Electric summons in the little rooms beyond.
He waited seconds studied into years
As he went through the puzzle of his past:
The hasty draft in '42. In 1942
The nation fumbled in a dismal doubt;
Selective Service boards were all confused,
And in Boone City they called pampered men
like Al—
The well-dressed golfers who had desks in
banks
And Scotch in lockers at the Black Hawk
Club. . . .
So smugly tailored in their small-town way—
They'd be a joke as soldiers!

Stephenson
Was forty—married—with two children.
He tried for OCS and had no luck;
But when they started jerking men past thirty-
eight,
He found himself in Africa, a Pfc.,
And proud as hell the day he got another
stripe.

Eternity . . . he waited: fifteen seconds, surely.
He saw a boy who longed to run away
To swat the Kaiser in another war.
He heard his father's careful voice:

"I know
The way you feel. I wouldn't mind, myself.
Your mother's heart is pretty bad . . . that
lesion. . . .
Doctor Smalley said she mightn't last till
spring.
It's up to you. But stay in high school if
you can."
He stayed. His mother lived until July.

Now boyhood opened up a door to him.
Al heard the heavy feet approach

And wondered with a sudden jealousy
What man was there.

Rob turned
The iron knob . . . stood five feet eight
And growing taller. Hair like Al's own
In burnished black; the Adam's apple, too,
The little freckles got from Milly.
He was fourteen. His eyes blazed wild
As when his father saw him last.
(The baby face extended on the neck
And torso of a coltish man)—
Rob let his jaw go down; he sucked in breath
For one hyena howl of glee.

Al had a hand across Rob's mouth.
He squeezed and hugged him
As they struggled there. *Keep still, keep still,
Don't let your mother hear.*
"All right," the changing voice
Assented with a strangled squeak,
But still the boy was hugging him.

"Where's Mom?"
Rob motioned to the living room.
"Where's Peggy?"
"In the kitchen, fixing toast—"
They heard her voice. She had a little radio
Out there; she sang duet with Lena Horne.

Milly called out against the songs;
Her paper rustled. "Rob,
Was that a Special—
Or a telegram?"

The paper made a noise
Again. The Capehart played Sibelius
Which did not chord with Lena Horne.
Al reached the door. Rob pushed him back,
And saw the coast was clear,
And drew him on again.

Five times
He'd called, Long Distance, since he landed
In the States. They were expecting him;
They didn't know the day or hour.

This was it.
The mortars missed him close in front of
Aachen,
The bullets missed him other times;
The shells and booby traps and mines
Had finished Pascowitz and Sloane
And Maxon, Hancock, Rosenberg,
And twenty-seven more from his platoon.
But this was it.

Al looked at Milly:
She was in a chair. She had her glasses on;
She read the Tribune . . . couldn't see her
face,
But still her hair was curly, live and fair.
She wore the skirt of her blue suit,

A blouse he'd never seen before,
And little shoulder straps all pink and slick
Beneath the tender cloth.
He saw her legs: the lovely knees,
The ankles just a bit too full
But meaning much to him. (He'd thought of
them

In worship and in fury. Thirty months of
thought
And long denial, not caressing them.)
He saw her feet and knew their size:
Four and a half, or five, and B.
(The slippers he had bought so ardently,
Silly with silk and fur—the golden mules.)
He saw the slim and stilted heels
Fashioned of patent black, made by a man,
Made by machine, but seeming part of
Milly
When she wore them. . . .
And his slow passion was the maddest mira-
cle—

Like thunder, wind and hard bright star—
As honest as the dirt, and clean as ice—
The happy lust good men can feel
When they love loins and morning voice
And secret rapture shared a thousand times;
And, in a bargain, have created flesh
Of the same woman.

Milly turned,
She saw him standing there; she didn't say
a word.
Her face began to work. The tears broke
loose—

He came to her—she came to him—
Belatedly she squawked his name again,
again
Amid her sobs.

Their daughter hustled,
Slipping and banging, from the kitchen;
Knocked off a platter from a shelf.
It didn't break. The Scotty came behind—
He'd begged his head off in the kitchen—
Now he barked it on again.

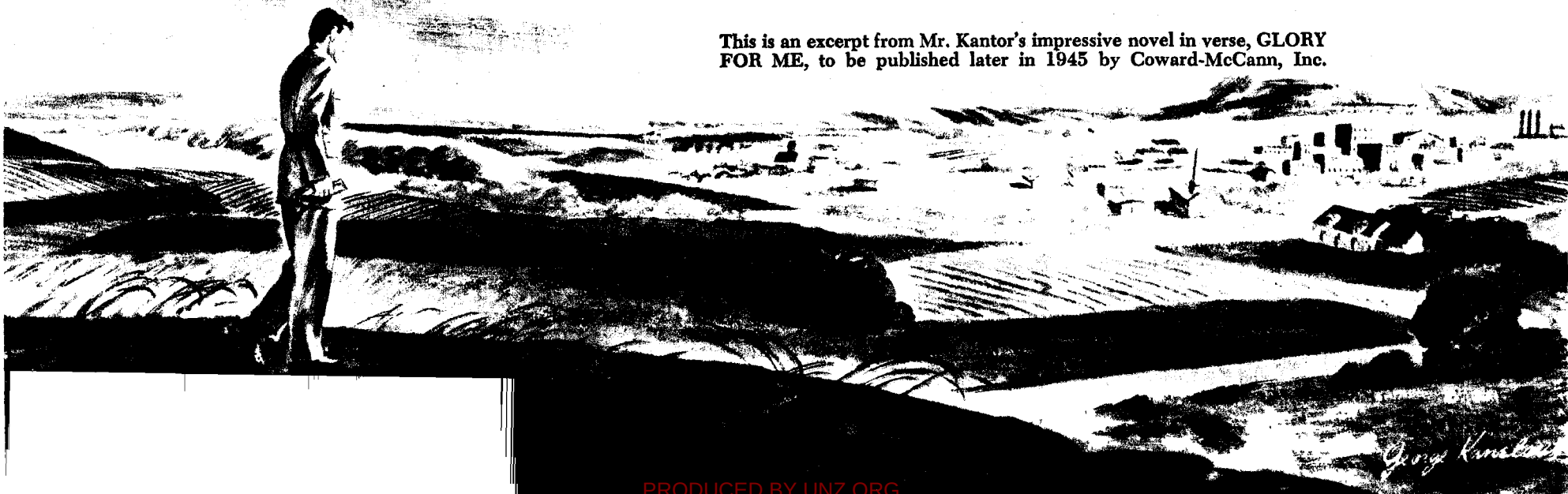
He danced
And stepped across the rug, a crazy wad
Of noisy fur and dripping tongue
And tartan collar. Peggy tried
To climb Al's back, the way she used to do
When she was six.

Sibelius droned
In morbid passages. The toast burned black.
Down yonder in the kitchen, Lena Horne
Was singing Stormy Weather all alone.

*O God, O somber God in sunset dust—
Now I come Home,
But I am nothing like
The green and hopeful thing that went away.*

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE KANELOUS

This is an excerpt from Mr. Kantor's impressive novel in verse, **GLORY FOR ME**, to be published later in 1945 by Coward-McCann, Inc.



TALL—

Torrid and TEXAS

BY JIM MARSHALL

SOMETIMES when she thinks she isn't getting ahead fast enough, she collapses herself on the floor, shakes back her blond waves and says severely, "Look, Allbritton! What's the worst thing that could happen to you?" Then she jumps up and puts a record on the player—something about it's swell to be in Texas, just a touch of Texas, when the bloom is on the sage. . . .

Then she collapses again and answers herself, "Louise, the worst thing could happen to you, if you didn't become a top star, is you would go back to herding whitefaces on the big ranch on the plains. Is that bad?"

"No, Allbritton," she says, "that isn't bad. But it isn't so good, either, because that's just what your old man wants. He'd have the laugh on you. You've argued about it for years: Your old man wants you to help run the ranch and get married and have a lot of babies. And you want to be Hollywood's best comedienne first—and then maybe the ranch and the husband and the babies. Still, if you don't make the grade here, there's always that ranch. Is that bad?"

"No, Louise," she answers herself again; "that's good—and sometimes when you get the wrong sort of parts or they won't let you be funny, like you want to be, you feel like saying th' heck with it and hitting the high spots for the cow country. But then there's that seven-year contract with Universal—and four years to go on it. . . ."

Not that Louise is sore at anybody: just the sort of girl that has to be doing something every minute. She gets nervous when she isn't working. If they'd let her, she'd make twelve pictures a year—sometimes forgetting the fact that too many pictures are worse than too few. That old Texas spirit won't let her relax, and she's impatient with people who tell her to "Take it easy; you'll last longer."

She was born in Oklahoma City and raised around Wichita Falls, Texas, where her dad operated bus lines and made himself a respectable fortune. A few years ago, the welter of federal, state and city rules and regulations finally got the old man down; he went to live on a 100,000-acre ranch forty miles from Wichita Falls, stocked it with chunky, beef-toting whitefaces and said th' heck with city life.

Louise was a youngster when her mother died, and her father thought she ought to become a writer. She grew up a lanky, blond kid wanting to be a caricaturist. At the high school she attended, the teacher got her started reading the classics aloud, and that got her into the dramatic society and that got her into a small theater guild.

This made acting her chief interest and her old man mad. He shipped her off to the University of Oklahoma for two years, hoping she'd become either a newspaper reporter or a cartoonist, or maybe meet some nice guy and get married. But it didn't take, and first thing anyone knew she was out in Pasadena taking a two-year course at the Playhouse. After the course, she stayed on two years playing leads opposite Gilmor Brown—everything from *Lost Horizon* to the *Comedy of Errors*.

"Versatile?" she says. "If I wasn't when I started, I sure was at the end."

She was going all right at the Playhouse, but nobody in Hollywood seemed to want her and the old man wrote she'd better for-

get all about the movies and come home. The old man raised heck, in fact.

There was a time when she was trying desperately to break into the films when her dad chopped down the allowance, hoping to make her return to the ranch. But her landlady staked her, even to long-distance calls to Wichita Falls, breathing defiance.

The Playhouse almost jinxed her. It had a reputation for turning out actors who made good in the movies, but of failing with actresses. Besides that, Louise was five feet seven and a half inches tall, and all the producers and directors feared their leading men might look like runts beside her.

However, she finally got a role in something called *Parachute Nurse*, which still is vague in her memory. She thinks she played the parachute. But it was good enough to win her a long contract with Universal, which started her out in a sort of serial called *Danger in the Pacific*, with Leo Carillo. This led to the feminine lead in *Who Done It?* with Abbott and Costello.

Her next was *It Comes Up Love*, and then *Pittsburgh* came along. In this one, Louise proceeded to win a man away from Marlene

Unless someone stops her, Louise Allbritton will go a long way—and nobody'd better try to stop her, either

Dietrich, such never having been done before. But then, of course, it was pretty dark in *Pittsburgh*.

However, another role followed—that of a lady lawyer in love with a jurist, called *Good Morning, Judge*, instead of the more obvious *Ardor in the Courtroom*.

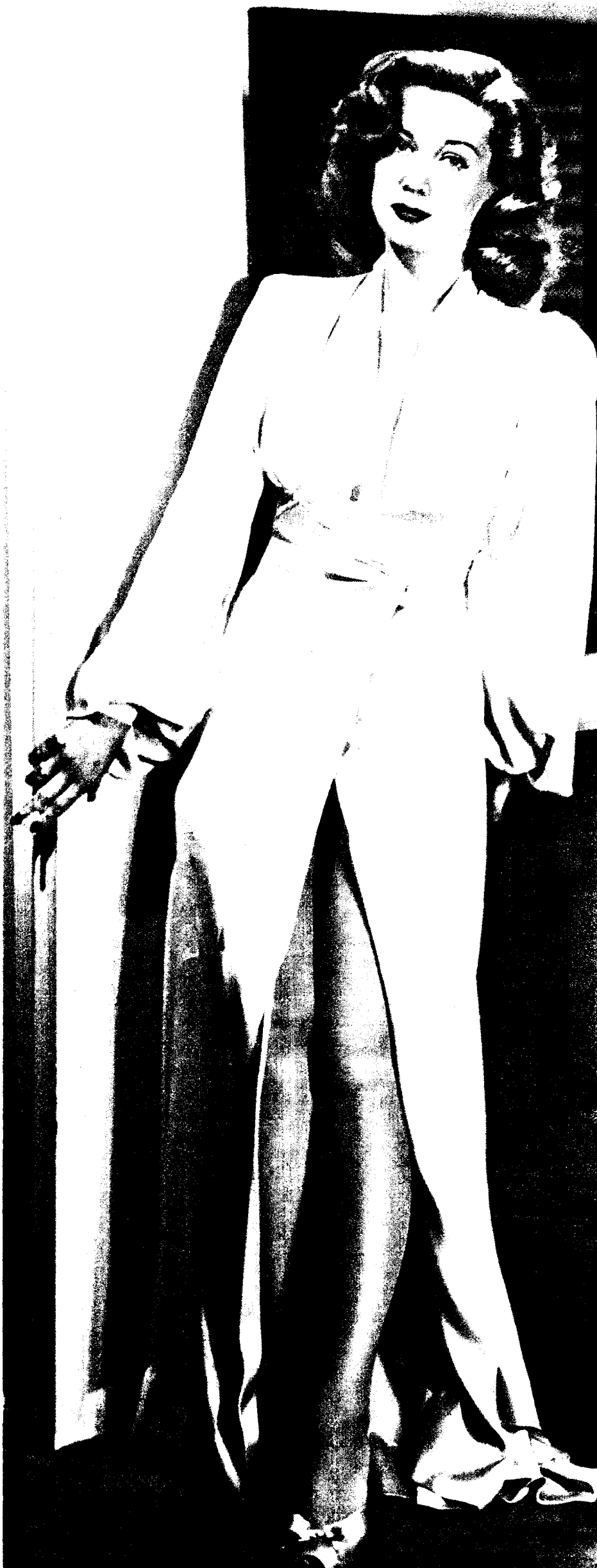
She got to stardom in *Fired Wife*. She wasn't yet twenty-three; it had taken her ten years from a standing start. Her next picture, *Men in Her Diary* will be released sometime in June.

She's a worrier from 'way back. On the set she worries along from scene to scene, but she's always ready when the time comes. At home she likes to cook fried chicken, ranch style, but her favorite food is shrimp. She'll eat anything, though, and doesn't mind dieting on lean meat and green salads for a while to get her weight down to a point where she can go on an eating binge again.

She likes extreme and unusual clothes, and is nuts about sweaters, hats and furs, as long as they're something to make people talk. She hates parties, admires Van Heflin and Rosalind Russell, and is always buying gallons of perfume and dozens of hats. She seldom wears either. For amusement she likes to walk in the rain and the fog, though naturally she seldom has a chance in southern California.

But some nights, when there's just a sprinkle of vertical dew in the air, she'll go striding along, feeling the dampness on her face, asking herself, "Come, come, Allbritton, what's the worst that could happen?" . . . "Well, Louise," she answers, "you could always go back to the ranch and ride out to see the sun rise."

But that would be too easy a triumph for the old man. She's going to prove to him first that she can stick up there in *Star Row* for a while. ★★★



A PLAN FOR DEFEAT

BY ADMIRAL HALSEY

Admiral Halsey doesn't believe in half-way measures; here's how he would deal with Japan to prevent another war

RECENTLY my staff and I have been discussing a plan for controlling Japan after she is conquered—and that is strictly a question of time. We want to prevent any future wars with Japan. We believe we should profit by the mistakes made at the Versailles peace conference after the last World War when, in a defeated Germany, a man named Hitler was allowed to rise to power and, by sheer spellbinding, to mold the young generation of the country into a fanatical military machine eager to gobble up the world.

This plan of ours is still in the formative stage, but we believe it basically sound. Briefly, it calls for a prolonged armistice after hostilities cease. During this period no peace treaty would be signed and the entire Japanese Empire would be under the military control of the Allied Nations with a supreme commander in charge. I don't care whether he is Army or Navy so long as he is given a free hand, with no interference from outside—meaning, of course, from well-intentioned but misguided civil governments.

These terms may seem too harsh, too jingoistic to the layman, but we who have been fighting the Jap for the past three years realize there is no other solution for a permanent peace with Japan. And let me point out how vital that noninterference clause is. Suppose a postwar incident occurred—say Japan had been ordered to evacuate her troops from the Dutch East Indies by a certain date and had made no move to do so when the deadline was reached. Under the old peacetime system our State Department would register a protest to the Japanese government, the protest would be taken under advisement, and after long deliberation and exchanges of notes, a decision might be reached.

Present the same problem to the Allied Supreme Commander, as set up by our plan, and he could take immediate action without consulting any home office or fooling around with protocol. He could assign our troops in sufficient strength to march the Japs to their transports. Then the Navy would take over and see that the Jap ships and troops were returned to the homeland. It would be as simple and as speedy as that. In effect, the Japanese Empire would be under martial law.

During that long armistice, there would be plenty of time to talk over peace terms against the day when we are ready to welcome Japan back into the family of nations. To achieve this peace, however, we must first make the Japanese race powerless, then we must keep it powerless. These people have been trained for a great many years in an ideology that is based on faulty conceptions. They have prostituted their religion to suit their own ends. Their so-called Shintoism may have had a good cause originally, but it has deteriorated into a religious racket, a false philosophy. Maybe we can't educate all of the Japs out of this philosophy, but we can prevent it from being active and we can attempt to educate the younger generation away from it.

We should next take proper steps with Japan's military leaders and industrialists. We probably won't have too many war lords to deal with; most of the high-ranking army and navy officers will probably commit hara-kiri and, if they do, this will leave the industrialists in power. They have been trying to build up Japan as an industrial empire for years, and now that they see the handwriting on the wall, they probably are making plans to save what they can out of the wreckage after the war.

All Japs guilty of war crimes must be punished without respect for rank or high position. If he is still alive when we get in there, Field Marshal Juichi Terauchi, the beast who was in command during the Death March of our prisoners on Bataan, should pay the price for his crime. So should General Yamashita, who commanded the Japanese forces in the Philippines. Every one of them, right down the line, ought to get his just deserts. I believe that for every one of our men who was murdered, officially or otherwise, a Jap officer, two ranks higher, should suffer the death penalty.

Most of the Jap atrocity stories you hear about are not exaggerations. We have documented proof that some of our Marines on Guadalcanal were vivisectioned by the enemy—and I mean really vivisectioned. It is no rumor that nuns in the Solomons were subjected to forty-eight hours of continuous rape and then had their throats cut by the Japs. We also found definite signs of cannibalism on Guadalcanal, and on Leyte, among the Japs themselves. We also know what

brought this about. As soon as they begin to suffer defeat they become disorganized, military discipline evaporates, and they are reduced to wild beasts.

How are you going to deal kindly with an enemy of that type? Why, the Jap fighting men can't even trust their superior officers. When the going gets rough for them in one of our island invasions, the senior officers make their escape without letting their troops know it. When they find out they have been deserted, the men ignore the orders of their junior officers left holding the bag and go wild. We had an example of this recently when a Jap soldier walked up to our lines singing *It's a Long Way to Tipperary*. He knew some English and that was his way of telling us he wanted to surrender. "To hell with the brass hats," he said. "They have gone off and left us. I have no use for them." Things like that happen frequently.

I wish I could make every American conscious of the very dark things these people do, and then you would know why they are not fit to live in a civilized world. I don't trust their reputed politeness. Under that veneer is a tremendous amount of barbarism which will increase if we don't do something stringent to hold them down after the war. They are really a very proud race and they will use fair or foul means to gain their ends.

It may take many years to educate the Japanese population out of this way of thinking and that's why we need that long postwar armistice—or some similar plan—to keep them in line. Under our proposal we would have complete control over them. Not a single Jap ship could move without permission of the Allied authorities and, in the event of a violation, our naval patrol would have the right to open fire on the violator. Japs should be allowed no arms of any kind; even the service swords should be taken away from the police. We should remove every possible means of their waging another war, and that includes keeping most industrial material away from them without forcing them into starvation. If I had my way, Japan would be reduced to a fourth- or fifth-rate nation.

We may have made some mistakes in administering the civil government in Italy and France during this war, and remember how we bungled the job in Germany after the first World War. Let's not repeat those mistakes when we take over the Japanese and German empires. Both the Nazi youth and the Japanese youth have been trained for years in savagery. They have known practically nothing else since childhood, so it's entirely possible we may not be able to reform that element at all. We can, however, work on the rising generation in both countries, and even if that involves a long-range, ironbound program, we'll find it is strictly one of self-protection, our only insurance that our sons—and daughters—will not be immersed in another war ten or twenty years from now.

Education for Murder—or Suicide

Consider the average young Jap soldier or sailor our boys are fighting today out in the Pacific. The Jap militarists take a short, slight kid, squinting through thick-lensed spectacles, away from his peacetime job as a bookkeeper or clerk, put him in uniform and tell him he's going to become a noble warrior fighting to defend Greater East Asia. Gradually this once timid, mild-mannered boy gets so hopped up with the poisonous doctrine they feed him that he actually believes there is no glory equal to that of dying for the Emperor. They warn him that if he is taken prisoner he must consider himself worse than dead, an exile forever from his homeland.

You can't expect to discuss peace terms intelligently with this sort of fanatic; and the people back home in Japan are no more rational. Their country has never been conquered before and they feel that they have been divinely chosen to rule the world. Their early successes in the Pacific war strengthened this belief.

Despite the fact that Japan has probably the highest literacy rate in the world (it approaches a hundred per cent) their policy in conducting this campaign was downright stupid. Look at the way they tried to win over the Filipinos when they had occupied those islands. First they tried brutality to subjugate the islanders, and when they saw that wasn't working, they reversed themselves and attempted to Japanize the natives through a propaganda campaign.

Both of these methods boomeranged. The Filipinos resented the brutality, and the propaganda was so transparent they just chuckled to themselves and either joined the island guerrillas or sat down passively to wait out the war. As a result, their loyalty to the United States and their



This is Lt. Gen. Tomoyuki Yamashita, ranked in the Philippines. Admiral Halsey believes Yamashita and other "beasts" should be "punished."

desire to help us lick the Japs was stronger than before.

The claim that the Japanese are among the smartest people in the world is pure bunk. They're crafty, yes. They'll wire booby-trap grenades to their own dead on the battlefield, and a wounded Jap may open fire on one of our doctors bending over to treat him, but, despite the fact that most of them can read and write, they are just plain dumb. Military security prevents me from detailing some of the boners they have pulled in the Pacific war, but I can tell you that their greatest mistake was the attack on Pearl Harbor. They didn't realize what they were letting themselves in for.

The Japs have no conception of the real use of sea-power. At the beginning of this war they had, by comparison, a fairly powerful fleet. It was much stronger than ours immediately after December 7, 1941, and there were plenty of times they could have taken it into action with disastrous results to us. They muffed most of those chances, however, before we had built up our naval strength to a point where it became the largest and most powerful fleet in the world. Strangely enough, the blame for this stupidity can be placed right in the lap of the Japanese army, for the army bigwigs have been the ruling force in Japan for years and they have considered the Imperial Fleet merely an adjunct to their own branch of the service.

Just compare the Japs' method of operating their submarines with our own—and the results. For a while, mostly early in the war, they used them extensively for reconnaissance and they even sank some of our shipping, but more recently they have kept the bulk of their subs in hiding. The answer is simple: They don't know how to handle submarines. On the other hand, our own subs have roamed the Pacific and the China Sea practically at will, even appearing off the coast of Japan. Our submariners are daring, well-trained sailors, and their score of enemy ships sunk—hundreds of thousands of tons—speaks for itself.

In mentioning these things, don't think that I'm being unduly optimistic about the length of the war in the Pacific. No one can tell now when it will be over, but we know one thing: We definitely have them on the run and we're determined to keep them running.

Whether this final phase of the war with Japan will be shortened or lengthened depends upon the fighting strength the enemy can maintain on the sea, in the air and on the ground. In the battle for Leyte Gulf, we showed them what we can do to their fleet whenever it dares come out of hiding, and our recent mass carrier strikes on Japan itself were virtually unopposed, so their navy high command must have a healthy respect for our seapower.

How strong is Japan in the air? Well, in our carrier



FRITZ HENLE

ship must not be
"military amuse-
"death by suicide"



FRITZ HENLE

"A man born a Samurai," says the code, "should live and die sword in hand. Unless he is thus trained in peace, he will be useless in time of stress." This rule does much to explain the fanatical, last ditch stands of Jap units

sweep of the China Sea just a while back, their air opposition was practically nil. They are supposed to have stepped up their plane production, but most of the planes they have sent out against us lately have been a pretty miserable, rag-tail type, and the pilots flying them are the poorest we've ever seen. They do have some new types of planes. We know that, because we have shot down plenty of them and we find they burn just as nicely as the old ones.

And now about their standing army on the China mainland and in Manchuria: They are supposed to have several million well-trained troops there. Many people think we shall have to destroy that army before we can gain a complete victory. But, if we do have to destroy that army, let's go in and destroy it. I think, however, that before that comes to pass, the Japs will be very glad to save what they can from the carnage. Then we can dictate what they will save and won't save.

Have We a Postwar Plan of Control?

That's why we should get busy now on a plan to maintain a firm control over Japan after the war. It should be thrashed out and signed on the dotted line before that time comes. The plan suggested here is the most workable and practical I have seen to date, but if a better one is presented, I'll be in favor of it, provided it has teeth as strong.

The most dangerous period we shall face is the time when Japan puts out attractive peace feelers. Such an offer might appeal to the mothers of servicemen who are out there fighting the Japs now. Naturally those mothers want their sons returned home safe, soon, but they don't realize that in approving a hasty, halfway peace with Japan, they may be dooming their grandsons and *their* grandsons to future wars in the Pacific. If we let Japan negotiate a peace now and don't demand absolute and unconditional surrender, we will be committing the greatest crime in the history of our country. The Japs will merely use this peace as Germany did before them—to build up for another war.

It is inevitable that the Allied Nations must police the Pacific after this war and, to implement the type of plan I have suggested, they might require a big navy, plus a large regular army, as long as the armistice remains in effect. This will be costly and it (Continued on page 28)



FRITZ HENLE

Opinions expressed in this article are those of the author and are not to be construed as reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the Naval Service at large

the young Japanese that Admiral Halsey has in mind when he writes: "We must first make the Japanese powerless, then we must keep it powerless. . . . They're crafty, yes. They'll wire booby-trap grenades to their own dead." But despite the craftiness, they are "dumb." They pulled many "boners" in the war



ALL THINGS TO

All Men

BY RUTH LYONS

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT GUISE

SHE walked along the avenue with a rather self-conscious stride. When she had first come to New York seven years before, people had teased her about her country-girl walk. She hadn't quite understood what they meant, except she gathered it had something to do with the way she moved her knees, and she had been trying ever since to correct this slight imperfection. But she always felt a little loose-jointed and silly walking along by herself, and she was certain she would never attain an easy graceful gait.

She had also been teased about her habit of saying, "ayuh," for "yes," and about her over-defined r's. But this she hadn't minded because she knew she had a lovely speaking voice. She simply dropped the "ayuh" and went on pronouncing her r's very distinctly. Strangers on the other end of a telephone were always saying they'd like to know her better because of the sound of her voice.

She turned into Fifty-third Street where Joe lived, as she had turned so many times in the past, thinking it might be rather appalling to be told in exact figures just how many times she had traversed this familiar route from office to Joe's apartment at the end of the working day.

In the last plate-glass window before Joe's narrow brownstone she paused for a final check-up as she nearly always did. She looked very chic in the expensive black linen suit and large black hat, with her pale blue gloves and large pale blue purse. She wore dark make-up that made her light blue eyes and blond hair seem very vivid, and her mouth was painted in bright magenta.

She looked more like one of the carefree leisured girls who used to spend all their afternoons in expensive restaurants before the war than a clever businesswoman of twenty-seven who made a good living editing a fashion magazine. Even her name, Nicola Manning, sounded nicely impressive, which was sort of a laugh when you considered that her father was only Lou Manning, proprietor of a small hardware store back in Derby. . . .

SHE went on to the narrow brownstone. And as she entered the dim hallway, she said mockingly to herself, I'm really not nervous. I'm just shaking this way for exercise.

And why should she be nervous? Just because she'd decided at long last to break off a fruitless unsatisfying relationship? Certainly she wasn't nervous over what Joe's reaction might be. He'd probably say, "And after I've given you the best years of your life." Or some such old corn in new bottles.

She thought of those early wonderful days when she used to climb the stairs to Joe, humming a tune that she never could place until she tracked it down finally, and, a little sheepish at her unconscious sentimentality, realized it was an old song that began, "We'll build a stairway to Paradise."

She started up the three flights, pausing at each landing to get her breath. Why Joe continued to live in this mousetrap where he'd been since his early reporting days, she couldn't understand. She sometimes thought it was a bit of an affectation. Joe Kirby, sports columnist and radio commentator, well known for his scorn for pretension of any kind, would naturally make a point of continuing to live in the humble abode where he'd started out.

But perhaps she was doing him an injustice. He really was quite indifferent to material comforts, except that he liked good tweed suits. Maybe that's why he'd never wanted marriage. He got along fine the way he was. This was probably just the kind of place he liked, just the way of life he desired, and a wife would want to change all that. And she knew he had friends he'd never visit because he said all the neatness and expensive junk made him itch.

Nicola had told him she was sure the itch was caused by the expensive tweed suits, making it light because what she really wanted to say was that it didn't have to be that way, that she would be the kind of wife who would give him the kind of life he

"Hey, wait for baby," she said, laughing up at him. And to herself: Why are you going out of your way to be kind to him?

wanted. Which statement, had she been so unwise as to make it, undoubtedly would have impelled Joe to roll his eyes and remark, "Famous last words!"

She paused at the top landing for a moment, thinking how annoyingly primitive it was to have to walk up so many stairs in this age, and then went on to rap at Joe's door. There was a time, though, when she'd really appreciated these stairs. They'd been a wonderful device for excusing those first awkward breathless moments of seeing Joe. You could flop into an easy chair as if too exhausted to speak, while slowly your breathing came back to normal and your heart stopped beating in that wild rhythm that the first sight of him always induced.

The door opened and Joe was there and he said, "Hello, Nick," and she said, "Hello, Joe. Whaddya know," as if it were all one word.

IT WASN'T a very hot day for July, so the apartment was fairly comfortable. It was a sprawling three-room place, furnished with shabby rugs and old undistinguished pieces of furniture, but somehow it had the stamp of Joe's personality on it. Or perhaps, Nicola thought, it merely seemed that way to her because it was so much a part of Joe as she knew him.

Dust huddled thickly on books that crowded the bookcase and overflowed onto chairs and tables, and in a water pitcher on a desk some red roses she had brought him over a week ago had turned that unreal purple shade that roses get when they die. She walked over and touched one of the limp heads, and the bunched petals fell to the desk with a very faint thud, releasing a sick-sweet odor of decay.

Joe said, "Haven't you forgotten something, dear?" and she played up and said, "Oh, of course, dear, how careless of me," and lifted her face for his kiss.

He stood back and looked her over and said, "My, Miss Manning, how well you look. I must say I like you in black. I know, I know—it's just a rag that you wear to the office and it's a mess from being sat in all day, but on you it's pretty. You look like Dracula's daughter or some creature of prey."

She said, "I feel like Dracula's daughter just before the kill. I'm exhausted, drained. What a day I've had." And what scintillating dialogue, she thought sourly.

And when Joe said, "Just set and rest your bones while I shake you up a little plasma," she thought: Even Joe's not up to much. It must be the weather.

He came back with the drinks and settled himself in a chair across the room from her, and she thought: It's a funny thing—we've been so close and yet if my parents should come into this room now it would never occur to them that Joe and I were anything but casual acquaintances. What is it about Joe and me? Is it because there's never been any talk of marriage? Is it because we've always avoided all seriousness on that subject that it's made a blank of our whole relationship?

She took a swallow of her drink and said, "I have news for you, Joe: I'm going away tomorrow. I'm taking my vacation earlier than I'd planned and I'm going to the shore."

He was looking at her quite without expression, and she said disgustedly to herself: Can't you ever do anything right? Why can't you just say: It's all over, Joe. I've wasted seven long years on you and I've decided I never want to see you again, so I arranged this vacation without telling you so you couldn't talk me out of it in case you might want to. And starting tomorrow I'm going to be a different person. I'm going to find a new man who'll want to go somewhere with me, not just for a walk on a dead-end street.

She thought: But no, you wouldn't say those things to Joe. You have to be cute and bright and unemotional because that's the kind of female Joe likes, and even though it's your last time with Joe you have to go on being the way Joe likes you to be.

He said, "That's funny, Nick. I was just about to tell you that I'm going away too."

Why should that startle her so? Why should it fill her so with dismay, or whatever it was? She said, "Well! Here we've been going around like two kids keeping secrets from each other. Where are you going, Joe? Finally taking a vacation at last?"

"Nay, lassie. Do you think I'll look chic in a uniform?"

She said, "Don't be unfunny. You're thirty-eight, and you've got an old Boer War wound that you got in college playing bore. You've told me all about it."

He said, "That's right. None of the simple pleasures for Kirby."

"Joe! Joe, you're going as a war correspondent."

"What else?"

Well. So it certainly took the wind out of your sails; as always, Joe held the high hand. She said, "When do you go?"

"I don't know. It may be weeks, or longer."



They looked away from love and each went his own way bravely, until fear taught them that no one can walk alone

I know guys who've sweated around for months before they've been given the nod."

He got up and prowled around the room and then went to touch one of the limp dead roses as she had done, and she fancied she could hear the faint sound of its fall and smell the sick-sweet odor.

He turned to look at her and there was something strangely unfamiliar in his face. And she thought: Why he's afraid! The great Joe Kirby, scared to death because he's going to war. And something like contempt for him rose in her, blocking her throat.

But her instinct was to be what he expected, what he wanted her to be, as she always had. She knew she should now be bright and gay with a cynical humor that would be at the same time tender and comforting and yet take all seriousness out of the moment. But she just sat there staring silently down at her hands.

AND suddenly she got it. What it was that had always been the matter with her. She had always tried to be what each person of her acquaintance expected her to be, changing her attitude to suit each one, proud of what she called her adaptability. She had always wanted to be all things to all people. And in consequence she had been nothing but a mirror of the moods and personality of others. It filled her with angry dismay.

Joe said, "Well, aren't you going to wish me luck, and say you're proud of me?"

"Here's luck, Joe." She raised her glass but she couldn't look at him. Joe—frightened because he was going to war. It hadn't occurred to her that Joe might lack courage. He'd always been so proud, so self-confident. It made her a little sick, and she hated him for having let her see it.

She wanted suddenly to get away quickly, because there was something dreary and depressing in the thought that there might always have been something rotten in the core of all those years of hope and love and happiness. She didn't want too much revelation.

Her chest tightened with nostalgic longing and she wished her story could be turned back to the page when she was twenty, when life was spread out before her like a picnic lunch.

Joe said, "Why don't you stick around till I get the call?"

She set her glass carefully on the dusty table beside her chair. "I can't, Joe. It's all arranged. I'm leaving tomorrow. Evvy's going with me. She arranged to take her vacation at the same time."

"How's she making out?"

"All right. She misses Bill like the devil, and I guess she's finding it a little tough to have to work, too."

"It won't do her any harm. She never did an honest lick of work in her life before. Maybe it'll make a man out of her."

"Oh, she's not so bad. And in a way it's good for me to be able to share her apartment while Bill's away instead of living by myself. We weep on each other's shoulder now and then."

Joe said, "My Lord, what have you got to weep about?"

She thought: Are you so obtuse that you haven't guessed what's been going on inside me all these years? She said, "Oh, I cry now and then when I break a fingernail."

He moved restlessly across the room to bang impatiently at a jammed window in an effort to raise it higher. She'd never seen him in such a restless, nervous mood, and it was disquieting.

She felt the familiar urgent necessity rising in her to make everything pleasant. She knew so well how to do that. In very little time she could have Joe cheerful and proud again. But she killed the impulse.

She said coolly, "Why don't you relax, Joe?" and he gave her an odd, almost startled look.

SHE wanted to hurt him. To say, "If you're so damned afraid to go, why did you arrange it in the first place? You're scared, and you want me to say, 'Gosh, Joe, I think it's wonderfully brave of you, and I'm proud of you. I think you're wonderful.' Well, I don't think you're wonderful. You just can't face the picture of big Joe Kirby sitting the war out. You've got to get in it to prove that you're manly and brave, even though you're scared sick about it."

She found herself trembling a little from the intensity of her feeling, from the urge to stab at him with words, and she said to herself: Take it easy, now. You've known for a long time that he didn't want to marry you, so don't get sore about it at this late date.

He started to pace the room again, pausing now and then to mark a finger trail in the dust that had settled thickly on a book. He said suddenly, "We've never talked about marriage, have we, Nick?"

It was funny how just the sound of the word being spoken aloud in this way after so many years of carefully avoiding mention of it could be almost as shocking as an obscenity.

She said, "No. Or anyway, not as one speaks of a friend."

"I meant we've never talked about marriage for us. I wonder why?"

You know why, she thought hotly. When I first met you you used to sound off about marriage being a form of slavery and I was so young and green and so crazy about you I agreed with everything you said because I was afraid you'd give me the heave-ho if you knew I wanted to marry you.

She said nothing, and the weight of the old hopelessness fell on her again, stifling her, and she thought of the pathetic little ways she had tried to trap him. Taking him with her to visit happily married friends, showing him in self-belittling laughing fashion how well she could cook and keep house, pointing out in subtle ways how different she was from the women they knew who nagged or managed their husbands, making a success in business so he wouldn't have to fear she would be a financial burden.

It sickened her now to think of all the little games she had played to delude herself and Joe that she was all the things he admired in a woman. . . .

As if in answer to her thoughts, Joe said wryly, "There were times here and there when I thought you had me."

She could feel the blood rush hot to her face, and she thought: So you've known all along, and knew she'd been hoping somewhere inside her that he hadn't known, that he just hadn't thought of those things.

She wanted to push it all away from her, out of her mind and out of her life, and she stood up quickly and said, "I've got to run along, Joe. I have to pack."

He said, "Not yet. Wait a while, Nick. I want to ask you to marry me."

She knew him well enough to know he

wasn't joking, but it was so funny that she started to laugh. It was funny because at long last, when finally she had decided it was over and done with, he should ask her to marry him.

She was laughing silently, looking at him, not saying anything, and he grabbed her arms above the elbows and said, "Listen, Nick, seriously. Let's get married before I go."

His eyes held hers with intent solemn gaze, but she saw the uneasiness in them, the nervous excitement and the faint shadow of fear. And suddenly she understood.

She wrenched away from him almost angrily and started toward the door. "Goodbye, Joe," she said, and her throat hurt so that she had to swallow against the pain.

He beat her to the door and stood in front of it, smiling at her with his old assurance.

"Wait a minute, lassie. You're not leaving yet. Are you angry because I didn't use the right words? Should I have said, 'I can't live without you?' Use your head, baby. Why do you think I asked you?"

She said flatly, "I know. I know exactly why. That's why I don't want any part of you."

His mouth twisted and he raised his eyebrows. "These cryptic remarks ill-become you, my dear. Would you mind explaining?"

She took a deep breath and said, "All right. You know, but I'll tell you anyway. All these years, as you've just admitted, you've known that I wanted to marry you. But you never wanted marriage. Only now, now when you're going away, when you're frightened of what's ahead, you want something to cling to, a wife tied to you by those holy bonds you've always thought slightly comical; someone to belong to you, to be back here rooting and praying for you. That's it, isn't it?"

His face was blank and unreadable. And then he laughed. "Well, now that you put it that way, I suppose it is. And what's wrong with that?"

She gave him a long, bitter look and wondered how it was that you could arrive at a moment when you hated a man you had once loved so desperately.

She said, "I don't suppose you'd know," and turned away. And as she put her hand on the doorknob, the doorbell over her head rang with a startling shrillness.

Joe grasped her arm firmly, said, "Don't go," and holding her that way opened the door.

There was a bright smiling young Marine on the threshold. "Hello, Joe-old-Joe-old-Joe. Just stopped by to return that lousy ten you loaned me the other night. I put the pinch on the old man and he came through."

He handed Joe a ten-dollar bill, made a deep bow and turned to Nicola with obvious pleasure. "Ah, pin-ups. Honestly, Miss—"

"Manning," Joe said shortly. "Eddie Reeves, Nick."

"Thank you, Joe. Honestly, Miss Manning, I just don't know where my money goes to. Could it be that I frequent too many pleasure palaces? I wonder. Well, I won't intrude on this rendezvous. Goodbye, all."

He started away, and Nick wrenched her arm free of Joe's hand. "I'm leaving too, Mr. Reeves. You can be a lamb and help me down the dark perilous stairs."

Eddie said, "Oh, shucks, lady, can't I be a wolf?"

She laughed as if he'd made the funniest crack of the week. She said, "Goodbye, Joe," and made a small motion of farewell with her hand.

His face was stony and expressionless. He said, "Give me a ring before you leave if you get a chance," and closed the door.

THE hallway was suddenly very dark with the closing of the door. She gripped the stair rail because there was a sudden weakness in her knees, and she thought: So this is the way it ends after seven years, and suddenly she was filled with deep, frustrated anger.

But the Marine was guiding her with exaggerated care, chattering blithely, and she smiled and made the proper responses.

When they emerged from the dimness of the hallway into the golden brightness of the late-afternoon sun she thought: I can't stand it. I don't want to see the sun shining so

(Continued on page 39)

THE BIG MONEY— IT ISN'T THERE

BY CORPORAL SIDNEY MARGOLIUS



Between one and three million servicemen are dreaming of a little business of their own—with lots of nice, big profits. Unless they do something more substantial than dream, the life expectancy of their businesses will about equal a second lieutenant's

SERGEANT BILL JONES is a man with a dream. This dream is a kind of day-light affair, and Bill has been working at it frequently during the last ten of the thirty-odd months he's sweated out in his corner of the war. Comes the peace, Sergeant Jones would like to have a business of his own.

Bill has never been in business before and knows somewhat less than Henry Kaiser about operating one. But from where he sits, it looks good. He's read articles about post-war opportunities in everything from plastic soup to nylon nuts, and anyway, it's the only solution he's been able to dig up for the problem of how he, several years and thousands of adventures older, can find his way again in a world he left as a youngster. Certainly it would be disheartening to return to the stock clerk's job he had when he went into service at the age of twenty-two. Like 75 per cent of his fellow soldiers (figures by U.S. Employment Service), Bill doesn't want his old job back.

What he would really like is to get his hands on some of the big money he read about while in camp and overseas.

Richmond, Va., is one city which has taken practical steps to help returning soldiers get started in their own businesses. The Chamber of Commerce has set up a committee of businessmen who advise and help veterans. A typical case is illustrated above. Pvt. Mark Shenckman, ex-paratrooper, wants to start a barber and beauty shop supply business. He is talking the proposition over with committee members (left to right) Allen J. Saville, Leslie L. Jones, Thomas C. Boushall and G. T. Talley

Bill Jones dreams for 11 to 20 per cent of the men in the armed forces; which means that one to three million servicemen hope to take up their option on a government-guaranteed loan and invest it in businesses of their own. Not all of them are aiming for the big money. Many are figuring on the security angle. But government placement consultants recently have spotted a big-money attitude among the servicemen who already have returned to civilian life, and they consider it a major trend.

All of which adds up to a number of disappointed ex-Sergeant Bill Joneses after the war. Some will be disappointed because they won't be able to show enough business experience and a sound enough plan to get even the initial loan. From experience with men already discharged, banking authorities are now saying that the benefits of the G.I. Bill of Rights have been overadvertised, and veterans are expecting more than they are going to get.

Edward S. Rooney, president of the First Trust Company of Albany, N. Y., recently warned fellow bankers that they must tell the veteran frankly that he is getting "absolutely nothing free except a part of the first year's interest, and that if he borrows money, it must be paid back."

Furthermore, those veterans who do get started will learn that operating a small enterprise in these days of high-pressure competition is a rocky venture that requires skill and working capital—nothing at all like

the pleasant vision Bill had that dirty day in France.

As far as the big money goes—it isn't there. Sergeant Bill Jones with a cocked carbine may be a terror. Plain Bill Jones, with \$4,000 of borrowed cash on his hip and more hope than knowledge of modern business techniques, will be a lamb looking for lettuce in the slaughter pen.

Know the Facts of Business Life

Not that Bill hasn't got a chance and won't get help. The war that ended Bill's job has also killed off many enterprises and made room for new businesses—if they are adequately financed and operated by men alert to new developments. Encouragement of small businesses as a keystone of American enterprise has become an Administration policy. Also, a small businessman sometimes has advantages over his larger competitors. But he must know how to exploit such assets as flexibility of operation, and his close contact with Mrs. John Consumer. Bill had better be more informed on the facts of business life, and more willing to make use of available training and business education, than recent surveys indicate most servicemen are.

For the information of Bill and his family, the facts are these: In normal years a majority of businesses capitalized at less than \$10,000, returned no more than \$2,000 to \$3,000 a year net profit, which may be a living but

certainly is not "big money." Furthermore, most of the failures are made by firms in the under-\$10,000 class. The \$5,000 stake with which most servicemen have said they expect to start is even more risky. In the retail fields, where half the business-minded servicemen are pinning their hopes, 61 per cent of the total failures in 1940, and 67 per cent in 1941, were firms financed at less than \$5,000.

The war has further concentrated business in the hands of big firms. During the two years after Pearl Harbor, over a million businesses closed their doors, while only half as many new ventures took their places. However you look at it, small businesses have been dying off like an unprotected column of Nazis in front of a Browning machine gun.

Before Bill Jones went off to combat, he learned to be a successful fighter from dead men. He learned from their sacrifices what he had to do to win his part of the war and come out alive. Now he can learn from business casualties how to survive in postwar business life.

Experts say the majority of small business failures were caused by the following ailments, or combinations of them:

- 1—Insufficient capital.
- 2—Failure to adjust to new trends.
- 3—Failure to keep abreast of more efficient business methods.

Quincy Adams, head of the Department
(Continued on page 40)



BUTCH SAYS: CUT IT OUT!

BY AMY PORTER

On his weekly broadcast, New York's Little Flower blasts chiselers and gamblers, insults politicians, quarrels with Washington's curfew and breaks every rule of radio. But his listeners love it

WHEN some two million New Yorkers tuned in on Mayor Fiorello H. La Guardia's regular weekly broadcast on a recent Sunday, they heard His Honor say, "Ladies, I want to ask you a little favor. I want you please to wear your rubbers when you go out in this weather. If you don't wear your rubbers you may slip and fall," warned this chief executive of the nation's largest city, whose responsibilities include administering a yearly budget bigger than that for all of peacetime Italy. "You may slip and fall and hurt yourselves. Then we'll have to take care of you, and we don't like to ask our doctors and nurses to take care of any more patients. They are very busy already. So won't you please be sensible and wear your rubbers?"

"Now about fish," His Honor continued, "you should take advantage of low prices this week and buy fish—"

That's the mayor all right, as his listeners have come to know him in his fussy, fatherly mood, showing as much concern for a two-cent saving on fish as for a \$2,000,000 cut in the city's electric bill.

The mayor has another mood, also familiar to his radio flock. This is his jumping-up-and-down-and-screaming mood, which comes into play when he speaks of the "no-good, thieving, chiseling tinhorns," who prey on the people through gambling, black-market operations or other illegal activity.

"Cut it out!" he snarls at some loan shark, giving the fellow's name and address on the air. "Cut it out right

now! That kind of monkey business don't go in New York. Not while I'm mayor. Get me?"

Next day, strangely enough, the ladies do wear their rubbers, housewives do buy fish, and the loan shark makes quick arrangements to get out of town.

The mayor often uses his program for big bold administrative moves. He precipitated the late, celebrated curfew squabble with a quiet radio announcement that New Yorkers could have an hour of tolerance beyond the nation-wide twelve-o'clock curfew hour.

In a dozen different directions, the mayor's radio program gets things done in New York—all kinds of things. Started shortly after Pearl Harbor at the time of the air-raid scares, the program has steadily grown in popularity to its present high mark of around 2,000,000 listeners. Two million is a good audience for any program; for a local show, it's unprecedented. Surveys show that the mayor has more New York listeners than the total for all other programs on the air at the same hour, from 1 to 1:30 P.M. Sunday. Non-New Yorkers, residents of Long Island, Connecticut, New Jersey and New York State, listen in, too.

His broadcast is not supposed to be entertaining. Theoretically, it is a simple report on how city officials are discharging their duties. Its subject matter is serious, often heavy. But La Guardia makes it a scolding, praising, sentimental, angry, chuckling half hour of fascinating listening, inciting to action. Most radio showmen count themselves

successful when they inspire the purchase of soap or soup or something. But the mayor gets results from his listeners in every department of their lives.

La Guardia is not, by conventional standards, a good radio speaker. His voice is too high-pitched. In moments of excitement it squeaks. He uses no script, and his extemporaneous oratory is filled with dangling sentences, tangled grammar and mispronounced words. He scorns fine language. He doesn't threaten a criminal with jail. "We'll throw you in the clink, that's what," he says. Dollars are "bucks." Unethical dealings just naturally stink. Part of his radio charm lies in his radio faults. Although critics condemn his rough delivery as vulgar, a lot of people find him refreshing after the mincing correctness of so many radio speakers.

His fans chuckle with him on Sunday, and on Monday when they go to work they ask their friends, "Say, did you hear Butch yesterday? Did you hear that crack he made about beef? He said . . ."

Around noon each Sunday the mayor hops out of his big black limousine in front of City Hall, sprints up the steps, brief case in hand, and hurries to his desk for an hour of preparation. Shortly before one o'clock, city officials, visitors and reporters file in, taking seats around the spacious, graceful room that is the mayor's office. Secretary Betty Cohen, WNYC Director Morris S. Novik, and city lawyer Reuben Lazarus sit near him. (Continued on page 43)



And they call themselves businessmen! Why, they are just swine, just plain, ordinary, everyday swine!



Oxtail ragout! Delicious! You bet the children will gobble it up. Take an onion, a few carrots and . . .

Collier's for April 28, 1945



See here, Mr. Poultry Dealer, I know what you've been doing. Cut it out. Cut it out right now. Get me?

LIBERATED FRANCE

BY ARCHBISHOP
FRANCIS J. SPELLMAN

New York's Archbishop revisited France and found it true that "food will win the war and write the peace," and that those who preach that a bottle of milk will do more good than a book of speeches are not wild dreamers



Cardinal Suhard, who fought the Nazis during the occupation of France, stands before his Paris residence chatting with Archbishop Spellman. Below are ruins of the church in Oradour-sur-Glane. The Germans herded the fifteen hundred villagers into the church and barns and set fire to them. Some who fled were shot

U.S. SIGNAL CORPS

EUROPEAN



WHEN I left England, London was dipped deep in fog, but soon the rain stopped, the fog lifted, and the sun came out. The Channel was smooth, green and blue. We were only a few minutes flying across, and then land, sand, grass, the dark of glen and forest, gray stones, red roofs, and France again!

At the airport I was surprised to meet General John C. H. Lee, whom I had met several times on my previous visit to the war fronts. He has been in charge of our Services of Supply in the European Theater of Operations since the beginning of the war. Kindly in manner and thoughtful in act, he took the time and trouble to introduce me to every soldier in the vicinity of the landing place, and accompanied me during the rest of the afternoon on an inspection of Cherbourg, its harbor and its environs. Lest I fear that I was taking him from his duties, he graciously put me at ease, saying that he was on his daily tour of inspection.

We visited the elaborate underground tunnels and saw the powerful guns hidden and protected by heavy concrete and rows of camouflaged pillboxes, and the submarine pens that seemed as impregnable to assault from above as would be caverns cut into the Palisades. I watched transports disgorge mountainous masses of weapons for our war machine, and then I saw tangled masses of iron, shattered masonry, the huge ruin of docks and railroads destroyed by war's machinery.

General Lee, sympathetic and helpful to the chaplains in their work, told me it was a great satisfaction to him to find chaplains of all faiths considerate of one another. I, too, in my journeyings among our soldiers in camps, in hospitals, on airfields and on the fighting fronts, have been impressed by the spirit of mutual aid and esteem among chaplains of all denominations, and I told the General about Chaplain M——'s experience during the fighting in Italy. The captain of their regiment was a Catholic, but the Protestant chaplain did not think him a very good Catholic—and told him so.

He talked to him like a Dutch uncle, saying, "You're not only a poor Christian, but a worse Catholic. We have faced the same dangers and shared the same foxhole, and we know that only God in His goodness has kept us unharmed. Now get busy: I'm bringing Father M—— to you!"

Good as his word, the Protestant chaplain brought the priest to talk with the captain. When the captain came through one hundred per cent, the Protestant chaplain murmured, "Thank God!"

True Christian Spirit

It should occasion no surprise to discover evidences of Christian charity motivating the lives and actions of all chaplains; and unless Catholic chaplains are comprehensive in their sympathies, they would not be true to their vocation, whose fundamental tenet is love of God and love of neighbor; and their actions would be in complete variance with the very meaning of Catholic, which is "broad, universal, impartial, unbigoted."

At the headquarters of General Lee, I again met General John L. De Witt, still in the service though past the age of retirement. At the beginning of the war, he was commander of our Western Frontier Defense, responsible for all military organizations from the Aleutians to the Panama Canal. Later, he went to Washington as head of the War College, and when General McNair was killed last July in France, De Witt took over his assignment. The general, a soldier all his life, comes from a family of soldiers. Memories of the last war's recoil, the futility of its peace, his emotion at fighting again on the soil irrigated with the blood of America's sons, have made him warlike for the sake of peace.

The next day I met an officer who helped plan and execute the operation at the "Omaha" beachhead on D-Day. To be successful, everything connected with the preliminary action had to take place within one half hour. The tide had to be high enough for the landing craft to clear the rocks, and not too high to prevent demolition detachments from destroying the shore defenses of

steel and rock. Some yards back of the high-water line, cliffs rose precipitously, and the whole area was strongly defended by tank traps, trenches and guns of various types. While this beach was not the most favorable one for a landing, it was chosen because it provided an element of surprise to the enemy.

The Germans had been alerted some five hours before the landing. Stormy, cloudy weather prevented air support, and there was a choppy, churning sea; but despite every obstacle, our objectives were reached, due, the officer said, with quiet pride in his voice, to the bravery and moral force of the American soldier, his leadership, training and equipment. Each soldier knew what he was to do, and nearly all of those among the first waves died in the doing. Row on row they fell, making "the first successful landing in history on a heavily defended beach."

Many of those men had lived twenty, twenty-five and thirty years for this D-Day, and it became for them their birthday in eternity. Now their bodies rest on the plateau above the beach, immortalized in history and immortal in eternal glory. Over this beachhead have now passed a million American soldiers, and each one of them sees an arch which bears the inscription, "Along this trail has passed the pride of the American Armed Forces."

Reunion in France

At headquarters, General Eisenhower greeted me in his office caravan. It was seventeen months since last I had seen him, and, during that period, the war had made great progress in its stride toward victory. General Eisenhower's face is still youthful; his skin is sunburned rather than tanned, and, though the wrinkles in his forehead have deepened, his entire physical and mental bearing gives the impression of a man, hardened and, at the same time, resilient as a rapier.

Gravely aware of his tremendous personal responsibility in spending human lives to gain military objectives, the general was concerned not with the victories that had been won, but with the gigantic tasks that lay ahead; and even our brilliant military successes had not created in him unwarranted feelings of optimism. Though he was supremely confident of the ultimate complete success of his plans and operations, he did not think that Germany's collapse was imminent, and it was from the general that I first heard the word "winter."

After that, it hurt my heart when boys asked me if I thought the war would be over by Christmas.

In General Eisenhower's trailer, nestled in an apple orchard sloping down to the Bay of Saint-Malo, I met Air Marshal Tedder, deputy chief of staff, and General Walter Beadle Smith, the general's chief of staff. Air Marshal Tedder is a man of small stature, his face rather thin and pale, his eyes very dark brown. To me, the most surprising thing about him was his mild, almost meek, manner, but there is nothing either small, mild or meek about his accomplishments, for his reputation as a master of strategy and tactics in air warfare is of the highest.

General Smith did not appear to have aged at all. During my two days at headquarters, I had several visits with him, and even in the midst of exacting and responsible duties, and at the end of a hard and tiring day, he still seemed fresh and full of energy. He is incisive in speech and act; to him, directing and commanding are second nature. Of average height and physique, he was evidently in top physical condition, and strength and power showed in his every action. And his eyes, too, are brilliant.

The following morning on my way to the cemetery at Ste. Mère l'Eglise, with its acres of graves of Americans who gave their lives in the battles of Normandy, we were stopped by a gathering of French people before the parish church in the square of the little town. The night had been stormy, the morning was shrouded in mist, and the ground was wet and muddy. Nevertheless, men, women and children had made a special effort to dress their best, and the little children carried bouquets of flowers. They gathered round me, and the mayor read an address in English. The style was quaint, but its message was

(Continued on page 33)



Opportunity blooms in a desert

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

HERE in the lush land of the Salt River Valley of Arizona — only yesterday a desert — a carefully selected group of rural youths of limited means today is working to satisfy the eternal longing of every farmer to own his own land.

These young men are employed at Goodyear Farms where, for many years, Goodyear has dedicated thousands of acres to better agriculture. They work under the personal supervision of men long experienced in successful farming.

As they earn and learn, these ambitious

youths qualify for ownership of acreage that has been set aside for them. First, Goodyear provides a house. After a short period, the company finances a cow to supply the family milk. Step by step, the young farmers advance toward their goal. Goodyear furnishes the opportunity. They do the rest.

Eventually, each becomes the proud owner of a completely equipped 80-acre farm. But Goodyear knows he has a lot more than that. He has independence and incentive . . . and a solid foundation for useful citizenship and satisfactory living.

The world's leading builder of tires and a pioneer in rubber, Goodyear also is a busy and experienced worker in aviation, chemistry, metals, fabrics and many other vital fields . . . each day acquiring new skill to serve you better.

BUY WAR BONDS

BUY FOR KEEPS



THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER



Looking around, Ashley saw two glaring lights coasting toward them. "There've been a lot of holdups in town lately," Marjorie said

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The Story:

ASHLEY RAWDON'S chance meeting with KAY WENDELL started out to be fun, then became a terrifying game of tag with death when they discovered the murder of GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR EVANS, and learned from WILLIAM ARDEN, KAY'S brother-in-law, that EVANS had been investigating the disappearance of a minute, secret airplane-part model. Warned by RANDALL of the F.B.I. that EVANS' killers were after the part and might be on their trail, ASHLEY and KAY set out for Miami. But then RANDALL wired they were being followed, and KAY confessed she had the secret part in her pocket—had picked it up near EVANS, believing it to be her lipstick. Suspicion gripped ASHLEY when HARRY DANE and MR. RELLING, shady friends of ARDEN'S, unexpectedly arrived in Miami: suspicion became fear when both ASHLEY and KAY found their rooms ransacked. ASHLEY had the secret part which KAY had given him but, noting an emptied camera case in KAY'S disrupted room, he questioned her about its contents and, to his surprise, saw her faint before him.

III

BETTY LEWIS' house was a long white rectangle under the stars. A sugar loaf half buried in masses of dark green. It stood at the end of a short blind street so narrow that the palms touched overhead. The private ambulance rolled to a halt at the end of the street in front of the house and Ashley got out from beside the driver.

Ryan, the hotel doctor, had ridden inside with Kay. He took one end of the stretcher

and Ashley took the other. The nurse came with them, a fat white ghost in the starshine, and the driver got out and walked back to the end of the street where he could watch the main road. A tall woman in slacks came striding out of the darkened house across the wet dark grass. "Is she all right?" she whispered.

"She's fine," Ashley said; "only the doctor thought she'd better sleep for a bit. Gave her a shot in the arm."

"Bring her right through the front door. I'll get some lights on as soon as I've shut the door."

It was, Ashley saw when the lights came on, a perfectly charming little house. Furnished in brilliant Mexican colors and adorned with the same. Betty Lewis was an ex-New York newspaper woman who had, apparently, known Kay since their Vassar days, when Kay was a freshman and Betty had been back taking a postgraduate course in sociology. She had inherited some money later and had given up newspaper work to come to Florida and write. She had done very well at it; Ashley knew that. He liked her at sight. She was a big-boned, strongly built woman of thirty-odd, with a pleasantly ugly face and prematurely graying hair. Her skin was very brown.

She said to Ashley, "Sit down and have a cigarette and a drink. I'll be back as soon as I've helped them put the lamb to bed."

She went into the first-floor bedroom just off the living room where the stretcher had been set down, and Ashley helped himself to a decanter which stood invitingly on a coffee table in front of a long low scarlet-draped

couch with brilliant cushions. He felt he had earned a drink.

While they were still at the hotel, the private ambulance had seemed a brilliant idea. And Doctor Ryan, to whom Ashley had explained that Mrs. Allison had had a really severe shock and needed sedatives and rest, had eyed him sharply . . . pondered . . . felt Kay's pulse again—and agreed. "How you feeling now, Mrs. Allison?" he had asked. Kay, with her head still buried in a pillow, had said, "Awful. I am as jumpy as nine cats. Have you got anything that will quiet me down?"

"You bet your life I have," Doctor Ryan had said cheerfully and gave her a shot in the arm without more ado.

Shortly thereafter, the deep-breathing and relaxed patient was on a stretcher in the freight elevator. Ashley had divulged enough of their predicament to Ryan so that his aid was enlisted to preserve secrecy. The ambulance stood waiting in the rear courtyard. If anyone were lurking in the shadows, Ashley thought grimly, now was the time to find out. He did a little exploratory work while they were shunting the stretcher aboard. He saw no one. It was eight o'clock.

"We don't aim to have no one following us, hey, Doc?" he heard the driver say, panting as he stowed the last of Kay's hastily repacked bags into the long dark body of the car. "Well, anyone that does'll have wings . . . and a coupla tickets before he gets 'em."

Once away from the hotel, Ashley had felt, they'd be completely safe. And so it seemed. They'd crashed a dozen traffic lights with siren blaring; they hummed down Coral Way

and crossed the Gables line, and Ashley peering back saw that thereafter there wasn't even a car behind them; all the traffic was the other way. They whirled out swiftly across the broad flat starlit plain and Ashley drew a long breath of relief. Betty Lewis had been marvelous on the telephone and he wanted very much to meet her.

Now, as she came out of the bedroom, he felt even more grateful to her. Doctor Ryan and the nurse followed her, and Ashley paid the bill, which was not a small one, and he and the doctor shook hands and Ryan said, "She probably won't wake till morning—as I've just told Miss Lewis. Heart's good, though; she'll be a little logy when she wakes up, but nothing that a couple of cups of black coffee won't fix. . . ."

Shortly thereafter Ashley heard the ambulance pull away. Meantime Miss Lewis had been pouring herself a drink and recharging his glass. "Now," she said, "I'm bursting with curiosity but I suppose that'll have to wait a while. You'll spend the night here, of course?"

"Love to, and it's sweet of you to suggest it," Ashley said. "But I doubt if it would be wise. I've got a little job to do in town, and I want Kay completely cut off from any traceable contact with me. I'm ninety-nine per cent sure that no one knows she's here now—and if I came back I might be followed. But thanks."

He added, "It is a long story, but Kay can spill the whole thing whenever she wakes up. Perhaps you'd be good enough to order me a taxi—or can I get a bus?"

(Continued on page 52)



Why do they make
the "hook" out of STEEL?

Because you can't beat
STEEL for strength!



For rugged, sturdy strength, you can't beat steel. For the huge anchors of fighting ships or the tiny hooks of the trout fisherman; for farm machinery or automobiles, refrigerators or stoves. Today there are better steels than ever before . . . many of them developed in United States Steel laboratories. After the war, you'll get these better steels in scores of peacetime products. But be sure you look for the U.S.S. Label on them. It's the mark of quality steel.

UNITED STATES STEEL

AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY • AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY
CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS STEEL CORPORATION • COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY
CYCLONE FENCE DIVISION • FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING & DRY DOCK COMPANY
NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY • OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY • TENNESSEE COAL,
IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY
UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY
COMPANY • UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY • VIRGINIA BRIDGE COMPANY



6 A. M.... you're full of woes

WHEW! ARE YOU LOW! Maybe that feeling of heaviness and discomfort means you need a laxative. If so, let a

refreshing glass of Sal Hepatica help set you right. Take it now . . . before another moment passes!



8 A. M.... you're on your toes!

SAY! WATCH YOU GO! Pep enough for two. That sparkling Sal Hepatica makes some difference! Taken first thing in the morning, it usually acts within an hour . . . brings speedy, ever-so-easy relief. Helps counteract excess

gastric acidity; helps turn a sour stomach sweet again, too.

Next time you need a laxative, bear in mind that 3 out of 5 doctors, interviewed in a national survey, recommend Sal Hepatica. Try it, yourself!

**Whenever you need a laxative
—take gentle, *speedy*
SAL HEPATICA**

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica from your druggist today, remembering this. Caution: use only as directed. Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Ask your doctor about the efficacy of this prescription. Sal Hepatica is a product of Bristol-Myers.

TUNE IN { "EDDIE CANTOR"—Wednesdays, NBC, 9:00 P.M., E.W.T.
"THE ALAN YOUNG SHOW"—Tuesdays, Blue Network, 8:30 P.M., E.W.T.

Any Week

Continued from page 4

This was somewhat of a coincidence, but stranger still was the fact that a few days after we had sailed from the States, we received \$300 from the very fund to which I had contributed. We spent part of the dough on beer, cigarettes and candy. The crew gave the Kearney shipyard workers quite a hand."

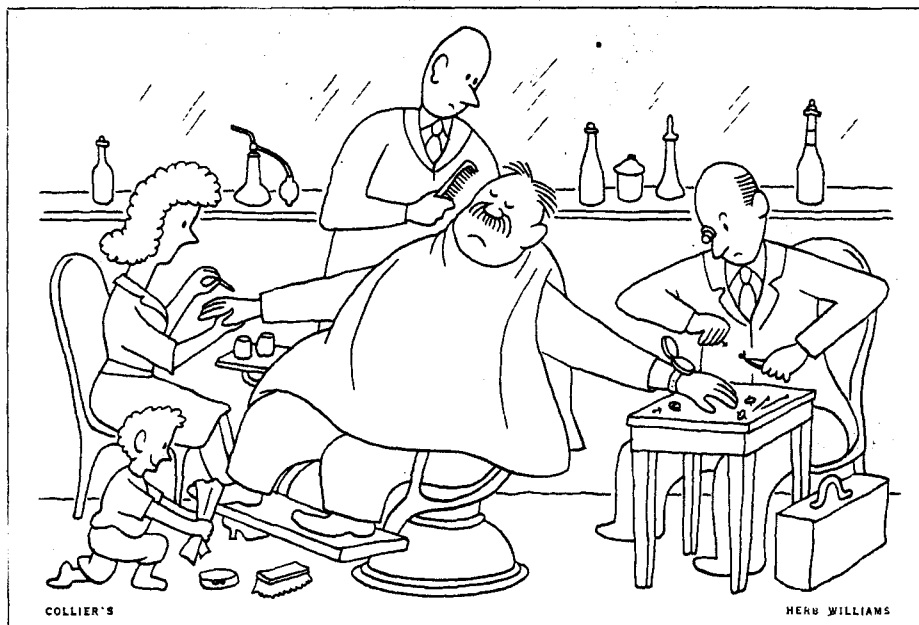
"AFTER extensive travel through the states of Nevada and California," writes Mr. R. L. Baker of Fresno, "I have reached a conclusion supported by a great deal of research and study. This is it: The average Nevada driver thinks no more of running over a jack rabbit than a California driver does of running over a pedestrian." We are asked to state our opinion. No comment.

BUT while we're on the subject of horseless carriages, let's ponder the findings of Doctor R. C. Finlay of Glen Allan, Mississippi. "If," he writes, "you have a long auto trip to make over a good road but have only half the estimated gasoline needed, you can still make the trip. Here's how: Accelerate the car quickly from 15 to 50 or 60 miles per hour, then depress the clutch and cut off the ignition. At 50 and 60 m.p.h., you'll coast one half and four fifths of a mile, respectively. When you've slowed down to as little speed as you can tolerate—15 or 10 miles per hour

—turn on switch, let in clutch and repeat the operation. I have traveled 30 miles on four fifths of a gallon of gas."

THE D.A.R. is mad at us again—or at least State Chairman Mrs. C. D. Tofflemire of Cameron, Missouri, is. Not officially, she points out, just personally. It's about a cartoon we published last month showing some anti-aircraft guns being loaded on a transport. With them is a Civil War cannon which the caption says was "paid for by the War Bond purchases of the Berkham County Daughters of the American Revolution." Mrs. Tofflemire lists the good work the Missouri State Society has done in the war effort and accuses us of having bought that cartoon while under the influence of lethargy. Maybe the lady is right. That squirming noise you hear is the cartoon editor pretending he is looking for an eraser under his desk.

ALWAYS interested in other people's mail, we were glad to hear of some received by a friend who has a great deal to do with a correspondence course in glamor for dames. "Why can't people love you as you are?" wrote one lady despairingly. And another concluded a communication with: "I asked my daughter to write this letter because I speak with an accent." . . . G. W.



A Plan for Japan

Continued from page 19

will mean that many soldiers, sailors and Marines will be separated from their families for long periods but, in my opinion, there is no alternative if we seriously want no more trouble with Japan.

To operate such a big fleet, we shall need a series of naval bases at strategic points in the western and southwestern Pacific. A similar network of air bases and military establishments would also be needed for this biggest peace force in history. The strategy of these bases is a problem in geometry and arithmetic—latitude and longitude and the sealine and airline distances between the bases. The sovereignties controlling most of the area in that western Pacific theater may complicate the selection and retention of the bases we'll need out there, so we must find a formula which will guarantee to the peace force the shore facilities necessary to support military and naval action on a scale large enough to keep the Nips suppressed. There must be no question of unilateral neutrality or international quibbling to prevent the peace force from using needed facilities.

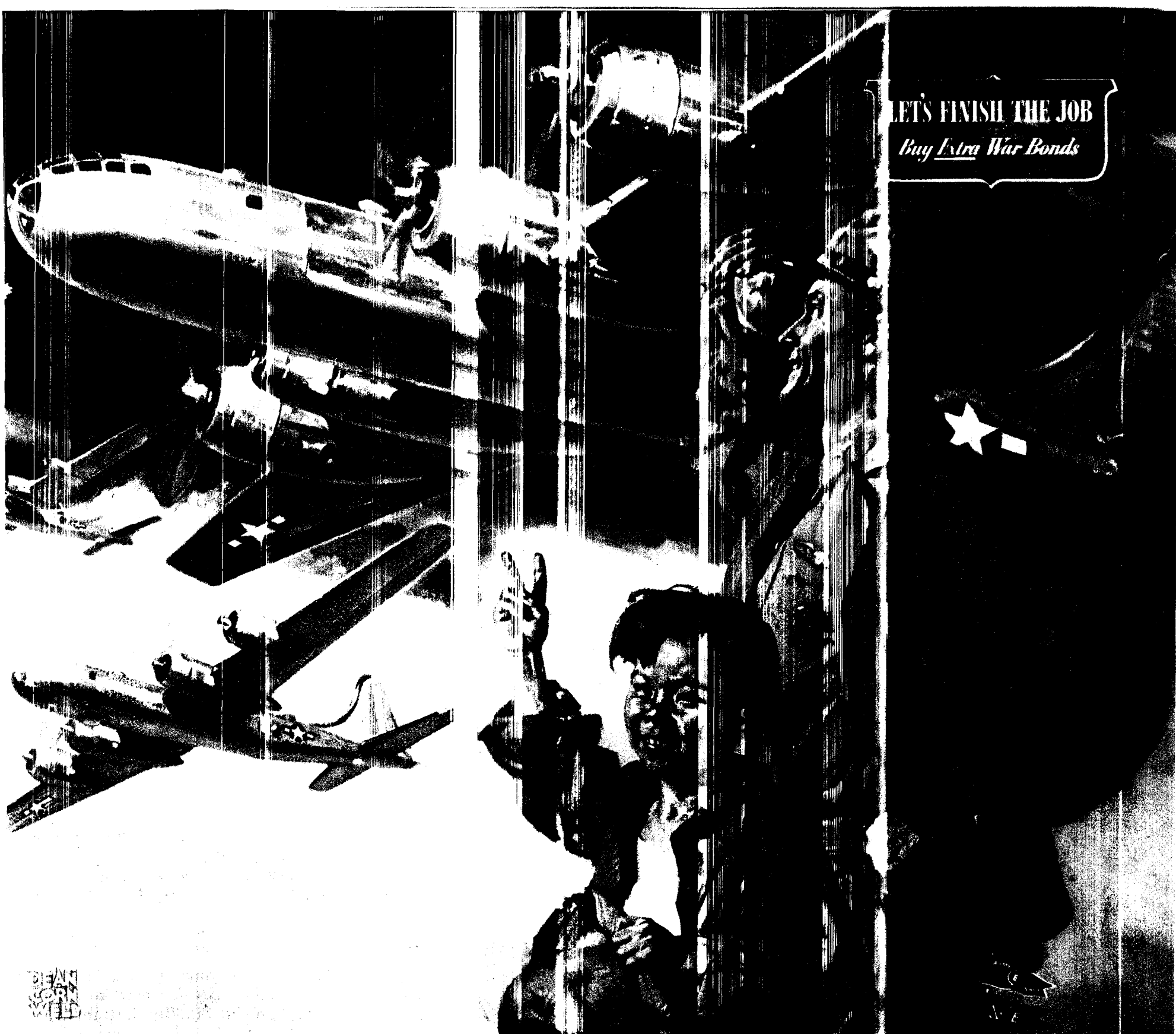
It is my own feeling that a very great part of the burden in this policing job will rest on the United States. Furthermore, I believe the thinking people of all the Allied Nations will agree with me on this point and will always

look to the United States as the principal peace enforcer in the Japanese slums. If that conception is sound and acceptable, then there must be safeguards to prevent anything from interfering with the right of our part of the peace force to make full and immediate use of needed bases in the exercising of our police duties.

To get back to this matter of geometry, a glance at the map will show you that some naval and air bases will be needed in areas owned by sovereignties other than the United States. If these other sovereign nations all recognize the fact that peace-enforcing naval and air power is vital in the Pacific, it seems to me that they must reasonably concede unequivocal rights to the peace force to use necessary base locations. Just how this can be worked out I cannot forecast but some form of long-term lease might provide the answer.

The main thing to remember is this: We can't afford to let the Jap militarists or industrialists pull another fast one on us. I realize I am extremely violent in my hatred of the Japs. I hated them before the war, and that hatred has been intensified since we started fighting them. They have done so much dirty work they should be made to pay for it—with interest.

THE END



LET'S FINISH THE JOB
Buy Extra War Bonds

STRICTLY SUPER

IT'S a great day for our side whenever our flyers sweep out over the target in those fleets of B-29 Superfortresses.

Of course, Fisher Body does not make the complete Superfortress. But it does make huge dorsal fins, horizontal stabilizers, rudders, elevators and ailerons. Yes, and flaps, wing tips, outboard wings and turret parts, too.

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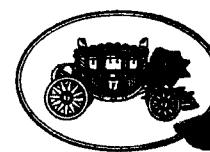
parts that are required for each nacelle.

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D I V I S I O N O F G E N E R A L M O T O R S



I lead Edgar into the room and Bernice is screaming. "It's all right," I say. "This is a wedding present for you and George"

THE first person I see when I come up the street is this kid next door, this pest that's always in my hair before I join the Army. A freckle-faced brat with a tongue like sandpaper, a kid with jam on her puss, always yelling, "Yah, yah, yah, Bertram's in love."

It's so good to be home I even enjoy seeing her. And in three years she's changed. Not so many freckles, no bands on her teeth.

"Hello, Frances," I say, and pat her on the head.

She don't look bad. Not like Bernice, of course, but not bad. She pulls away from me. "Still treating me like a baby," she says. "Don't I look different? Have I got glamor?"

"You got too much lipstick on," I say.

She sticks out her tongue at me. Same

old stuff, might as well say, "Yah, yah, yah."

I go up the steps and inside and my family is all there, knowing I'm coming home on furlough. It's wonderful but right away I notice something. Bernice's picture ain't on the mantelpiece no more. I remember how it's three months and twenty-seven days since I get a letter. I remember how I sit in the mud and look at her picture. It shows Bernice in a bathing suit and even makes Ernie Pyle's eyes pop a foot when I show it to him the time he's in our sector.

"How's Bernice?" I say, and it's like a wake. The old man looks at the floor, my mother twists her hands in her apron, my grandma sighs. It's one of two things, I know. It's first, Bernice is dead. It's second, she's married.

My father says, "Son, she was married a month ago. Didn't she write you?"

I get up and start walking toward the door and my mother runs after me. "Bertram, you won't do anything rash?"

"Naturally," I say, "I wish to congratulate her."

I go outside and Frances is still in her front yard. "I'm sorry about Bernice," she says. "But she wasn't your type, Bert, you wouldn't have been happy."

"Who'd she marry?" I say.

"A fellow named George Bryson. A dentist."

"A dentist," I say. "That's nice. Maybe tomorrow he can make himself a set of false teeth."

"It won't do you any good, Bert," Frances

says. "You should never trust those big blondes, you should know better."

Frances you could put in your hip pocket and her hair is brown.

She gives me Bernice's address and I start walking. It's not far, seven, eight blocks, and a nice neighborhood. Kids playing in the street, women pushing baby buggies.

Number fourteen is a duplex. Bernice and George are on the ground floor, their name on the mailbox. Mr. & Mrs. George D. Bryson. D for doublecross.

I ring the bell.

Bernice opens up and she looks the same. Blond hair, blue eyes, more curves than a roller coaster out at Coney. Her mouth makes a big red O when she sees me. She's got the shame to blush.

"Hello, baby," I say. "So you got tired waiting. Poor baby doll!"

"Bert," she says, hanging onto the door, "I'm terribly sorry."

"Well," I say, "do you ask me in, or am I selling shoelaces, working my way through college, I got to stay on the porch?"

"Why, no," she says, "come in."

IN THE living room the furniture's brand-new, all shined up, a little love nest just for two.

"Very nice," I say. "Very charming."

We walk in the dining room and I'm aghast. There on the tea wagon is a demitasse set, eight cups and saucers and a coffee-pot complete with lid. Three years back it costs me eighteen ninety-eight. I stand there staring at it.

Bernice says, "George thinks it comes from an Uncle Alfred I got out in Wisconsin."

We go on in the bedroom. On the bed is a blanket. Four years ago I give it to Bernice for her hope chest. On the bureau is a picture of a guy on horseback.

"George?" I say. "The lucky bridegroom?"

"Yes," says Bernice.

"Looks good on a horse," I say. "He even looks like the horse. Maybe it could be his mother?"

"Don't be petty, Bertram," says Bernice. "We both love to ride horses. We go horseback riding every Sunday in the park. It's something we have in common."

I snake the blanket off the bed. I go back in the dining room and put the blanket on the floor. I wrap up the demitasse set in the blanket.

"Well," says Bernice, "of all the cheap things I ever see, that takes the cake. An Indian giver."

"He don't drink out of my coffee cups," I

When your girl marries another guy it's hard to grin and bear it. But Bertram did—and found he'd been looking in the wrong direction

say. "He don't sleep under my blanket. Let him get pneumonia, I should worry."

Bernice says, "I'm glad I find out what kind of a cheap skate you are in time, and I will thank you not to disturb me again."

I go outside and down the street, carrying my bundle. It ain't that I want the coffee cups back, understand. I'm just going to bounce them off George's head. All eight of them and the pot last.

GEORGE'S office is on Main Street, two floors up. I set down in the waiting room, and a girl says I can't see Doctor Bryson without an appointment; she can give me one two months later.

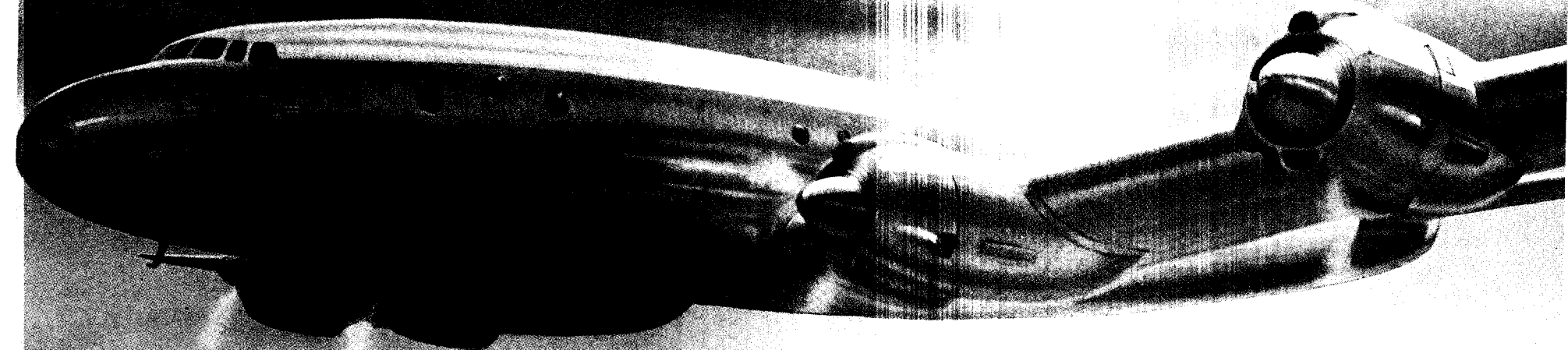
"I got a terrible toothache," I say.

She ducks out of sight. I hear a phone ring, then George talking. A minute later he hangs up and comes out to the waiting room. A little guy, a shrimp, and looking very nervous.

"Come inside, soldier," he says.

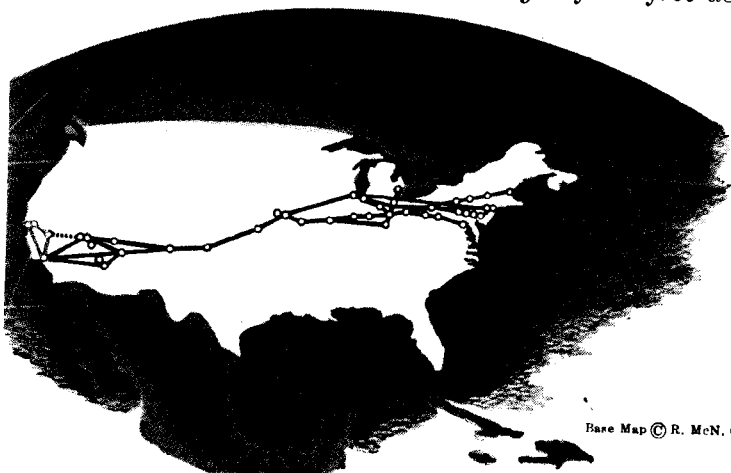
I decide to stall a while—the cat-and-mouse technique for Bertram. I sit down in the chair and open my mouth, and he starts looking around inside. It takes all my will

(Continued on page 75)



FREE AS THE BIRDS

*TWA has brought many things to this majestic setting of arched, sunlit skies
and tiny, faraway villages and green plains. For here TWA has provided
the essential traveler with good companionship as well as swift and
easy flight. You sense this in friendly attention—taste it in good TWA food—
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you feel "free as a bird" from worldly cares—and, as TWA patrons will
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TWA
POINTS THE WAY



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**Every inch
a quality
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Manhattan SHIRTS

TIES • SPORTSWEAR • PAJAMAS • HANDKERCHIEFS

Liberated France

Continued from page 24

sincere, and while the people did not understand the words, I think they took some pride in the fact that the mayor spoke my language.

"As Mayor of Ste. Mère l'Eglise," he said, "I have the great honor to welcome you to our city in the name of all the population. You have come from one of the largest towns in the world, several thousand miles from France, because your sons are dead on our ground. They are dead because they would prevent the erasure of the word 'freedom' from all human languages. When you return to America, may it please you to tell the mothers and widows who weep for your dead, that they have not fallen in vain. Do tell them also that they have not fallen on foreign land but on friendly soil, and that French mothers and wives will tend their graves, and on Sundays they will go to the cemetery and give them prayers and flowers. Soon each French family of the town is going to adopt the heroes who lie buried here, exactly as if they were their own sons, and as a sacred duty they will pray at their graves for their souls."

The last time I had been in Paris was in 1932. It was just before my consecration as bishop, when I was secretary to Cardinal Lauri returning from the Eucharistic Congress in Dublin; and the home of the Cardinal Archbishop, the last place I had visited in Paris on that occasion, was the first place to which I now returned. Cardinal Suhard and others had expected me to arrive in Paris in time for ten-o'clock Mass on Sunday morning in the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

Utterly ignorant of these plans, I had said Mass for American soldiers on Sunday morning in the middle of a cornfield, and it had seemed like the middle of the night, for it was cold, dark and dreary.

Mass by Proxy in Notre Dame

When I reached the cardinal's residence, he had just returned from the cathedral, where he had said Mass in my stead. This was the first time that a cardinal had pinch-hit for me, though not the first time that one had gone to bat for me! The cardinal said that no one had announced the substitution, and that one American soldier leaving Notre Dame after the services had remarked, "I wonder why the archbishop didn't say something to us; he seemed to have a lot to say every other place he visited!"

Cardinal Suhard is a gentle, venerable priest but his smile does not completely hide the sadness in his dark eyes. Because of his strong representations to and protests against the Nazis, he was their victim. Returning from the Basilica of the Sacred Heart of Montmartre one morning about a week after the German occupation of Paris, he found two Nazi officers awaiting him. He received them in the large parlor of his home, and he received them standing! The Germans ordered the cardinal into the dining room, closeted ten other priests in an adjoining room, forbade them to talk to one another, placed guards at every door and disconnected the telephones. They offered luncheon to the cardinal, but he refused because his priests had been denied.

The cardinal's home and the chancery next door were ransacked from garret to cellar. The sacristy was sealed, and no one was to touch the seals "under pain of death." The cardinal was deprived of the privilege of saying daily Mass but, insisting, he was finally told that he could do so on Sunday morning at eight-thirty. Sunday came, but when he was ready for the service, the guard told him he could not leave his room until the captain had arrived. That night at six-thirty, the cardinal was still fasting, but the captain had not come.

What was gained? Nothing. The mounds of documents carted away by the Nazis were of no importance to them. And from Cardinal Suhard they gained only his continued refusal to receive the leader of French Nazism; his repeated protests against the persecution, massacre and deportation of the

Jews; his constant demands for humane treatment for hostages.

I drove out of Paris along the main highway toward Le Mans, along the roadway that had felt the tread of millions fleeing from the terrors of the Nazi torture machine. In wretched wagons drawn by panting horses, on bicycles and in ox-drawn carts they fled, while streams of civilians pulled their own carts and in their arms carried children pathetically hugging broken toys and tattered dolls—children whose hearts, almost like the Christ Child's, began to break as soon as they began to beat.

One hunted, haunted mother pushed a carriage along the roadway with two little girls in it and both of them were dead! It is one of war's most terrifying thoughts that countless thousands of children who will become the guardians of the peace have lost more than health and energy; they have lost the very will to honesty and decency. They have become wolf-children, predatory and skilled in deceit in foraging for the necessities of life. Since the occupation, over a million children subsisting at famine level have died in France, and three quarters of the children in Belgium are pretubercular from lack of food.

Poland's tragedy has been the greatest, for more than half of her eleven million children under fifteen years of age have been liquidated by starvation or enslavement, and

ground army for the next war, and take by stealth and force what they cannot enjoy by right.

Conferences on monetary stabilization, the control of cartels and the leveling of trade barriers are important, but the essential conferences are those that will write a real Declaration of Opportunity, insuring strong minds and strong bodies for the children who will be the trustees of the peace. Children are the cheapest commodity of war, but the most precious element of an enduring peace. They are the seed of tomorrow. We must provide them with life-giving soil!

Returning to Paris through the picturesque countryside, I was thinking of the cheapness of human life and the continued decimation of men. Contrary to the rule that scariness increases value, human life daily grows cheaper. In the very center of Paris I saw a half-dozen boys in their middle teens with rifles across their knees seated beneath a great sign which read "Young French Communist Organization," and autos of the French Forces of the Interior, daubed FFI, driven madly through the streets by armed youngsters. The wildest Wild West tales are child's play compared with today's realities. A blight has come over humankind, stunning human reason, callousing human feelings, deadening human hearts.

Man has become contemptuous not alone of the lives of others, but often disdainful

throughout the world, for they realize that he symbolizes their hopes for the unity and resurrection of France.

General de Gaulle is a strong, stable, soldierly character; he knows what he wants and he thinks that what he wants is best for his country. He also says what he wants and thinks, and his faculty for expressing his ideas directly and decisively with a minimum of words makes him sound almost curt at times. He does not accept the opinions of others if these opinions are at variance with his own convictions.

An American general, who knows General de Gaulle well, said to me, "I like the general. I do not believe he is always right, but I believe he thinks he is. He always has his feet on the ground, he knows what the score is, and he is as sincere as the morning sun."

I have seen General de Gaulle now many times during the past three years, in London, Africa, America, and finally in his own France, and each time I have found him stronger and more secure in his leadership and power. France is paying reverence to her allies who fought and fell upon her soil; the French people are making every effort humanly possible to help themselves, and General de Gaulle is making every human effort to guide them and get aid for them. But France is tired, with millions of her men killed, maimed, enslaved in vile concentration camps or forced to labor in Hitler's frantic factories, and we must help France to help herself if the world is to have the grace of a durable peace.

The Lidice of France

Shortly after my visit to General de Gaulle, I met a Frenchman from Limoges who told me about Oradour, "place of prayer"—the Lidice of France—ghost town of horror, pillage and massacre, with everyone of its fifteen hundred villagers dead! It was one more pathetic proof of the pitiful plight and dire need of the people of France. Early in June, Nazi troops arrived in Oradour, said they had information that arms were hidden in the vicinity and ordered the men, women and children into the church and neighboring barns for verification of their papers.

Unafraid because they were not guilty, the villagers soberly and quietly did as they were told. Over five hundred women and children, some of them from the neighboring towns of Limoges and Lorraine were there, and all marched into the church and barns which became their death tombs, for the Nazis had stored explosives in the church! The barns and the church were set afire. Terrified, the children called frantically to their dying mothers, helpless in their torture. And anyone who tried to escape was machine-gunned.

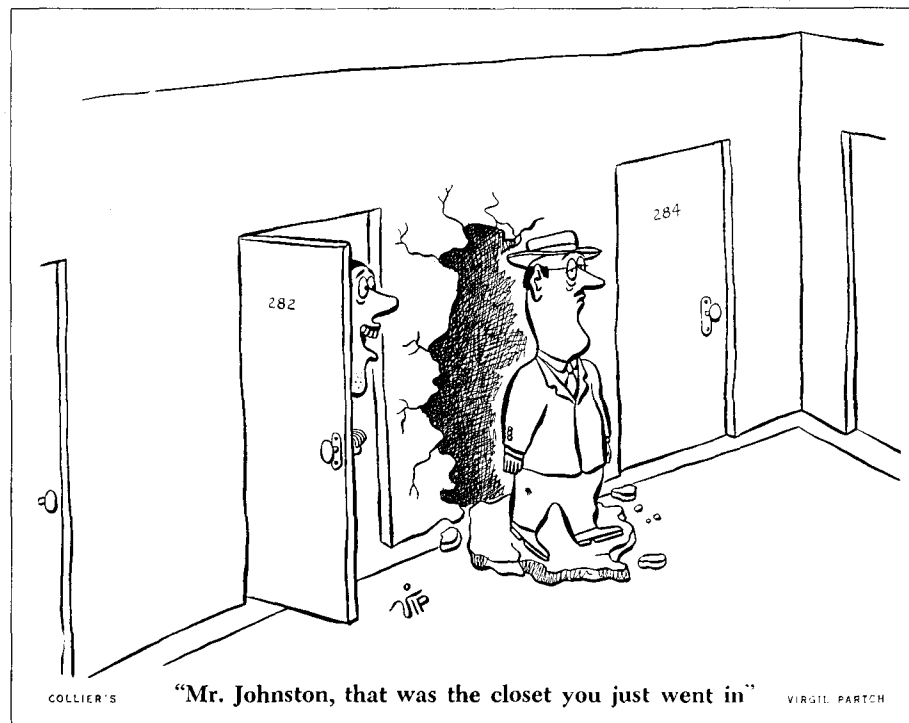
Every house in the village was put to flame. The church was a scene of ghastly horror, and in the rectory garden were empty baby carriages in which mothers had unsuspectingly brought their babies to slaughter.

Oftentimes cynically, unbelievers, half-believers and believers have asked me: "Is there anything for us to be thankful for? Should we be thankful for years of relentless carnage, for the ruin of our country, the slaughter of our children, the persecution and deaths of our dear ones?" No! But we must be thankful for the courage that keeps alive within us the flame of faith in one another and in God. We must be thankful for the courage and faith of boys like Sergeant De Franco, the first boy from Saugus, Massachusetts, to die in action, killed in the deadly hedgerows of France while clearing a blazing path through concentrated enemy fire. For this action of "selfless heroism and calculated sacrifice," he was posthumously awarded our nation's highest award for valor, the Congressional Medal of Honor.

One of his officers said, "Arthur knew he would draw enough fire to kill off a whole battalion, but he knew, too, that he could save the lives of most of his company."

And because of the courage and faith of all our boys and because of their faith in us, I ask in their name for a just and sane peace which is the only kind that will safeguard America from the future sacrifice of hundreds of thousands of other Arthur De Franzos.

THE END



"Mr. Johnston, that was the closet you just went in"

many are toothless because of the calcium deficiency of the mothers that bore them. Many of those who survived were used to supply blood for the enemy wounded, and when drained of life were buried in nameless pits.

Until I had witnessed creeping death spreading over the occupied countries after the invasion of hunger, I never realized the full meaning of the slogan, "Food will win the war and write the peace." The long denial of adequate food has so arrested brain-tissue development in children that mental growth has been stunted. This means that those of them who survive will have the bodies of adults but the minds of children, and will be fitted only for unskilled pursuits, destined for lives of limited horizons. Lands may be reclaimed, cities may be rebuilt, but the starved bodies of children cannot be restored.

They are no wild dreamers who say that a bottle of milk will do more good than a book of speeches. They are not underselling America who say that we must share in providing these desolate peoples with the munitions of peace—food, clothing and medical supplies—for peace will not thrive among nations with a world half well-fed and half half-starved. To millions of children, democracy is still a word and a promise only. They have been exposed to hatred, hunger and a hopeless future, and if they are denied the right of taking their places in a world of personal security, they will form the under-

of his own. Two youths in their early twenties proved this contempt of human life when they priced their own lives at two dollars each and acted as German spies within the American lines. The information which they gave to the enemy was responsible for American deaths, and justly they were condemned to die. To die for two dollars each!

I remember the incident in detail because of other circumstances connected with these boys. They were born on the same day, in the same town, on the same street. They had always been pals. On the same day, in the same place, in the same way they died—but not at the same moment. For, although they were standing together unblindfolded, the guns of one firing squad had not been loaded and, after the first volley, one boy, still smoking a cigarette, remained standing—until the next volley!

My visit with General de Gaulle was the first one of the day. I arrived early at his office in the Ministry of War and was talking with his secretary when the general came in, greeted me and brought me into his office with the informality and cordiality of an American businessman. Like everyone else in authority, General de Gaulle has many ardent champions, and many, even among his own countrymen, who do not like him. But he has consistently and steadily grown in stature, and there is no doubt that he has the support of the great majority of his own people in France, as well as of Frenchmen

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TEN WORLD'S FAIR
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much more to the murderous fire of the Navy and the Air Force.

The way the Navy is shelling that island fascinates the kids who are about to take the place. There's nothing haphazard about it; not merely a deluge of thermite and high explosive. They comb the place from hilltop to strand as you'd comb your dog for fleas. The thing that amazes you is that there will be Japs left to defend the place. But there will be, son, there will be.

Those small wallowers are the Ducks, the amphibians that, once on land, can scuttle like scared crabs up and down roads, carrying men, rations and small-arms ammunition. The Ducks are swift on land but not too seaworthy, particularly if overloaded, which every amphib is. But they're handled beautifully by kids who, before they came out here, never drove anything more defiant than a jalopy on a billiard-table road. Back at headquarters where the preliminary thinking is done, they tell you that such amphibians as Ducks can't negotiate such reefs as these. Oh, yeah? Well, put a scared (scared, not afraid) kid at the wheel, and he'll show you.

And those blundering, rectangular monsters are pontoon barges. They're slow. It's a sort of inexorable slowness that suggests the closing in of fate.

You wonder what the Japs think as they see them wallow shoreward, mounting the reef, floundering on and in. What's the use? What's the use?

A week ago we began to be tired to death of the charts, the graphs, the mathematics, the technical vocabularies of the experts, of the endless checking and rechecking. But now we begin to see. Out of that blizzard of facts and figures, of position and time, of weight and measures, has come this assault—co-ordinated, paced and metered like a phonograph record. Every ship—war, combat transport, amphib—has come to its appointed place off this shore as if inserted by hand in a filing cabinet.

Things might be different, of course, if there were Jap warships to contest the assault. But there aren't. There are none. The Navy and the Air Force have seen to that. There are a few Jap planes—so few that they haven't even a chance to try their famous fanatical tactics. The Air Force has seen to that, too. But even if there had been Jap submarines and more Jap planes, there'd have been little or no change in this almost metronome precision of assault.

To tell you exactly why, we've got to resort to figures again. It's the only way. We can simplify it a bit by dealing with one division of this assault force—a division of, say, 20,000 men in 30 ships. Before each ship is loaded back yonder, its cubic capacity is considered for its ability to accept and disgorge shapes instead of tonnage. It is entirely possible that, were a ship capable of carrying 5,000 tons of stuff as the Merchant Marine figures things, it might carry no more than 500 tons as it trudges off to the assault. When the Merchant Marine is through stowing cargo into a hold and on deck in a port in the States, there's scarcely enough room left to hide your cap in.

Assault According to Plan

But bound for an assault mission, she carries shapes—tractors, bulldozers, jeeps, cranes, artillery. And she carries men heavy with gear, and men must move about. It's geometry, not tonnage. When she reaches that point offshore where she unloads, every machine, every gun, every man goes over the side according to plan. As the men load her hold and decks, they mentally unload her—this machine first, that gun second, those men third. The hell with what the enemy might do to upset this schedule!

The Navy and the Air Force are relied upon to keep the enemy off—they and the anti-aircraft guns. Thus and thus and no exceptions run the unloading plans. It's not the perfect plan. No one has written the perfect plan and no one is going to. But there are always allowances for loss of machines and life, always a margin to take care of disaster up to disaster so large that the whole project has to be abandoned. These brainsters seem to think of everything.

Twenty thousand men in thirty ships. Bat-

A City Storms a Beach

Continued from page 13

teries of guns. Tractors, trucks, cranes, jeeps, tanks. They've come a long distance to fight, these men and these machines—from 6,000 to 10,000 miles. Thirty ships plowing the Pacific from the assembly base that far from home to the assault island, perhaps a thousand miles farther on, laden with more than 1,500 tons of American lads who had suddenly become soldiers or Marines. With them go 1,700 tons of rations to do until we're well established on the beach. Let's call it ten days of B rations; ten days of Ten-and-One, which is nothing more than one large box containing one day's food for ten men; five days of K rations; five days of C; two days of D.

Along, too, go clothing replenishments for thirty days and plenty of water—plenty; also plenty of replacements for small arms, plenty for all the thirty assorted things your soldier or Marine enters combat with, from poncho to shelter-tent pole. A man enters the fight heavy with gear. He emerges all but naked. Any soldier, young or old, will tell you. Nobody knows where the things go. Some are salvaged. But more vanish. And in this climate, any rifle, any pistol that has been lying on this corroding ground, in this humidity, for eight hours is about finished as a fighting piece.

A Scene to be Remembered

Of course all our statistics are assumed, but we're trying to keep them in proper proportion. And, after all, they don't give you the picture you want. Too bad you can't see with your own eyes an LSV (Landing Ship Vehicular) laboring shoreward like a huge self-propelled river barge intent upon escape from the humdrum of its daily life, with fifty or sixty cargo trailers and a couple of tractors on its back.

All very well for you to sit in a night club, in Congress, in your office, wondering why Nimitz doesn't do this and MacArthur can't do that. Come on out here to the west Pacific, ride the iron seats of a combat transport plane, the pelvis-busting jeep, and look. You'll see the business end of a supply line seven to ten thousand miles long, and getting longer. You'll get to know heroes who never fired a shot, who'll fight the war out of range of everything but Jap bombers, heat, coral dust that cuts throats, and sickness from the jungle and overwork.

Come out and behold an assault force forming in three places at once, every move co-ordinated by radio, and finally the start toward the Jap jungle fortress, all as beautifully timed and precisioned as a chronometer, as wonderfully executed as a Beethoven symphony under the baton of Toscanini. That will stop your sniveling, put an end to your ivory-tower experting, your fireside campaigning.

Look at it this way: Suppose you were ordered to move a whole city of thirty thousand and all that that city lives by, down to the last foot of telephone cable, to the last spoonful of food, to everything except the slums and tall buildings and women, everything down to the last nut and bolt, to the traffic cop's motorcycle—suppose you moved it a thousand, two thousand miles and then had to fight like hell for the place where you're ordered to set it up again.

Come on out and see what hard work means. Anyway, stop grouching about taxes, rationing and things like that. After you've moved a city of thirty thousand—say Moline, Santa Barbara, Bangor, New London—those two thousand miles and have set it up from rattrap to dynamo on what was jungle before the bulldozers got busy, you'll look back at your old civilian life with pity, with some scorn, with an understanding that will never desert you.

Having got that off our chest and feeling better, thank you, we return to practical things. This assault moves in by stages, waves. First the troops and the combat machinery with supplies for D-Day plus 3 to 5 days. Then equipment and supplies for D-Day plus 20 to 30 days. This second is very

important, as it provides against counter-attack, and also for medical care of the wounded. Good logistics (and we still don't like the word) saves thousands of lives. Then comes the third wave—the administrative supplies, the records.

This third wave sets up shop, marks the time that our troops have taken over, and raises the Stars and Stripes. The third is swiftly followed by the fourth. In the fourth wave come the tentage, the hospitals, the personal effects of the troops—their sea bags, bedrolls and their souvenirs. If so much as one souvenir is lost, the ensuing outcry can be heard halfway down the beach. Too, this fourth wave fetches in PX (Post Exchange) and, for the sailors, Ships Stores supplies—toilet articles, cigarettes, soap, tooth paste, pens, ink and heaven knows what else.

This story is inadequate, as all stories of war are. It gives you no more than a sketch of the blood, sweat and tears. We've walked these hills with men who in civil life were chief engineers, expert shipping authorities, transportation wizards who were paid great salaries. They walked because they couldn't sleep. The armada of goods and guns they had been planning for many weeks was about to set forth for a Jap island fifteen hundred—two thousand miles away. The lives of thousands of American kids were at stake—lives which might be saved or squandered if their plans were right or their plans were wrong. We heard one of them pray.

Anyway here they are, these ships and these troops, three thousand yards from the reef. No man can quite co-ordinate what he sees here. He retains out of all this scene and din nothing but impressions. Amphibians are smashed before they reach the reef. Other churning monsters take their place miraculously, taking on the cargo of men and machines the foundering amphib bore.

At the reef, cargoes are swung across in slings by hand and by cranes to craft on the other side. It's shallow on the other side. Wounded amphibians, swaying crazily, drunkenly, but with their wheels and tracks on the coral, lurch beachward. Some will make it—most of them. Some will die a hundred feet from shore. The tractors will rescue them. haul them and their supplies to dry land.

Fire Under Cover of Darkness

The Japs' mortar fire is erratic. During the day they fear that their fire will reveal their positions to the swooping planes. At night they fire on a hit-or-miss basis because by nightfall they've little that can be called good target. Long before night has fallen, those cargo carriers three thousand yards out from the reef have relieved themselves of all their cargo.

Toward the last, they were swinging stuff over the sides in huge chain and rope nets, as serenely as they might in New York Harbor, at Bremerton, at Galveston. The first dumps of food and ammunition, of what-not, have been scattered—moved from the first helter-skelter heaps along the beach road to orderly piles in sheltered places. The Japs have been driven to the caves at the foot of the cliff, to the ledges halfway up the heights.

Long since, the Yanks have fetched their artillery ashore, the 75s, the heavy mortars, the 105s. The tanks have their 75s in the jungle, mowing down trees and pillboxes. The tractors are already pushing back the wilderness. The flame throwers, mounted on tanks and other wheels, lick up villages, paint the coral black, thrust their liquid yellow tongues into rock crevices and into the caves.

The Medical Corps units with plasma and drugs are everywhere. There is screaming to be heard but you can't identify it. It's an eerie chorus of men and machines, of native women, of jungle creatures. And suddenly your heart almost stops because you've heard a strange thing—the spasmodic click-clack of a typewriter. It is more startling than the contralto bark of the 75s. Incongruous. That convinces you. That settles it. There is no more doubt that the island is ours. A guy near you asks what day it is. It's Monday.

"Hell!" he says. "By the end of the week we ought to begin building a couple of pontoon piers. The pontoon sections will be in tomorrow."

THE END



BUY WAR BONDS FOR KEEPS

rich and mellow because they're both "flavor-aged"

Luscious cherries reach their fullness of flavor by sun-ripening on the tree. And long, slow "FLAVOR-AGING"—blending and aging for months the finest Jamaica ginger and other flavor ingredients—gives Clicquot Club its delicious and distinctive flavor.

Clicquot Club
Ginger Ale

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H. W. AYER & SON



"This must be urgent," said the pawnbroker. "You folks must need the money badly." I swung with my right arm, but Ann grabbed it and it was a good thing she did

Birthday Party

BY NORMAN KATKOV

He loved her and yet he hated her. Still, it wasn't until he broke a heart or two that he learned what love and hate really meant

I WAS in front of the mirror knotting my tie when Pa came into my room holding a small box in his hand. I was meeting Ann at Summit and Dale in ten minutes and I didn't want any conversation from the old man.

"Going someplace, kid?" he wanted to know.

"Out."

"Out with her?" He wouldn't say her name.

"Out with Ann" I didn't care if he did know who it was. Just because she was a few years older than me, and was separated from

her husband; and because Pa'd seen her with me at Lake Nokomis, he didn't like her. She didn't wear the right bathing suits, he said.

"All right." He pointed the box at me. "I didn't say anything. I didn't mean anything. Here's something for you."

"What's cooking?"

"Open it. You're a man today. Twenty-one. Remember?"

Golly, it was my birthday. I took as much time opening that box as Louis took with Schmeling. Inside was a wrist watch, solid gold and about as heavy as two feathers. No bigger around than a quarter. I looked at

him standing there against the door jamb, with his hair slicked down, and the T shirt tight over his chest. I told myself again that the old man could always make a steady living as Gary Cooper's stand-in. He was forty-six, and on the beach he got more attention than guys twenty years younger.

I said thanks. He shook hands with me, and when he let go there was a folded ten spot in my palm that hadn't been there before. "For coffee and," he said. "Go kiss your mother."

How are you going to stay mad at the guy? I went into the kitchen, and thanked

Ma for the watch and kissed her. She asked me if I'd be home for dinner.

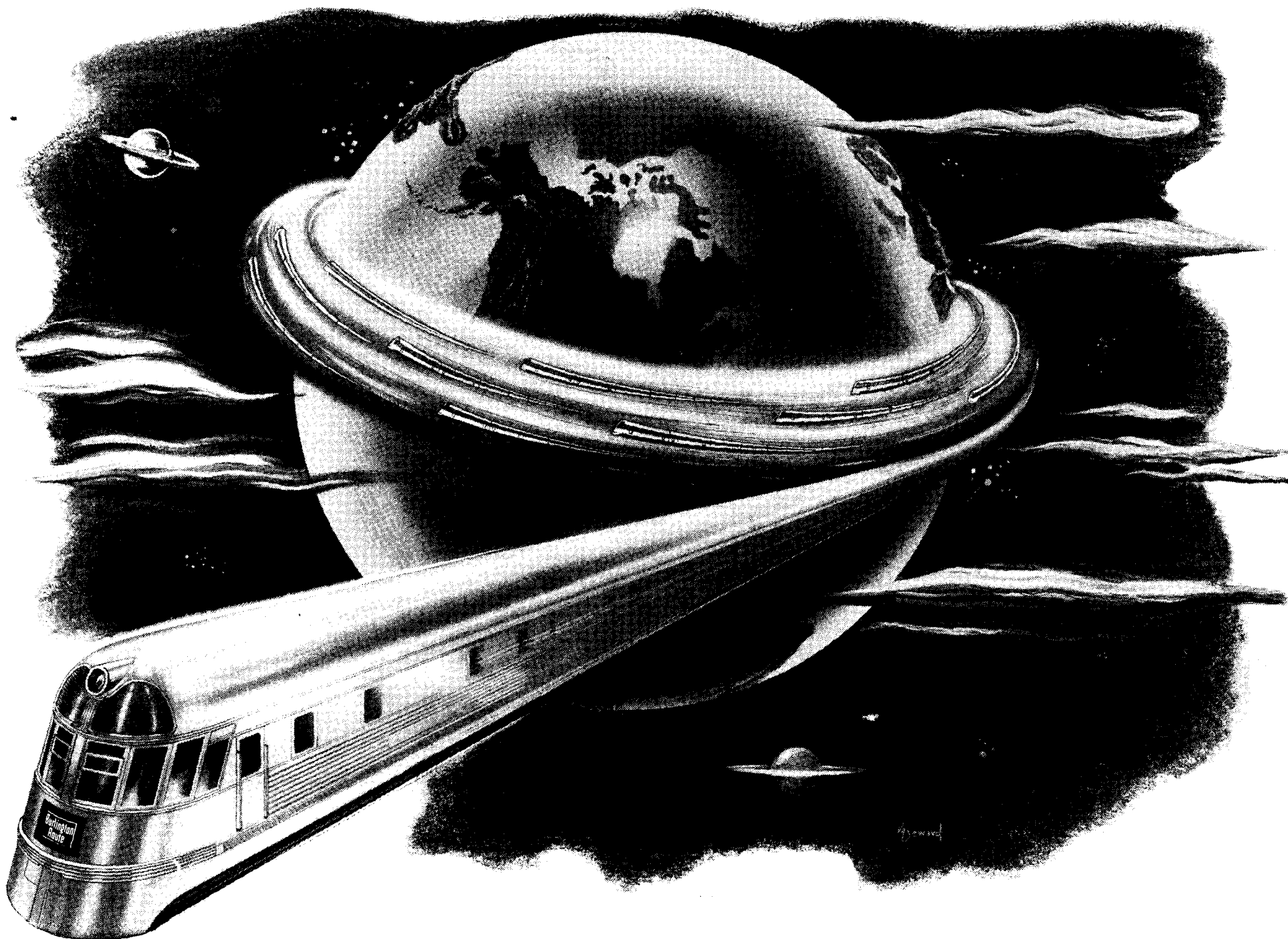
"Sure, I think so. If anything comes up, I'll call you," I promised.

"It's your birthday, Ken," she protested.

"Well, I'll try. How's that?" I had to see Ann. She had said it was something special when she'd called me. Ma didn't say anything. I held my arm steady, the fist clenched, while she put the wrist watch on for me, and then, still holding my hand, she rose and put her arms around me.

Pa was standing on the porch when I came

(Continued on page 48)



AROUND THE WORLD A THOUSAND TIMES!

● Shortly after the first of this year, Burlington's fleet of fourteen diesel-powered, stainless steel Zephyrs attained an unprecedented total in train miles of service—25,000,000!

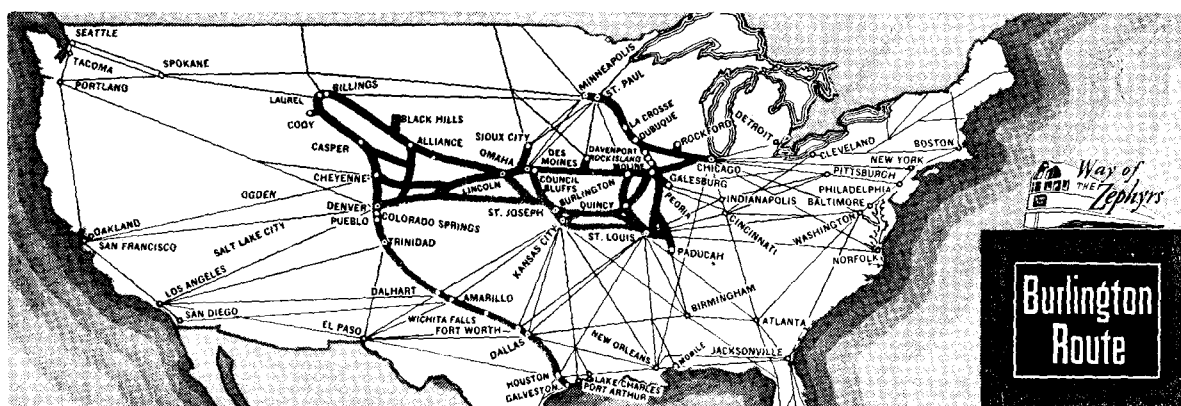
In rolling up the equivalent of a thousand times around the world, the Zephyrs have proved many things. Their tremendous patronage has shown the public's enthusiastic endorsement of speedy, luxurious, streamlined trains. Their almost unbelievable record of availability and "on-time" performance, in the face of high speed schedules, has established the might of diesel power. Their beauty and stamina are a tribute to the design and structural strength of these fast trains. (The Pioneer Zephyr, first of the Zephyr

fleet and America's first diesel-powered streamline train, has nearly 2,000,000 miles to its credit and has already started on its second ten years of service.)

Yes, America has given the nod of

approval to the Zephyrs and the kind of travel they typify. So there will be more of them in the days ahead. They will be even more efficient, more luxurious. For improvement is the mandate of progress.

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Contributing delightful taste and bouquet, Kentucky Tavern has been a welcome addition to companionship ever since it was first made more than 74 years ago by the family that still controls its quality and character today.

Glenmore Distilleries Company, Incorporated
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T H E R E ' S O N L Y O N E B E T T E R B U Y I N B O N D S . . . W A R B O N D S !

brightly. I don't want to see people walking along so gaily in their bright summer clothes. I've just lost a great part of my life, and I want to lie somewhere in the dark with my eyes closed for a long, long time.

The Marine said, "Say, that was all right, running into you there. I was just wondering what lucky girl would be enjoying my company this evening, and here you are. And such chic, such charm, such beauty. Now if you only had vivacity, too. I like them vivacious because it shows they have energy and they need energy to keep up with me. I've been sitting on my—my South Pacific island too long to want to sit still here on my first furlough in two years."

She flashed him a sidelong look and a very fine smile and matched her steps to his, feeling not so self-conscious about her walk because there was someone beside her.

She said, "Your first furlough in two years! How marvelous it must be for you to be back again. Oh, don't get a taxi. I live near by and I'd much rather walk."

He laughed from sheer good spirits. "Look, Miss Manning—What the devil is your name? . . . Well, Nicola, look, how about tearing up the town with me tonight? Or are you already spoken for, revolting phrase, for the evening?"

"I'm going away tomorrow, and I have bags to pack, and that's really all I'd planned, except to get a little sleep so I won't arrive looking as if I need the vacation I'm on."

"Well, what are we waiting for? We can fly over to your place and pack your bags swiftly, and then I'll show you the town, you lucky girl."

HE STOPPED suddenly in the middle of the sidewalk and he took one of her pale blue gloved hands in his and said, "Seriously, Nicola, I wish you would. Don't mind my clowning. I'm acting fast because I want to have a good time and not think about the other stuff for a while. And when I say you're lucky, I mean I'm a lucky guy if you'll go with me. Or did you get the idea?"

She smiled at him, not having to force it this time. She thought a little shakily: Why, how wonderful! And I really am lucky! I just cracked my heart wide open and I turn around and find a new man to help me put it back together again.

He stood there facing her, still holding her hand, his tanned good-looking face smiling down at her, and she knew he was a good, simple, uncomplicated guy under all his flip talk. Then she felt a sudden desperate urgency to tell him about herself and Joe and about how wonderful it was that he had come into her life at just this moment.

He would be understanding, she knew. He wouldn't expect her then to be the gay, light-footed companion he so obviously wanted for the evening. He would tone down his talk, be pleasantly companionable, and perfectly willing, once he knew that was her desire, to spend the evening quietly in her apartment just talking.

But some chord of memory in her brain kept repeating: *I like them vivacious . . . My first furlough in two years . . . I like them vivacious.*

She said, "Why, Eddie Reeves, sir, I can't think of anything more fascinating than to let you show me this town. I've always wondered what those swish night clubs were like inside and I'm just dyin' to find out how champagne tastes when it tickles your nose. They weren't joshin' me about that tickle, were they, Mr. Reeves?"

He took her arm and swung her along with him, laughing down at her. "No indeed. It tickles *me*. And so do you, honey chile."

She laughed up at him, hurrying along beside him, holding onto her big black hat with her free hand, saying, "Hey, wait for baby."

And she said to herself: So you were going to stop that business of being all things to all men. So why are you going out of your way now to be the kind of companion this young man wants when you know damn well you don't feel vivacious? Why don't you just be yourself?

And she answered herself: I don't know. He's nice and he likes them vivacious. That's all I know. Maybe I'll never be a person at

all. Maybe I'll always go on just being the way everyone wants me to be and never getting anywhere.

It was such a depressing, painful thought that she could feel it hurt all through her, but she went right on smiling at Eddie Reeves.

When she let herself into the apartment with the Marine right behind her, she called, "Evvy! You in?"

There was a faint answer from the direction of the bedroom, and she turned to Eddie Reeves and said, "I'll fix you a drink and you can sit here quietly or noisily, whichever you prefer, while I throw rags into bags. It won't take long."

He followed her out to the kitchen and watched while she made a drink.

"Nice hut you have here," he said, and she saw the faint shadow of curiosity in his eyes, as to what she was and how she lived and what made her wheels go round; and she knew a sudden depressed weariness at the thought of having to go through all the preliminaries again with another man.

She said, "It's not my hut really. It belongs to Evvy and Bill Gilmore. When he

Evvy was sitting up in her bed, letters strewn around her on the sheet, her eyes and nose red from weeping.

Nicola felt a faint flick of irritation but she made her voice soft and soothing because she knew that was what Evvy wanted.

She said, "What's the matter, honey?"

Evvy moaned, "What am I going to do, Nick? I'll die. I've been reading over all his letters trying to fool myself that he's here talking to me, but it doesn't help. He's going over, Nick. I just got the letter when I came home and I almost fainted and had to get right into bed. He's going and I won't see him before he leaves. What am I going to do? I'm scared, Nick. I'm scared!"

NICK stood still and silent beside the bed staring down at Evvy, and all at once something about the sight of the weeping girl and the self-pitying voice made her go hot with grating irritation and anger. All the control she had managed until now slipped from her like a torn garment and she found herself shaking a little from the force of her feelings.

ALFRED

by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



went in the Army, I came to live with Evvy. She couldn't carry it by herself, and I was tired of living in a hotel, so it works out fine all around."

She thought: I'll leave him quickly now, and pack, and come back in my vivacious mood and chatter about things that don't matter so he won't have time for any soul-searching.

THEN she said to herself sternly: That's no way to feel. You want a new man in your life so you can get Joe out of your system completely, and here's one made to order. You should be enchanted at the prospect of trading life secrets with him and look forward to those wonderful moments when you say in blissful surprise, "Why, how marvelous! That's exactly the way I feel about it."

But her hand felt dead and nerveless and she thought she would drop the soda bottle, and she said to herself: I went all through that with Joe. I can't go through it with another man. I can't, I can't. I'm too tired. I haven't got any heart left in me anyway.

She led Eddie Reeves back to the living room, watched him fold into an easy chair, said brightly, "Now don't go away till I come back," and hurried on into the bedroom.

"You're scared!" she said scornfully. "You're scared. How do you think he's feeling? Stop being sorry for yourself and think about how scared he probably is. Think how scared most of them probably are, and yet they go—"

She stopped then and it was as if the breath had been knocked out of her by a blow to the heart.

Joe, she said to herself, and it was a small terrible whisper inside her. *Oh, Joe, forgive me. You were frightened and I walked out on you, when I should have loved and comforted you.*

She stood there with hands clenched, feeling the nails bite into her palms, not even noticing Evvy's startled look at the change in her tone and manner.

She was thinking: He admitted he wanted to marry me because he was afraid and wanted someone to cling to. But he also said, "What's wrong with that?" And what is wrong with it? Isn't that one of the reasons people marry: Because two are stronger than one?

Joe had never needed her before, and she had never let him know she needed him, but now that he did need her, there was no reason for him to think she wouldn't be right there

beside him, feeling the way he did about it.

She said again to herself: Oh, Joe, and rushed out of the room and was at the outer door before she remembered Eddie Reeves in the living room.

She dashed back and stood before him in shaky confusion, saying swiftly, "Look, I'm sorry, terribly sorry. I just thought of something very important that I have to do. You don't really mind, do you? There are lots of girls and you're handsome and young and . . ."

The Marine was smiling at her good-naturedly. "Well, all right, all right. Take it easy. I've got several other numbers. Run along and do what you have to do and I'll finish my drink and call up another girl."

"Oh, thank you," she breathed. "And I hope she's vivacious and I hope you have a wonderful time."

She gave him one last look, feeling a little twinge of regret. He might have been awfully nice to know. Then she turned resolutely and darted from the room and out of the apartment.

She was out of breath even before she started up the stairs at Joe's house, and it irritated her that she had to waste time at each landing while breath seemed to scrape through her throat and lungs.

When he opened the door to her, she was panting so she couldn't speak, and she walked past him with a kind of sick smile and flopped into one of the big shabby chairs.

He looked exactly as he had when she had seen him earlier, which in her excited state of mind seemed rather strange, as she herself felt as if an eventful eternity had passed since then.

He watched her keenly while she sat there trying to get her breathing under control. And after a while he said, "Changed your mind?"

"Yes," she said humbly. "Yes, Joe."

HE CAME over and crouched on his haunches beside her chair and took her hands in his. He said, "If you'd stuck around longer this afternoon, I'd have explained a little further. I'd have told you some of the things I've been thinking lately—for instance, how corny we've played this romance. All that Let's-be-civilized, Don't-let-our-emotions-run-away-with-us stuff. When you think of the violence let loose in the world today, you wonder how you could have ever thought that something like marriage could have once seemed like a form of slavery."

She said, "It never seemed that way to me, Joe."

"No, that's right. I suppose it didn't, although you never said otherwise. But you made things too easy for me. You should have kicked me in the teeth once in a while and told me what you thought of me. Well, not exactly that, but you know, whatever it is women do to make men marry them. Why did you let it go along, acting as if everything was just the way you wanted it?"

"I don't know, Joe. Yes, I do. I wanted to give you a lovely picture of me, the big-hearted understanding female, so one day you'd realize what a wonderful girl I was and want to marry me. It's sickening, isn't it?"

He said, "Now, Nick, don't start crying. That's what I meant about us being corny, just a couple of outdated dopes."

She swallowed painfully and said, "I've never been myself. I've always been too busy trying to be all the things other people wanted me to be. And when I tried to change myself I just went on being the way I've always been."

He said almost angrily, "Well, naturally. Because that's the way you are. That's you. You can't change that. And why should you? It's a good way to be, if you don't overdo it. You just don't like unpleasantness. You want everybody to be happy. That's all it amounts to. Stop dramatizing yourself and pay a little attention to me."

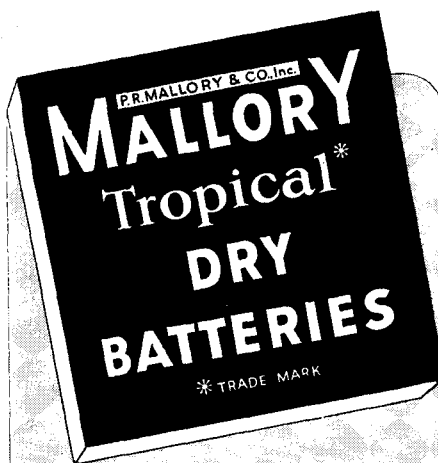
She looked at him, and the pain went out of her throat, and she wanted to say: I think you're wonderful, Joe. I think you're brave because you're afraid of what's ahead, but you're going anyway.

But all she could say was, "Yes, Joe," and he reached out and took her face in his hands and kissed her.

THE END

The Big Money—It Isn't There

Continued from page 22



A GREAT STEP FORWARD!

Originally developed by Mallory for the United States Army Signal Corps.

The entire output now is devoted to war purposes. But these batteries have enormous promise for peacetime civilian use.

P. R. MALLORY & CO., Inc.
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of Commerce's Division of Small Business, offers these reasons: "Poor location. Overbuying. Competition."

The fatal mistake of most small businessmen, says Mr. Adams, was "their tendency to regard an intention, a few hundred dollars or a vacant store as an opportunity."

Thus sufficient capital must be Bill's first concern. Contrary to the impression of many servicemen, the government doesn't lend them \$4,000 to go into business. What the G.I. Bill does is make it easier for a veteran to borrow the money from a bank, by guaranteeing 50 per cent of the loan up to \$2,000. If the veteran borrows \$4,000, the government will guarantee the repayment of \$2,000 of it. If the veteran can borrow \$6,000, the government will still guarantee only \$2,000. If the loan is for \$3,000, Uncle Sam will underwrite \$1,500. The loan may not bear interest of more than four per cent, and is payable in full in 20 years—quite favorable terms. Also the government pays the interest on the guaranteed portion of the loan for the first year—only.

But here is a point that most of the boys do not realize at all: The loan is not theirs by virtue of having served more than 90 days after September 16, 1940, and having kept their noses clean enough to get an honorable discharge. First, Bill Jones must satisfy the banker that his plan is sound, his choice of location and selection of merchandise lines potentially successful, and that he knows enough about the business to operate it efficiently.

Then to get the government's guarantee, Bill will have to show one of two reporting agencies, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation or the Smaller War Plants Corporation, that the property he wants to buy is reasonably necessary for the operation of the business, that its purchase price is in line with normal values, and that in general he has a fair chance of success in his venture.

These conditions make it tougher to get that loan, but in the long run, they are a safety factor both for the veteran and the community at large.

If Bill has a sound plan, he may be able to convince the bank to come along with him for more than double the government's guarantee. Or if he's forward-looking, he may have some additional capital tucked away in the form of G.I. bonds or savings. Because not only is \$4,000 a slight foundation for a business today—as proved by the statistics which show that a capital of less than \$5,000 is as vulnerable as a second lieutenant—but the G.I. loan may be used only for the purchase of property, fixtures and stock. It is not designed to be working capital.

Ready Money's a Big Help

Working capital (or ready cash if you prefer) is what gives the big fellows an edge. They can discount their bills ahead of time, take advantage of special offers and buy in larger quantities for less money. Ready cash may also allow Sergeant Bill to take advantage of an opportunity to buy surplus war property. Government war-end surpluses may amount to around 103 billion dollars, according to a recent senatorial report, but the greater part will be in items like tanks and bomb sights, which are not particularly salable by a businessman.

The important classes of surplus goods that a businessman might handle include several billion dollars worth of trucks, cars and tractors, food products, unissued clothing, medical and dental supplies. Regional offices of the Treasury Procurement Division will keep any businessman posted on sales of surplus property, or he may write direct to the main office in Washington, stating the kind of merchandise he is interested in.

A veteran might get additional capital for his venture through the Smaller War Plants Corporation. Maury Maverick, its chairman, looks upon veterans who want to go into business as "the principal reservoir of youthful enterprise."

Assistance from the Smaller War Plants

Corporation has no connection with the G.I. Bill of Rights or other legislation for veterans. It offers four types of service:

1) Loans for ventures that have a reasonable chance of success, but which are limited by lack of capital.

2) Assistance in obtaining surplus war materials helpful to the planned venture.

3) Supplying of technical assistance.

4) New-product ideas culled from alien patents now available to American manufacturers or from the researches of the National Inventories Council.

Veterans' employment counselors in local draft boards will advise on how to contact the Smaller War Plants Corporation, as will local offices of the Veterans' Administration and Veterans' Service Committees now being established in most communities.

One veteran found how helpful this aid can be. He wanted to manufacture a man's garter he had designed. The Smaller War Plants Corporation studied the item, suggested changes in the material and packaging, then helped him to buy surplus machinery for his plant. That veteran now has his problem of a postwar career nicely wrapped up.

The Reconstruction Finance Corporation is another source for additional financing. The Administration has indicated that it intends to use RFC as a major instrument for underwriting small businesses. As in the case of G.I. Bill loans, the RFC interest rate is 4 per cent, and arrangements may be made for repayment on a long-term basis.

The other important sources of business loans are the veterans' loan funds set up by a number of states. Under California's system, a veteran who can demonstrate that his plan is a good risk and can show experience in business can get a guarantee up to \$7,500 on a loan on a business evaluated at twice the value of the loan. The applicant will have to show that he was either inducted from that state or has established residence there over a required period.

A veteran might also solve the problem of additional financing by pooling his loan with other veterans. This plan will not only pro-

vide a more substantial basis for business but will assure American communities of fewer and more deeply founded businesses, with a consequently lower mortality rate in the decade ahead.

Many servicemen have been asking the Department of Commerce's Division of Small Business for advice on location. An important consideration for a man planning a business is the normal trend of population away from the center of the big cities and out to the suburbs.

Before the war, thriving business centers were developing out on the rim, while the big fellows downtown sweated to maintain their expensive locations, coaxing customers to shop in the city on the basis of a larger selection and special sales. They succeeded to an extent in bringing women in from the suburbs to buy clothes. But it's harder to bring youngsters downtown to outfit them or to bring in the entire family to select home furnishings. These types of businesses have a competitive edge in the suburbs.

Must Study Community's Needs

No one can give general advice on whether a man would have a better chance in a large city or a country town. That depends entirely on the particular community: its needs, how fully these needs already are met, whether the community is growing or static, and other individual factors. But let Bill be warned that in a country town he faces big-league competition. The huge mail-order houses draw heavily in the villages.

While it is no final guide to location, it may be helpful to see what states boasted the healthiest business climate during the last "normal" years before we entered the war. Lowest rates of failures were found in Indiana, the Dakotas, Maryland, the Carolinas and Kentucky. But wartime shifts of population and new industrial centers may have changed this picture.

The most successful small businessmen are those who are best able to handle three phases of merchandising: control of overhead expense, sales promotion to induce related or companion purchases, control of inventory (remember that "overbuying" is listed as a leading cause of failures). It would be fatal for Bill to think that operating



Last fall,  when that mallard  quacked "Winter's comin'," you changed to winter gear lubricant. Now that old grease is just plain worn out.  Your car's gears  face their most crucial summer. They need the protecting cushion  of fresh, strong Alemite lubricant to keep them from grinding  themselves to pieces. Every day's  delay means greater danger...

ALEMITE SUMMER GEAR LUBRICANT

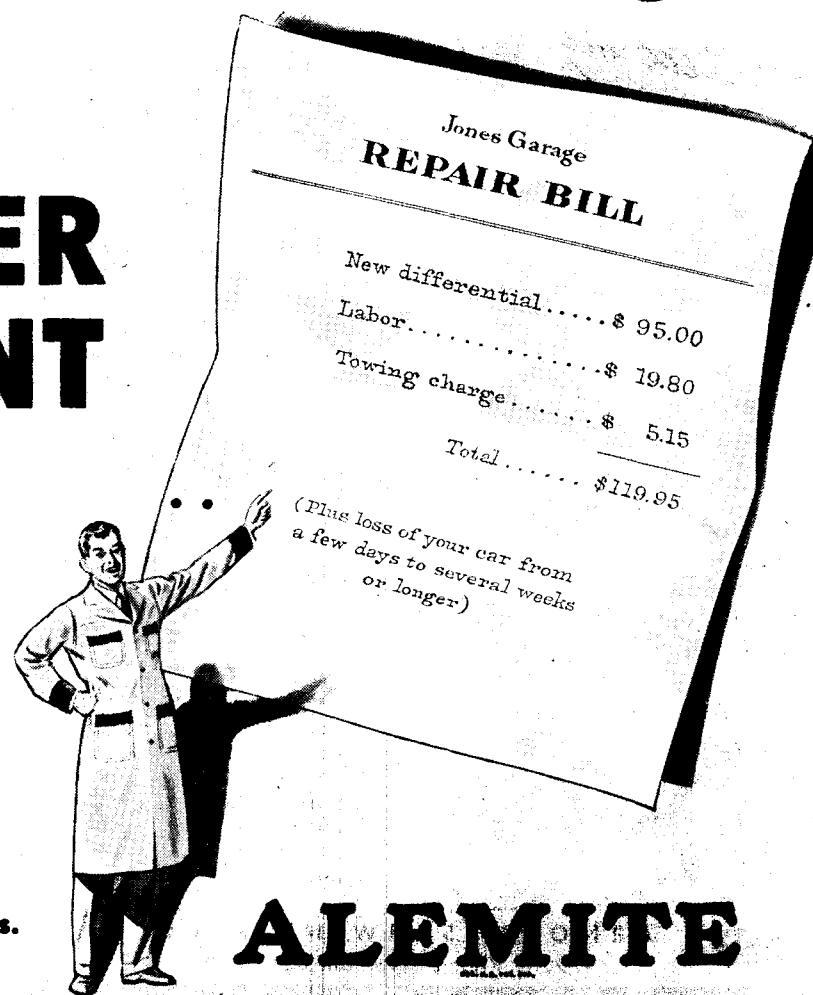
See Your Alemite Service Man Today . . . Get All These Other Vital Summerizing Services, Too

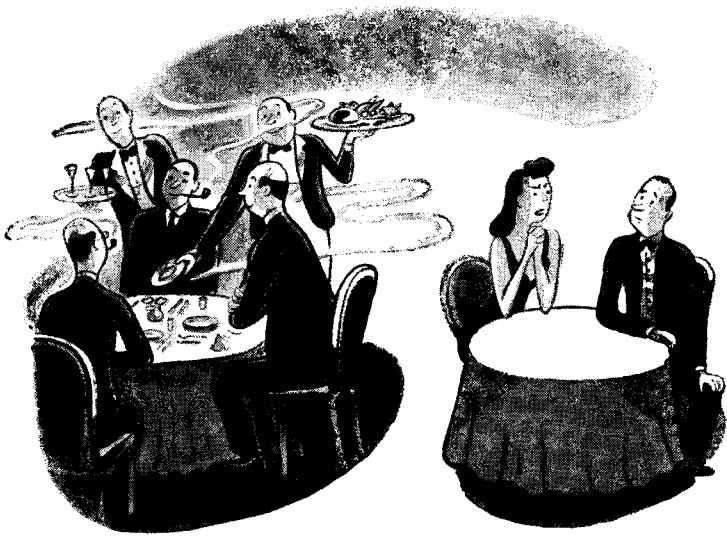
- Change to Summer-Grade Alemite Motor Oil.
- Have cooling system flushed and tightened.
- Check generator, battery and spark plugs.
- Tune motor for summer driving efficiency and economy.
- Check brakes, steering, headlights, windshield wiper and tires.



Alemite, 1824 Diversy Parkway, Chicago 14, Ill.

LUBRICANTS • LUBRICATING EQUIPMENT • MOTOR OIL • LUBRICATION SYSTEMS





"Maybe if you smoked Sir Walter Raleigh,
we could get some service."

**Smokes as sweet
as it smells**

"... the quality pipe
tobacco of America"



FREE! 24-page illustrated booklet tells how to select and break in a new pipe; rules for pipe cleaning, etc. Write today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville 1, Kentucky.



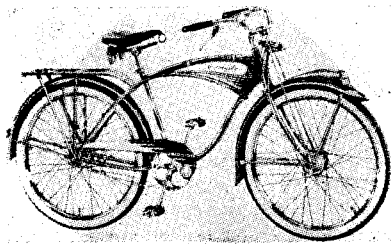
Your name on a post card
will bring you this exciting
movie star-bicycle folder

FREE!

Send for your copy today—
and your name will be
registered for advance notice
of first post war shipments of

**Schwinn-Built
BICYCLES**

Get this folder filled with pictures of your favorite movie stars—in color. See how they enjoy a world of healthful fun, recreation, and adventure on their Schwinn-Built Bicycles—world famous for speed, safety, and easy-riding. Send for your copy of this beautifully illustrated folder today. Remember—it's free. But, the supply is limited. So, mail your name and address—right now!



COMING SOON

The Schwinn plant is now busy with vital war work. But soon after V-Day—new and improved Schwinn-Built Bicycles will be ready. They'll be speedier, safer, and easier riding than ever... they're well worth waiting for.

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO.
1722 N. Kildare Ave., Chicago 39, Ill.

BUY
WAR
BONDS

Schwinn-Built Bicycles
GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

a business requires less training, or is in any way simpler than succeeding in the professions or skilled crafts.

Modern business management has a school system and press devoted to its techniques and trends, and it draws expert advice from top-flight executives. A well-known school of engineering some time ago tested vocabularies of men in various positions as a measure of their intellectual capacities. Business executives were found to top all others in the fields surveyed; higher even than college professors or newspaper editors.

There are a multiplicity of ways by which men already discharged, or even still in the service, can begin training for business. Soon to be available are War Department booklets on operating methods of nineteen different types of businesses.

An excellent source for guided study are the adult education centers maintained by many cities. One of them, Long Beach, Calif., is doing a progressive job in this field. There the adult education center sends instructors to the Navy's hospitals at near-by Roosevelt Base to give courses to men awaiting survey for discharge. Right now 115 men at the base are taking these courses, most of them in retailing, with the major interest in haberdasheries and food stores.

No one without a crystal ball can predict whether postwar business conditions will support the large number of new ventures which will be launched by Sergeant Jones and pals. Certain lines will flourish in spite of any slackening of employment, because of an acute demand for replacement goods. Of the huge sums people have been putting away during the war—estimated at 20 billions in 1944 alone—a huge chunk is what a noted Harvard business expert calls "hot savings," money people have saved only because they can't now buy the things they want.

Other signs favorable to new business are the rising population figures, pushed by the wartime bumper baby crop; the fact that folks have paid off their debts during the war; new products and technological improvements in old ones which have been created by the strains of war.

Some Pointers to Opportunity

Here are the standard businesses that on the basis of prewar performance and present consumer needs are the soundest possibilities for postwar activity:

Home-furnishings businesses were leading other businesses in gains even before the war. Pent-up demand promises further increases. The furniture industries were able to offer hungry businessmen nursery furniture and little else at the New York shows last winter. This field is a good bet for small independents because it is one of the few in which big chains have never been able to gain a foothold. Of the home businesses, furniture and floor coverings are a safer bet for an independent than the household-wares end, because the chains made a specialty of the latter. In the home businesses, numerous technological advances offer new ideas for promotion. The recent Byrnes directive diverting textiles from home furnishings to low-priced clothing will further dam up demand for draperies, curtains, upholstery fabrics and floor coverings.

Automotive and allied trades were growing before the war. The auto parts and accessories business increased 30 per cent from 1940 to 1941. But there is chain-store competition to face in this field. The war also has encouraged interest in trailers. As for filling stations, the experts expect that many now closed may remain that way, because postwar cars are expected to be lighter, to use high-octane gas and have sealed lubrication.

Home-appliance replacement needs are obvious. This is another field which offers opportunities in a number of new items such as home food lockers and FM receivers. One enterprising lad still in uniform already is writing manufacturers to secure contracts to handle their postwar products. Because of increasing electrification of the countryside through the Rural Electrification Administration, farming communities will be a new and profitable market.

Construction and modernization set a fast pace in a prewar uptrend. Sales of building

materials increased by 25 per cent from 1940 to 1941. The Administration's plan to channel unused savings into investment capital via the RFC will encourage postwar building, slum clearance and community housing as a major part of that program.

Apparel businesses are expected to have a large share of new trade. There is competition for the small businessman from chains and large department stores, but specialty shops have shown many times that they can compete with the big fellows on a neighborhood basis. Women's apparel is risky for an inexperienced merchant, because of the many style changes involved; men's and children's wear are safer. With each veteran expected to spend from \$100 to \$300 for a civilian wardrobe, the men's-wear businesses anticipate an added volume of two billion dollars the first year after the war.

The food business has made life hard for independents for many years because of the spectacular growth of chains. Some small men have been able to preserve themselves by following the significant swing to super-

WHERE TO GET BASIC BUSINESS TRAINING

There are many sources by which men already discharged or still in service can start training now to own their own businesses later. Here is a quick guide to the leading ones:

U.S. ARMED FORCES INSTITUTE, Madison, Wis., offers soldiers and Navy men correspondence courses in various businesses. Enrollment may be made from overseas. Also available are courses in such trades as metal working, air-conditioning, construction, plastics.

U.S. EMPLOYMENT SERVICE, with offices in every town, offers to counsel veterans on opportunities in new fields on the basis of their work history and education, and suggests local sources for business training.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE—local chambers will suggest new business opportunities in their own areas. Also ask them for a copy of the helpful handbook, *Planning the Future of Your Business*, prepared for the Committee for Economic Development by the Association of Consulting Management Engineers, New York.

DIVISION OF SMALL BUSINESS, Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, Washington, D. C., will give advice on management and research.

SMALLER WAR PLANTS CORPORATION offers technical assistance and product research.

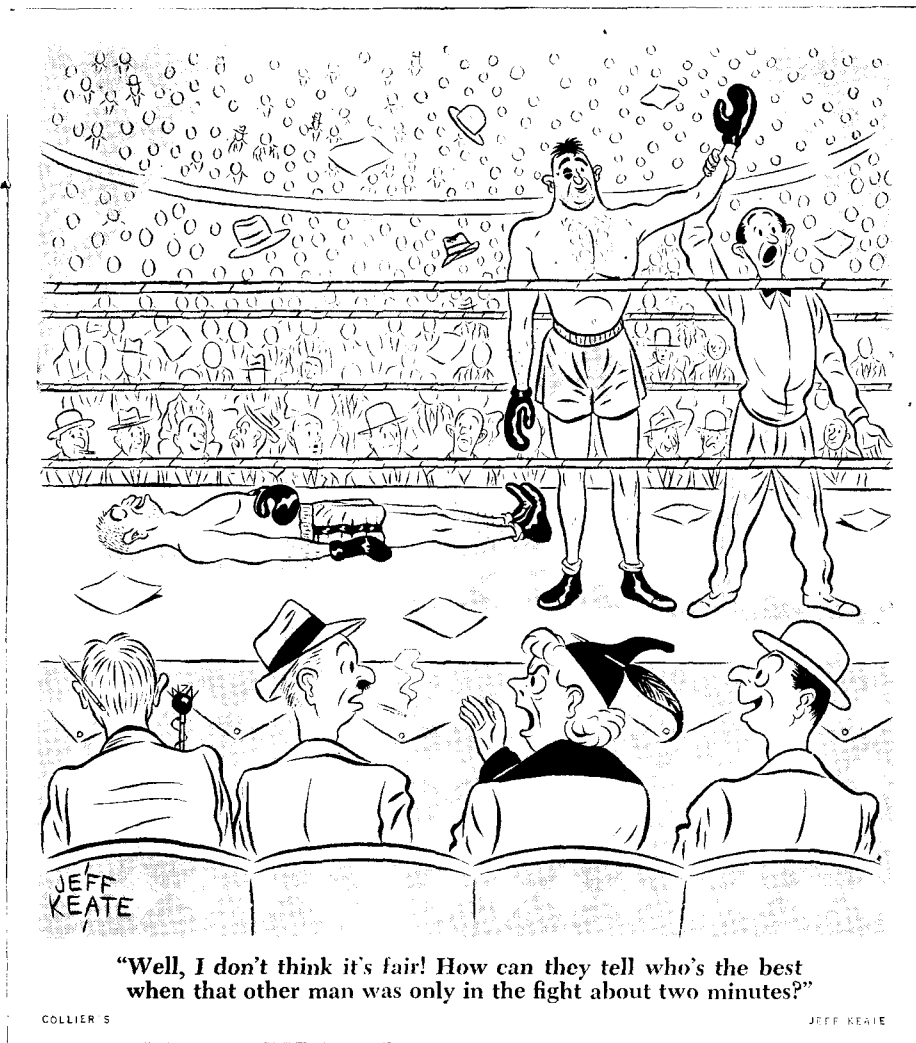
ADULT EDUCATION CENTERS of many cities give courses in management of small businesses.

market or self-service businesses. This is worth Bill's thought, both for the food business and for possible adaptation to other lines, such as hardware.

Also, by teaming up with other independents into buying co-operatives, the small food man may match the purchasing power of the chains. There is a similar situation in the drug business. Although the notoriously high rate of failures among restaurants was trending down in the years just before the war, watch out; this business is booby-trapped with higher overhead expenses than most recruits realize.

Whatever Bill's choice, the best favor he can do himself is to take advantage of every opportunity to learn business methods while he is still in service. This is something the boys are not doing to any great extent, even when they have the opportunity. Sometimes you hear a G.I. say he'll be damned if he'll train himself now for a business he hopes to own later. Haven't his sacrifices earned him the right to make some money without special training? Maybe he has or maybe he hasn't. But that attitude is about as safe as tossing away a gas mask because the enemy so far has not used gas.

THE END



Butch Says: Cut It Out!

Continued from page 23

La Guardia leans back in a leather swivel chair, slung low to accommodate his short-legged, stocky figure. Sometimes he gazes up, without awe, at the portraits of earlier mayors which line the walls. At the time of La Guardia's election on an anti-Tammany reform ticket, somebody said that the entrance to City Hall should bear the inscription: "Through these portals have passed some of the worst mayors in the world." On the desk before him are two microphones—one spare—and the stacks of notes, clippings and reports from which he selects topics for his talk.

To his right, Engineer Hom Hong Wei adjusts a portable amplifier. Over the air comes the mayor's theme song, the Marines' Hymn, selected because he likes it. The mayor puts his crossed feet together and moves his head and shoulders in time to "From the halls of Montezuma..."

As the announcer says, "We bring you our mayor, the Honorable F. H. La Guardia in another Talk to the People." His Honor shoves his black hair off his forehead, adjusts his horn-rimmed glasses, speaks his theme words "Patience and fortitude" into the microphone and fires away.

Generally he first reviews the war news and its implications for New York, then takes up the local food situation, brings wrongdoers to task, asks help from press and public in getting some law through the state legislature, hammers away at his campaign against gambling, perhaps praises some city department, lectures on good manners, or reminds the people of some city facility they should make use of.

He yells, squeaks, whispers confidentially. He hurls sarcasm; he scolds. His voice grows emotional about a symphony or a postwar plan for a new boulevard which will be lovelier, he says, than the *Chomp Elève*; all with gestures. He puts on a good show. Next day the newspapers carry from three to seven separate news stories derived from the broadcast.

As the program's popularity grows, it becomes an increasingly powerful weapon for La Guardia, a fact his opponents were well

aware of last summer when they tried to prevent passage of the annual appropriation for the support of WNYC, the noncommercial municipal radio station which carries La Guardia's talks as a public service.

The City Council, always bucking La Guardia, approved a report that WNYC "serves little other use than that of being the mayor's personal plaything. It is a vehicle by which the mayor can disseminate his own personal and political views."

The mayor had a sharp answer ready. He said on the air, "I am getting about sick and tired of hearing some people—a very, very few—talk about the mayor's use of WNYC. The mayor does not need WNYC. I have been in office now for forty years and even before radio I always kept in touch with my constituents." Then, whispering confidentially: "That's one reason the political bosses don't like me."

Flinging Down the Gauntlet

"I keep the people I serve informed, and I shall continue to do so," he went on. "If any more is said about this—well, I've had many offers to go on commercial stations and maybe I will. I think I'll send one of these offers around to the Board of Estimate and see what they say."

The Board of Estimate said no to an offer by the cosmetic house, Coty, Inc., to pay \$25,000 to the city for twenty-five of the mayor's talks, but the incident apparently put a stop to attempts to get him off the air.

Now, with a mayoralty election coming up in the fall, his opponents are listening for evidence that the mayor uses his talks for political purposes. During the Presidential election La Guardia scrupulously avoided plugging his candidate, Roosevelt, on the air, and so far he has made only the slightest, most noncommittal references to the coming local elections.

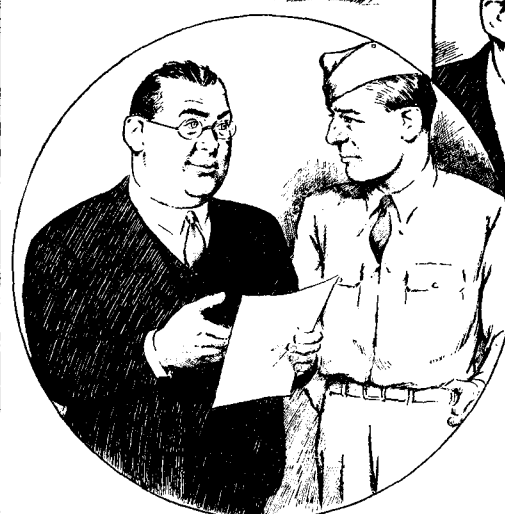
But even though he has not said so, it is generally believed that he will run for a fourth term, with or without the support of Republicans, Democrats, Liberals, Socialists,

The Reception Committee—

(KNOW ANYBODY HERE?)



The Greeter. He's a one-man brass band when it comes to welcoming a veteran. "Nothing's too good for Our Boys!" he always says. And that's exactly what he gives them. Nothing, except a big hello and empty words. Help? That's the Government's job. "Don't vets have bonuses?" he asks, "Pensions? Job agencies?"



The Bloodhound. "It's OK, Sailor, you won't shock me!" This shock-proof stalwart is after the details. How does it feel to be bombed? Ever knife a Jap? The War's just one big adventure to him. But it hasn't been for the sailor. He wants to forget it—*fast*. Not talk about it.

The Patriot. He's practically winning the war single-handed. Always talking about all the things he goes without. Mentions the War Bonds he buys as though he were doing the Government a favor. This makes veterans (who've been buying plenty of Bonds themselves) wonder whether we had the right people in foxholes.



The Rock. He's nerveless. The Iron Man. War hasn't affected him. Can't understand why discharged veterans are allowed 90 days to relax before going back to their old jobs. Can't understand why they should need time to get over the War. *He* doesn't.

Prepared by the War Advertising Council, Inc., in Cooperation with the Office of War Information and the Retraining and Reemployment Administration.



Blue Ribbon Citizen. Like all good people, she asks no questions, weeps no tears, doesn't stare at disabilities. To her, a returned veteran is an abler, more aggressive and resourceful citizen than the boy who went away. She's proud of him, proud to know him. Anxious to be of real help to him. She's the kind of person we should all be.

PUBLISHED IN COOPERATION WITH THE DRUG, COSMETIC AND ALLIED INDUSTRIES BY

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.;

Makers of LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Spur



5¢

THE COLA DRINK

WITH CANADA DRY QUALITY

WASHINGTON'S LARGEST



WARDMAN PARK HOTEL
1800 ROOMS FROM \$4

FRANK E. WEAKLY
(President)

CONNECTICUT AVE. & WOODLEY RD., WASHINGTON

For You — and Yours at War

To dad or brother, hubby or lover... your gift of a fine pipe will mark you as a "solid sender." The Biltmore Blue Ribbon is a sweet-smoker, light to the teeth, cool on the draw... a lifetime of pleasure. Many models... choice century-old American briar... rich-grained, with a craftsman finish. Biltmore Pipe Co., 220 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

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For a super special gift choose a Biltmore of imported Algerian Briar, as \$5 \$7.50 \$10

Biltmore
"BLUE RIBBON" PIPES

Communists, American Laborites or Fusionists—all of whom have endorsed him at one time or another in his highly independent political career, and most of whom are a little annoyed with him now for one reason or another, partly because of his nonconformist way of doing business.

If he is re-elected, the radio program will be credited with gaining him a lot of votes. It enables him to by-pass political machines and the press, and go directly to the people. Definitely it aids him in accomplishing his designs.

When certain real-estate groups were appealing for a ten per cent over-all increase in rents, the mayor launched a two-front campaign against them, in Washington and on the air. He broadcast statistics showing that there were practically no vacancies in New York apartment houses, and that rental incomes were far above prewar figures. He read real-estate ads from the New York Times, where—"Lo and behold!"—owners offered for sale apartment buildings guaranteed to yield net profits of 20 to 30 per cent.

"What do these fellows mean they'll go broke unless they raise your rent?" he demanded, adding, with heavy sarcasm, "I think they are doing very well, and I'm going to tell them down in Washington that I think so..."

By the time the mayor got to Washington, the Rent Administrator had received a good many letters and telegrams from the mayor's radio fans protesting the proposed increase. The raise was not authorized.

So, all along the line the mayor enlists the support of his people in fighting for what he conceives to be right. He teaches them to defend themselves against inflation, against crookedness and against their own ignorance. People who used to think of the mayor as a colorful fellow who rushed around to fires and meetings, kicking up a fuss about this and that, now know him much more intimately as someone who can and will help them with their everyday problems.

Salesman of Surplus Mutton

Washington agencies compliment him for his handling of the wartime food situation—accomplished mostly by means of the radio. When there was so great a surplus of mutton that wholesalers couldn't store it, the mayor mentioned the matter over WNYC, and within ten days the surplus had disappeared. Each Sunday he tells housewives what to buy, for economy and nourishment, and what not to buy.

He is eloquent about eggs. "I know I am going to incur the wrath of all the dealers," he said one Sunday, "but I still say, do not buy Grade A eggs, buy Grade B..." Market reports showed that housewives were taking his advice.

His listeners must be convinced by now that brown eggs are as good as white ones. "Here in New York City we've been educated: Oh, buy white eggs; they're the good eggs. Well, you don't eat the shells, do you? It's like this: Suppose you bought a thick, juicy beefsteak. Would you care whether the butcher wrapped it in brown paper or white paper?"

Meat is perhaps the mayor's very favorite subject—next to gambling.

"I hate to talk about food all the time," he says, "but I get hungry."

He rivals women commentators at broadcasting recipes, usually for inexpensive cuts of meat. "Oxtail ragout," he breathes ecstatically. "Delicious! You bet the children will gobble it up. You make it like this..."

"I know what you have been doing," he said to poultry dealers. "A lady comes in, buys poultry; you put it in the bag and you say, 'Two-fifty, three dollars, or one eighty-five,' but you do not say anything about the weight. Well, that is chiseling. In fact, that is even something more serious, and we are not going to let you do it, so be on your guard."

The mayor launched a tirade against certain "unpatriotic steak houses," which were not co-operating on meatless Tuesdays and Fridays. "You cater to a set of gluttons and loudmouths who are in the money now," he growled. "Well, you think you're smart, but you're going to get what's coming to you."

Get me?" They got him. Or most of them did, and fell into line.

One Sunday he remarked about the meat shortage: "Well, of course, the mayor is blamed for everything. I suppose I will have to go out West and start a social bureau and introduce some of the bulls to the mamma cows, if it keeps up at this rate."

He instructs his audience in the technique of building furnace fires, assures them the landlord must paint the premises as usual ("Just tell me if he doesn't!"), urges them to get rid of cockroaches in the kitchen and not to shake mops out of windows—and then moves on to some big and complicated subject. His dissertation on why it was necessary to subsidize farmers was a masterpiece of simple instruction in economics.

Loving children as intensely as he hates gamblers, he is death on violators of child-labor laws. During the past year he succeeded in practically wiping out the rather common practice of hiring children as pin setters in bowling alleys. ("Don't come crying to me if your license is revoked," he told owners.)

After the Long Island Star Journal carried an anti-La Guardia editorial urging that boys

going to watch. If you try any monkey business, we will grab you by the back of the neck and the seat of the pants and kick you out, do you hear?"

Often he speaks directly to Lewis Valentine, Police Commissioner. "Run these two bums out of town, will you, Lew?" he says.

The mayor's black anger at any sort of crookedness stems, perhaps, from an experience he had as a boy. During the Spanish-American War he once went to Florida with his father, a bandmaster in the American Army, and he became very ill from eating the poisonous bully beef that profiteers had sold to the services. He is still mad about it. When he was an Air Force major serving overseas during the last war, he delighted to expose chiselers—like the ones who sold baseball bats to the servicemen for whom they had been intended as gifts. And in Congress, where he served before becoming mayor, he was famous for fighting fraud.

His radio technique is especially effective in accomplishing extralegal ends. Where the law does not cover the case, he utilizes strong-muscled persuasion—as in preventing the transmission of race-track information



be permitted to work in bowling alleys, the mayor spoke on the air to the paper's publisher. "How would you like to have Donald and Cy (the publisher's sons) work as pin boys in Queens bowling alleys, during the night and after midnight?" he asked. "All right, I will pool my little boy Eric, who is just about the age of your Cy. Now there is Don and Cy and my Eric. You would not want your boys to do it, and I would not want my son to do it. So what right have we to ask the sons of other fathers to be a menial, picking up bowling pins, so that someone can have a good time?"

The Journal reversed itself, joined his crusade, and next Sunday the mayor beamed. "Thank you, Mr. Newhouse. We are very glad to have you in our corner."

La Guardia's loud and long antigambling campaign was directed chiefly against bookmakers, before Washington made him happy by outlawing horse racing. Now it aims at the dozen other varieties of gambling which the professionals have gone into.

When the racing ban went into effect, La Guardia said, "I do not know what the firms of Chiselers, Gonovim (Jewish for crooks) & Imbroglioni (Italian for embezzlers), Unincorporated, are going to do, but we are

by Western Union, after the government ban went into effect.

"Now, Mr. Western Union, let me tell you this," he said, "I think the law should compel refusal to take messages from gamblers and chiselers and tinhorns and touts, and also should prohibit the transmitting of uninteresting and unnecessary and useless information of plugs trotting or creeping around a track in Havana or Tijuana."

"We have some law in New York State on this, but I do not think it is strong enough. However, I am going to try it. If we do find the law is being violated, I am going to ask the police not to arrest a messenger boy or a telegraph operator, but to hold responsible the management of the company who gets the profit from these messages..."

Perhaps the mayor's tone was unnecessarily harsh, for Western Union had shown no sign of doing anything but co-operating.

The mayor spoke kindly but firmly to barbers about complaints that soldiers and sailors were going into barbershops and coming out with checks of \$2.20 or \$3. "What in the world do you do to them for \$2.20?" he asked. "Now cut it out, won't you, so that I will not have to talk about that again!"

Because the home office of the Sunway



How about a job in 1967?

Why a job in 1967?

Simply because the young man has been taking a look at statistics and has decided he can get ahead faster if he has a college education. He figures he'll be ready to be a lot of help to some good organization by 1967.

Pretty confident about his education?

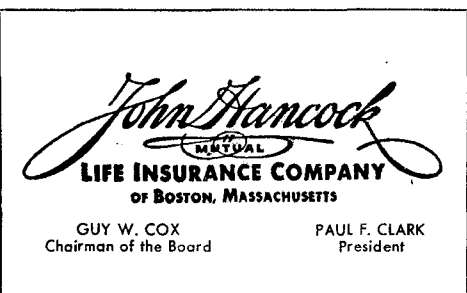
Of course.

He and his Dad had a talk about it. Then Dad called in his John Hancock agent who worked out a plan. That plan is the secret of the young man's confidence. It guarantees his education.

As for Dad, he expects to live to be eighty. But he too has looked at statistics. So he's taking no chances. If the young man never has to use the life insurance,

Dad will have saved some money anyway — systematically.

This educational plan is only one of the many practical plans which have come out of the eighty years of experience of the John Hancock Company in fitting life insurance to the needs of many policyholders. Your John Hancock agent will be glad to help you to decide which one is best suited to your needs.



Vitamin Co. was in Chicago, the mayor had no legal authority to stop the sale of its product which, he charged, was making false claims in its radio advertising. But, as he says, he did stop it. "like that," snapping his fingers. "The announcer tells you, 'If within a week Sunway don't help to restore to you the strength, vigor and vitality that you've lost, return the bottle and you'll get double your money back. Do you feel this morning (with coy sarcasm) as if you've been dragged through a knothole? . . . blah, blah, blah, blah!' Well, you cannot get that vigor back in one week, and the Department of Health of your city assumes full responsibility for that statement. . . ."

Later the company was dealt with through the courts by the Federal Trade Commission. But New York did not have to wait on slow court action. The morning after the broadcast, drugstores voluntarily withdrew the product from sale.

There had been no rent ceiling on loft space in New York, but through his talks, the mayor put a brake on profiteering in this field. "A few operators," he said, "are out to grab, grab, and cheat, cheat, cheat, and they lie, how they lie about assessments! They even lie to me. What do you know about that?"

He cites cases, names, addresses, regretting that radio cannot convey the bad smell.

No landlord likes to get the mayor riled up about the assessed valuation of his property, and many landlords dropped unreasonable rental demands.

It looks as if a revised law governing small loans may pass the state legislature. The La Guardia Bill, the measure is called, and it grew out of such La Guardia talk as this:

"The Five Boro Personal Loan Corporation had a \$300 loan and insisted on interest at 2½ per cent per month. In one year, this unfortunate victim paid \$154, of which \$128 represented interest and \$26 principal. And they call themselves businessmen! Why, they are just swine, just plain, ordinary, everyday swine! Now listen, I need help. I need help with the legislature, because some of these interest rates, I am ashamed to say as a resident of the State of New York, are lawful, but they are unconscionable."

The mayor says things on his program that sound legally reckless—like his frequent lambasting of the Railway Express Company, which he said was "one of those companies. I think, that still follow the old, old policy of the old railroads of fifty or sixty years ago when the policy was: The public be damned!"

His vendetta with this company began when he received a letter from the mother of a Navy ensign, complaining that the company would not settle for the loss of a suitcase sent to her son.

"I think this company must have political pull some place," said the mayor, "because what they do is so small and cheap—and they get away with it. You do not have pull here, Railway Express. Now cut this out!"

And again, concerning another small claim, "Railway Express, have you no shame at all?"

In rebuttal, a Railway Express spokesman says mildly that under wartime conditions, mistakes sometimes do occur, and that when the mayor calls the company's attention to them, it is glad to correct them.

Delegations of protesting businessmen and lawyers are forever making pilgrimages to

the mayor's office at City Hall. "We throw them out," chuckles the mayor. "I tell them: Go ahead and sue the city, help yourselves to a suit, but don't take up my time on a busy day."

Not a single suit based on the program has actually materialized. La Guardia is, of course, conceded to be a smooth lawyer in his own right.

The mayor addresses international figures and the corner grocer with equal aplomb. Speaking on how the Atlantic Charter should be interpreted, he said to Prime Minister Churchill: "Winston, if I may use the language of, say, Shakespeare or Browning or Shelley or Dante Gabriel Rossetti or other British classicists, please don't louse it up."

And Wise—Like Solomon

The program mixes into the private lives of a good many people. When the wives of some Sanitation Department workers wrote to the mayor complaining that their husbands had to work overtime too much, he broadcast his answer: "I have looked up the time sheets in this department, and I am sorry to tell you ladies this, but not a single employee has worked overtime during the last month. This is something you'd better take up with your husbands directly."

The mayor intersperses his angry tirades with happier items—praise for "good and patriotic" industries, unions, individuals. He gives full credit to the "\$100,000-a-year men doing the city's work for \$10,000," who have made possible his administration's spectacular achievements: parks, playgrounds, roads, airport, slum clearance, vastly improved health services, fire and police protection,

schools, cultural developments—all with sound city financing.

"The city is yours to enjoy," he tells his listeners, and one Sunday he urged them to "go on out to the baseball game this afternoon. Better leave right now. You'll have more fun probably than listening to me."

His public is well aware of two projects dear to his heart, on which he has worked since he first took office in 1934. One came to flower more than a year ago, the City Center of music and drama, which offers the best in entertainment at low prices.

The other, a city health-insurance plan, is close to fruition, waiting only for final organizational work to be completed. The plan will offer complete medical insurance to New Yorkers making up to \$5,000 a year. To a group of non-New York physicians who suggested boycotting any governmental health insurance plan, La Guardia stormed: "Some utterly disreputable pill doctor must have thought that one up. You'll have the best doctors, under our plan here in New York, I promise you."

La Guardia is sure that other mayors would put on similar weekly broadcasts if municipal stations were available, as he thinks they should be. One city, Syracuse, rebroadcasts the La Guardia talks a week later.

"This program," he says, "is translating into something real the theory that the conduct of elected officials is something about which the public should be informed. Naturally, the politicians don't like it. And naturally, we'll continue it, and I believe that my successors will have to continue it, because the public will demand it."

THE END

THE Heroes

LIEUTENANT JOHN HOLLINGTON GRAYBURN

XXVII

IN THE story of the Arnhem "death pocket," there is all the stark drama of Thermopylae and the Alamo. When 8,000 men of the British First Airborne Division parachuted down into the Rhine delta of the Netherlands, well behind the German battle lines, none had any large hope of coming out alive. Even so, the right to volunteer was begged as a privilege, because every soldier knew the size of the stakes played for by the High Command. If bridgeheads could be seized and held until the arrival of the onrushing Second Army, a broad way would be opened for Allied troops through Germany's north gate, turning the right flank of the mighty Westwall.

It was a great and necessary gamble, holding the promise of complete victory at an earlier date. That it lost was not from lack of courage or selfless devotion. The Germans, helped by storms, swollen rivers and flooded areas, beat back the British advance and penned the parachutists in an ever-narrowing ring of steel. Ten days and ten nights, sleepless, worn and, at the last, without food, they held out against overwhelming odds. In the end, when word came that the venture was to be abandoned, only 2,000 staggering skeletons wormed through the darkness to the riverbank, where assault boats carried them back to the safety of the British lines.

Lieutenant John Hollington Grayburn was among those who floated down from the skies on that gray Sunday morning in September, 1944. A captain in the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Infantry, the young Englishman had dropped a rank so that he might volunteer for the parachute invasion. The landing was made eight miles west of Arnhem,

and no sooner had they hit the ground than Lieutenant Grayburn and his platoon were detailed to race ahead and capture the principal bridge before the enemy could blow it up.

Leading two hundred men, he reached the bridge's northern terminus just as the Germans were about to touch off demolition charges and drove them back with a burst of fire. Pushing forward without halt, the lieutenant then scattered a troop concentration on the southern bank and tore out the wires leading to caches of high explosives. A brilliant exploit, but cheering stopped abruptly. Germans were massing on both banks, and heavy firing in the east let Grayburn know that he was cut off from the main body of parachutists.

All afternoon he took punishment from 20-millimeter quick-firers and machine guns, but by night his position was untenable. The casualty list was mounting, and he himself had a shattered shoulder. Stubbornly determined to hold the bridge for the Second Army, the lieutenant and his men fell back to the north bank and found cover in a house. Fierce attacks continued throughout the night.

Monday's daylight brought small comfort, for one look showed Grayburn that he was pocketed, while the failure to receive reinforcements proved that his comrades were also caught in a trap. His one advantage lay in the fact that the house commanded the full sweep of the bridge, and from dawn to dark he raked it with fire, forcing demolition squads into retreat time after time.

Another night without food or rest, and on Tuesday the Germans attacked unceasingly with mortars, machine guns, heavy artillery and armored cars. By noon the house was reduced to rubble, and then incendiary bombs set the ruins on fire, driving Grayburn and his men out into the open. Darkness saved them again and under its cover they dug in on the north bank, taking a position that still controlled approaches to the bridge. That was what John Grayburn had been told to seize and hold; that was what he meant to do.

A third night of unbroken agony, yet Wednesday found the dazed band still masters of the situation, drawing strength from some deep well of the spirit. The German commander, calling on Grayburn to surrender, stressed the utter hopelessness of further resistance. The Second Army, he said, had been stopped in its tracks. The balance of the parachutists, cornered in a patch of woods, had no more chance than sheep in a slaughter pen. Grayburn, fevered and dripping blood, refused the truce, and the parched throats of his men managed a cheer.

Now the Germans poured it on. Reinforcements were rushed in, and tanks and planes were brought up for the final assault. Wave after wave of steel swept over the British position, and, as young Grayburn raised himself from his blanket to shout an order, a shell shattered him into bloody fragments.

How many survived him is not yet known, for it is a "vic-tory" about which the Germans have said little. The stand of two hundred men against an army for four days and four nights does not lend itself to boasting. GEORGE CREEL



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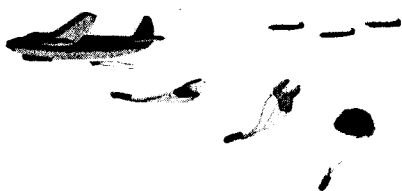
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Birthday Party

Continued from page 36

out. "Kid, I wish you wouldn't see her so often."

"Holy mackerel, Pa. I'm not marrying the girl."

"That's darned white of you."

"Pa!"

"And I want you home for dinner," he said.

"I'll try. I may get tied up."

"Don't!" He turned and slammed the screen door behind him.

I WAS late now and Ann didn't like it when I was late. I crossed Portland and walked fast down Summit to Dale. She was sitting on a retaining wall that made an L on the corner at Dale, her hands under her, her ankles crossed like a kid's on a swing. She got up when she saw me at St. Alban's a block away, walking easily to meet me in the middle of the block.

She held up her right hand, the thumb sticking up, and I wrapped my fingers around it, so that her fingers covered my hand. That was for her and me, she said. That was for nobody else.

"Kenny." She always said that right off, looking into my eyes. Oh, but she was lovely! Her hair almost matched my wrist watch, and her face was white. She never used lipstick, but always she would suck her lips, wetting them and biting them to bring color out.

"Kenny," she said again, and she was moving her head slowly, making her lips say my name over and over.

"What's the matter?"

"Kenny, go away from me. You better get away from me, Kenny, right now. Right away."

I had her elbow with my left hand. "What's up? What's wrong?"

She released my hand and started up toward Dale Street, and I was after her trying to make her say something. When she wouldn't talk like this, when I knew that something was bothering her, it made me near crazy. She was looking down at the ground, and talking to her shoes.

"Kenny, I've got to have a hundred dollars. Right away."

I didn't mind ten or fifteen bucks when I had it to give, but a hundred! "What for?"

"Don't ask me. Please don't ask me!"

She stopped and looked up at me. "You shouldn't ask me that, Ken. Not after all this time. You shouldn't ask."

You see what she did to me? You'd have to know her to understand what she could do to a man, and you'd have to see her to realize how she could make a man feel. There was never a minute when she wasn't like that. I could pick her up at night, early, and we'd go to a movie, and then get something to eat, and she'd be just swell. We'd drive up to the beacon, above the airport, and look down at the whole town before us, and I'd hold her for a while. Just hold her and put my face in her hair. Then—smacko—there'd be something: Her boss was on the make; her husband had put her through hell; she was getting older and what did I care; she didn't have clothes.

Then I'd spend an hour or two hours, or, if it was Saturday night, until morning, telling her that everything was all right. Always like that, and always at the end, after the whole night, she'd kiss me, and smile at me, that damned secret smile, and say good night. And I'd be back for more, as soon as she'd call me.

Now it was a hundred dollars.

"What do you need that kind of money for?"

She was back at that sidewalk routine again. If she ever picked up a dime, she'd be walking with her head down for the rest of her life. "For clothes," she said.

"For what?"

"For clothes." Now she was giving it to me straight. "Kenny, I just charged and charged, and then when the bill came I didn't have any money, and I let it go, and now if I don't pay them tomorrow, then they're going to put a garnishment against my wages and I'll lose my job." It was like a cold shower.

"They can't," I said, wondering why they couldn't, and wanting to ask her why she hadn't told me last night, before I spent twenty bucks getting her tight and me sick.

"And I've got to move next week, because the landlady is selling the apartment. Then what will I do and where will I go?" I had a suggestion, but I kept it a secret.

She took my arm. She wanted me to last a few rounds; she had me on the ropes, now, but she was in no hurry. We were at the university club now and as we walked past the Norwegian consulate, she turned and laughed at me, and gave me the Garbo take-off again. And I laughed but I stopped laughing. "Where you going to live, Ann?"

She reached over with her left hand and pressed her palm against my heart. "Here," she answered. This girl was a counter-puncher, one of the best.

I took her hand and kissed each finger, and then her palm, and then each finger again, starting at the thumb. "Kenny." She was young again and smiling. "Kenny," she said, "we'll go to a movie and then we'll have dinner someplace, any old place, and we won't think about me at all." She had my arm and was half turning to talk to me, swinging around and half turning all the time.

I didn't want to tell her about going home for dinner. We had enough time for the movie and I could tell her later. We walked past the Hill house, the color of crude iron ore, with the large fence, the house all brick on top of the hill looking over the Loop toward the river.

"Kenny?"

"Yeah?"

"That's where I'd like to live," she pointed at the house.

"How about there?" I pointed at City Hall, thirty-two stories, gray and straight up: Washington Monument with windows. This girl wanted everything, as long as somebody would give it to her.

DOWNTOWN we could choose between a musical comedy, a murder movie and something that had Palm Beach, Sun Valley, Miami, Monte Carlo, Bombay and a small island in the Pacific in it. I was for the musical, she wanted the travelogue, and we settled for the murder. I bought loge seats, and we got into the big, comfortable chairs in time to miss the screen credits for the feature.

This was all right. In the dark I could feel her next to me. She put her hand on my sleeve, next to the skin, pulling gently at the hair on my arm. The movie was the McCoy: stabbings, shootings, rain, winds, doors slamming. I ate it up. She hid her face on my shoulder.

I had the killer just about pegged and was betting a buck with myself when she put her face to my ear. "Kenny, what am I going to do?"

"Do what?" I knew who'd done the killings, it was the gal's uncle.

"I need the money, Kenny."

Well, I'd had almost an hour without it. I couldn't expect any more. "You could wait till the movie's over," I said.

She got up and walked out, and for fifteen seconds I sat there. Then I followed her. And I followed her out into the street and down two blocks before she would talk to me. That's the kind of a heel I was. Always being rude to her. She told me so, standing in front of a drugstore with forty people around us. I took her arm and we walked around the corner next to the Y.M.C.A.

"Do you always have to louse things up?" I asked. "Do you always have to spoil it? Can't we have one afternoon without grief, without your giving me grief?"

She didn't say anything. Now she was hurt. I was just a big lob.

"It's my birthday today," I said. "I'm twenty-one, and my family gave me a wrist watch. Look." I pulled my shirt sleeve back. "I'm twenty-one. My family is waiting for me at home, but I want to be with Ann and have fun."

She put her head against the wall and began crying. I was licked. With her, crying was as hard as blowing her nose.

I put my arm around her and we walked for half a block that way. She held out her hand, palm up, and I put a handkerchief in it. She used it and asked for a cigarette.

Women don't smoke on the streets in Saint Paul, but Ann did.

"I'm sorry about the movie, Ken."

"Forget it."

"Kenny, really I am. It's just that—it's just that I'm so upset, and I've got nobody to turn to. I feel so all alone." Her eyes were filling again.

"Ann, listen. Listen to me. I'll pawn my watch. I can borrow some money tomorrow at the office, and get it out tomorrow night." She stopped, turning so she faced me, and her hands came together in a praying gesture, her eyes like blue agates on white velvet.

"Ken, you can't."

Of course I couldn't. I couldn't pawn the watch, but I would; and I couldn't stay away from the house on my birthday but I was here; and I couldn't see her, Pa said, but I did.

"You need the money," I said, and while I said it, I hated myself for saying it. There wasn't any family when I was with her. There wasn't anything but Ann, Ann, Ann.

We walked down Seventh Street, past the department stores and past the flophouses. The pawnshops were in a row on lower Seventh below Jackson. I'd driven past them many times. They weren't listed as pawnshops; they were loan companies, but you could spot them always by two identifying signs: One window was always full of diamonds, wrist watches, clarinets, ukuleles and guns; and just inside the other window there was always an immense safe.

They were always open Sunday. Now, as we neared the stores, she was full of chatter. She told me how it would be when she got squared around and had her bills paid.

"Kenny, you'll be so proud of me."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, I'll get a small apartment, and I won't buy any clothes for a long, long time." She shook her head slowly. "I'll come home every night instead of staying downtown for dinner, and I'll shop for food, and you can come up and I'll cook supper. Will you like that, Ken, will you?" She nodded her head up and down fast, smiling. "Won't that be fun, Ken? Won't that be swell, just the two of us alone up there—just like, well, just as if—"

She broke off and looked at me shyly.

"Say it," I said.

"I can't."

"Go ahead. Say it." I wanted to hear it, too.

"Just as though we were married." She said it fast and in a whisper, and then grabbed my arm with both hands and buried her face in my jacket. I walked by two stores, started to go into a third, but I saw a cop standing just inside the door talking to the owner. I turned around and went into the second store we had passed. I pushed Ann in ahead of me, and as I opened the door, I could hear a bell sound far back in the store. There was enough light coming from the one bulb that was burning to brighten up an egg car-

ton. The store was as long as a ten-cent movie house and just as wide.

The fellow that walked toward us from the rear didn't look too sharp. Not any sharper than a razor. His clothes looked as though they had been pasted on him carefully, first the shirt with the Duke of Kent collar, then the jacket, and the pants, and the black, pointed shoes, shined like a chauffeured limousine. I wanted to see if his knees bent when he walked because this bird looked as if someone had wound him up like those toy soldiers that swing their arms stiffly when they walk.

"Yes?" He came forward. He let us see all the teeth, but he didn't rub his hands together.

Ann stood there while this guy's eyes made a short trip around her. She was giving him the young scared-girl routine, and I could see him coming up for it, like a bullhead for red flannel. You want to know why I could spot that girl? Listen, I knew her right down to that scheming brain of hers. But when you're stuck, you stay stuck, and that was me.

It was like I was sitting in a poker game with five housemen, playing with marked cards, and all five on the same team against me, and still I didn't want to leave. It was like there was a door in the room where we were playing—right in front of me—and I could have got up and walked away from the game, and nobody would have said boo, but me, myself, I wanted to stay there.

"Is the young woman with you?" he asked. This one wanted case histories.

I PUSHED my sleeve back and while I spent a couple of minutes trying to get the watch off, I thought of my mother looking at me and asking me to come home to dinner. He took it, gave Ann another big, sympathetic smile, and holding the watch in his hand, stepped around the counter. There was enough space on the counter to slide one stick of spaghetti through without touching anything, but this joker made room somehow. He had the band off, the case off, and the doojigger in his eye, faster than I'd ever seen the shell game played.

"It's a very good watch." I knew that; Pa didn't go second best, ever. The guy took the doojigger out of his eye like it was pincenez and he was on a lecture platform. "I can let you have thirty-five dollars at the regular rates." I didn't know the regular rates, but that car I'd seen parked out in front gave me an idea of what they ran to.

"Oh!" Ann shook her head. "Oh, that isn't enough. That isn't enough at all. That's a brand-new watch, and it cost a great deal more than that." You see how interested she was in my welfare. Always looking out for me, that Ann.

We got a flash of the teeth again. "This must be urgent," he said, looking at Ann. "You folks must need the money badly." The dirty rat! I swung with my right arm, but



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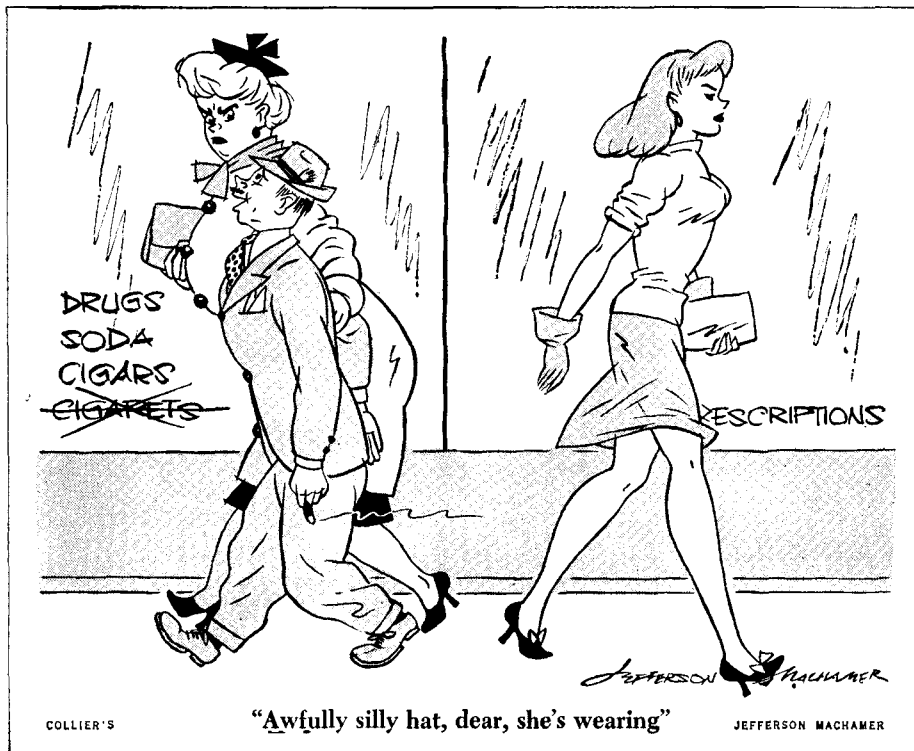
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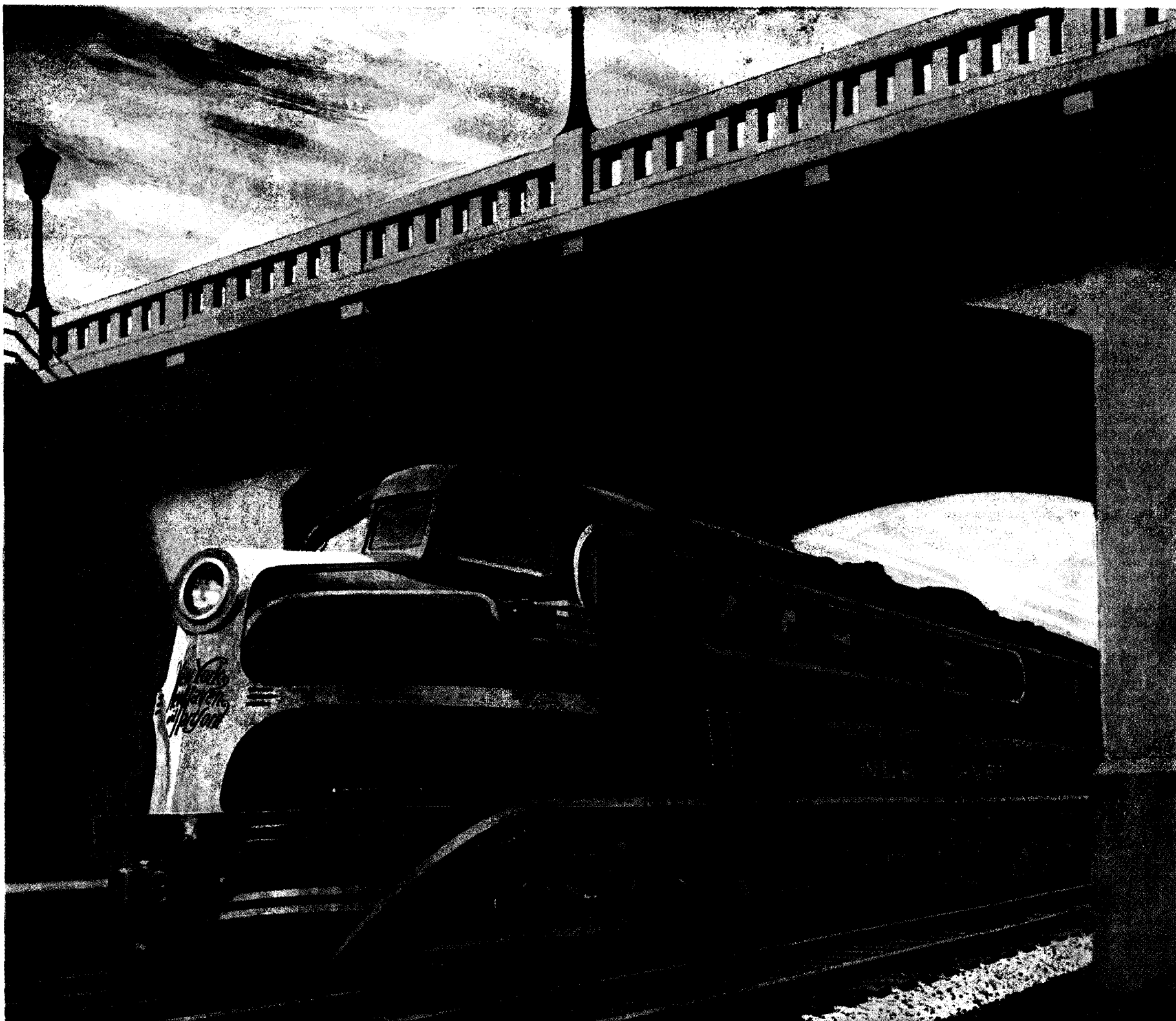
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largest steam locomotive, and has supplied an important share of the locomotives being used for war purposes by the United Nations.



Ann grabbed it, and it was a good thing she did. He had a blackjack in his hand that would have cracked my skull open.

"Tell you what I'll do." Now he was all business. "You can have fifty dollars for the watch, but that's just for the young lady here. And that's it. I'm busy."

"I got the fifty and a small, green ticket, and I signed my name to enough papers to bind me for life. He opened the door for Ann, and gave her the smile again, and I turned around to watch him as he walked back the length of the store. I was wrong. His knees did bend.

There were two twenties and a ten. I folded my birthday present into a square and put it in Ann's purse. Walking back up Seventh, I thought that if I went straight home now, dropping Ann off, I'd be just a little late for supper.

She stopped again. "Kenny, where will I get the other fifty?"

I held out my arm. "Here."

"Well, what's that for, silly?"

"Here, slice it off. Take a knife and cut off as much as you need."

She began crying again. Like April that lassie was. Everytime you looked around you needed a raincoat. I let her suffer for a full minute before she got the handkerchief.

"Kenny, I'm no good." All we needed was soft music. "Kenny, please, listen." She had me by the jacket with both hands. "You go away from me now. Go home to your parents, and don't worry about what happens to me."

"Let's forget it and have dinner." I was sure worried about how my family felt.

"No, I can't. You go and I'll try and get the other fifty dollars someplace." The Great Renunciation scene.

"What?"

"I'll try and get the money." She said it clearly and slowly. See, I was a heel. I'd only got her fifty. Pa should have given me a watch for each wrist.

I put my arm around her shoulder. "Come on."

"Where?" she asked.

"Come on. I'll try and get the other fifty."

"Ken, you don't have to." She kept walking, though.

THERE is a pool hall downtown that has baseball and track results. The town's sharpies hang around there, and on Sunday the boys that make eighteen and twenty-five bucks a week selling shoes or working in grocery stores put on their double-breasted herringbones, and the double-soled bluchers, and come down to bet on the games and the horses. I knew enough fellows to make the touch.

I told her to wait outside. Once inside the place, all I saw for a moment was smoke. Then I spotted Jimmy Rinehard who lives on Portland Avenue two blocks from my house. When Jimmy saw me he broke away from the scoreboard and walked toward me.

"Ken, your old man was looking for you," he told me. I could have tightened my belt by three notches just then.

"When was he here?"

"He wasn't here. I ate at my sister's house over on Cleveland tonight, near where Ann lives. I saw the old man cruising around there, trying to spot you with her."

That didn't stop me. "Jimmy, you've got to do something for me." He could see it coming, but he didn't crack. "I need fifty smash, bad."

"For what?"

"I need it, that's all."

"For that bum," Jim answered himself.

I took that, too.

"Ken, for Pete's sakes, stay away from that dame. She'll make you crazy."

"Let me have what you can spare," I said. "I'm good for it." Now I know how the lush feels when he wants a drink. I think I was beyond that. I think right there, in that dirty pool hall, I knew how the snowbird feels.

Jimmy put his hands in his pants pockets, the jacket falling over his forearms. "I've got it, Ken, and you can have it. For anything but her. I got a mind to call your pa."

I knew when I had enough. Not the old man. I didn't want him in the ring with me. When I came out, she was talking with a smoothie in a roadster. She left the kid sit-

ting in the car, and we started walking. "You didn't get it." She wasn't asking.

"No." I felt her shiver against me, and I shivered with her. It was getting cold fast, the way that it can in Minnesota in the fall. The moon was way over in Minneapolis and all I could see of it was the light that it made on the windows of the First National Building. "You could have got it." She wanted to play now.

"No, I couldn't, Ann. Honest."

"I saw that Jimmy Rinehard in there and I know him. He doesn't like me."

"Sure he does." Boy, I was an independent character with her.

"He doesn't like me." Her voice reminded me of a popcorn seller's whistle. "He probably told you not to get the money for me."

"Ann, listen. You're upset. I'm upset. Let's forget it." I won that round.

SHE smiled, peaches and cream. "Let's go to dinner," she said. "Let's go have frogs' legs." Ma had chicken.

I started to tell her about going home, but she broke in: "You don't have to if you don't want to. You can leave me, you know."

There is one spot in town where you can

the waiter. There was one person that missed that little gesture: the cook, in the kitchen. He was busy, and I wanted to ask her if she wanted me to call him out and maybe she could do a repeat for him.

I managed to get her a pack of the Egyptian cigarettes she liked, while she went through the candy pile, making certain she had the biggest box to take home with her. Counting the tip, I gave her back four bucks out of that twenty, and suddenly I wanted to take all the money and throw it away, tear it up, give it to the first bum that met us on the street. I wanted to punch somebody, or just drop her arm and run, not to get away from her, but to get away from myself.

She yawned. "I'm tired, Ken."

"Of me?"

"Don't say that, darling."

"Isn't it true?"

"Don't be silly."

"I'm not silly. I only got you fifty bucks and you need a hundred. With a hundred you can eat frogs' legs ten times instead of five."

She laughed. "You'll get the rest. I know you will."

"I can't."

"Well, let's not talk about it now. Let's

"You're out late, kid." He didn't even look at her.

"Good night, Ken," Ann said, but as she took a step toward the door, the old man had her by the wrist.

"No," he told her.

"Take that hand away," she said, and her voice was like a club foot dragging over a sidewalk.

That scared him about as much as a fly on his neck.

"Stay away from the kid!" he told her, and he wasn't suggesting.

"Stay away from him?" she asked. "I stumble over him every time I open my door."

"What do you want with him?" he asked her. "You can't make him for a score. He hasn't got a dime." I didn't even know that he'd found out about the money.

"Pa, she wants me to give her a hundred dollars."

There. At least I wouldn't have to worry about her telling him.

He was still holding her by the arm and with the other hand he came around and slapped me in the face. That was the first time in fifteen years. "Get in that car," he said.

I walked back, and then turned and watched them.

I don't know yet what he said to her. I couldn't hear, but it didn't take three minutes. She turned and walked into the building, and he came around and got in the car.

IN THE alley behind the house I opened the garage doors, and then closed them behind the car, and we went into the house.

Ma was sitting at the kitchen table, her hair in braids. She didn't say a word. Pa took off his jacket, and I saw he still had the T shirt on. Ma tied the belt of her robe and went over to the cupboard and out came a cake that made the sheets on my bed look gray. The top was loaded with candles and the old man lighted them one by one, using two matches. Then he sat down, and Ma came around and turned off the lights and sat down beside him on the same chair. He put his arms around her and she leaned her head back against his chest. He bent and kiss the top of her head.

"Blow them, Ken," and it was the same way I'd heard him say it for as long back as I can remember.

I leaned over and blew them. I got them all the first time, and as I pressed the button to turn the lights on again I told them.

"Pa, I pawned the watch," I said.

Ma got up and walked out of the room and into her bedroom.

He held out his hand. "Give me the ticket, Ken."

I gave it to him and walked into my room. He had the book about full now. I had as much right sleeping in that house tonight as I did sleeping in the White House.

I got into pajamas and turned off the light. There were a lot of things I could have called myself but none of them were low enough. I was trying to find my cigarettes on the night table when Pa opened the door. He didn't turn on the lights, just let that half-light in from the kitchen. He came over and sat on the bed.

In his hand was a glass of milk. He hadn't done that for ten years. I drank it, holding the glass with both hands like I always had, watching him all the time. He took the glass when it was empty.

"What time you through work tomorrow?" he asked.

"About four."

"I'll pick you up. I figured we'd get home early and maybe get a wax on the car."

"Sure."

"We can leave it in the garage all week and be finished Sunday."

"Sure."

He leaned over and rubbed his knuckles over my head. "We got off easy at that, didn't we?" He laughed.

"Yeah."

He got up and walked toward the door. Then he came back, stopped at the foot of the bed, and tucked the covers under and around my feet.

"Good night, kid," he said.

THE END



get frogs' legs. You pay for catching them, for the freight from Wisconsin to St. Paul, for storage, for spoilage and for the frog-voiced woman who'd spent three weeks in New York once listening to concerts and came home to spend her life singing nights at five bucks a throw.

Frogs' legs for two went for ten bucks. I told her that. "We've got the money," she said. "We're rich."

"But you need that money."

"Well, ten dollars won't make any difference, will it, Ken?"

"No, it's just ten less."

"You're the one that wanted to forget it for an hour."

We went to dinner. Frogs' legs. I'm a nice guy and I've never had more than a passing acquaintance with a dollar, but I couldn't take this. I might have been eating hominy grits for all the fun that I had at that dinner. But Ann. Oh, Ann was right where she belonged. There were enough of the boys with the single-breasted, one-button tweed jackets, and the white broadcloth shirts and stringy ties to keep her interested.

We listened to I Love You Truly, Always, Summertime and that Madame Butterfly thing, while I thought about that witch across the table. You know, I could do that: Sit there two feet from her, call her every name in the book, and if she told me to, I would have got up and walked across the room on my hands. She sat smoking, dropping ashes on about three bucks' worth of frogs' legs. Watching her, I thought of Pa and Ma picking out the watch, probably looking at several in their bedroom, after I'd gone to sleep.

We were there all through the prima donna's concert before Ann had enough. I called for the check and she opened her purse and took the fifty out, giving me twenty to pay

take a streetcar home." She was being nice now. To hell with the cabs!

On the trolley she sat next to the window and close to me. "Look at those people, Ken." So there were a couple of drunks aboard! She had told me that her husband had never owned a car and had had trouble bringing groceries home, let alone ride her around in taxis, but now she was beefing at the people.

"You been used to better?" She could have done wonders with my neck and a knife when I said it. If anybody missed the words she called me, it was only the conductor, up front.

THAT was all till we got off the streetcar with an old guy that had been standing talking to the motorman all through the ride. I took her arm, but she pulled it away. That was all right, too. When I said good night in a few minutes, that was going to be all. It had to be. I didn't say anything and she didn't offer to change the situation. About a block from her apartment, she stopped and leaned back against the building.

"Ken, you'd better get that fifty."

"Where?"

"I don't care. If you don't get it, your dad will give it to me."

"You can't go to him, Ann." I tried to talk quietly.

"Not unless I don't get it from you," she answered. And I'd been trying to think how I could stay awake so I could figure this thing out. Well, she'd solved that.

We walked toward her apartment, and I was trying to forget about Pa and about Ma waiting for me, when I saw the old man sitting on the steps of her place, and I saw the car out in front. He walked out to the sidewalk to meet us.

"Either one."
"The bus will be safer, then."

They said goodbye and each knew that the liking was mutual. Ashley went down the short flagged walk between night-blooming flowers, feeling the happiest he had since their train left Penn Station.

The long gray Coral Gables bus, which he caught at the corner after a ten-minute wait, hummed into town with scarcely a stop. The streets were packed as they neared the terminus—packed with soldiers, with sailors, with sauntering free-hipped girls, with sharp-faced wizened race-track habitués, with more girls in uniform, with stout middle-aged Northern businessmen frankly soaking in pleasure at every pore, with their stout middle-aged wives not quite so happy but still cheerful, with a few obvious natives teetering on curbs, with war-plant workers in grimy dungarees and big badges, with new arrivals carrying big suitcases and strained smiles above conspicuous Northern woolsens.

When he got out of the bus, he asked four different citizens where the home of the F.B.I., the Biscayne Building, was, but no one knew; finally he asked a cop. The cop told him: three over, one left. Ashley began pushing his way through the crowd. He was bumped several times from behind and turned to glare, but each time it was either a laughing girl or a hurrying serviceman; finally he stopped bothering about the bumps. Everyone was being bumped. Music brayed from open-front fruit-drink counters and snack-bars, streamed from every café and restaurant, was echoed by humming, whistling passers-by; the night was filled with music and it was terrible. Lights, unshaded and glaring, cut shadows on moving faces.

Ashley thought, good Lord, all this town needs is a few good steam calliopes and some merry-go-rounds in the public squares to be a dead ringer of Coney Island on a Saturday night. An intense distaste for the shoving throng, the noise, the hot hard lights, filled him. I will go to the Beach, he thought; I will go there as soon as I contact this blasted Cassidy—maybe I'd better phone him. . . .

A LARGE black marble portal on his right said "Sun Club"; the doors were open and there was, to Ashley's surprise and pleasure, no music blaring out; there was no sound at all. I could phone from here, he thought. . . . Dim lights inside glinted round a mammoth bar, the few occupants of which seemed to be as quiet and as scholarly in their absorption as readers in the British Museum. Ashley thought, Heaven bless the Sun Club. They must have a phone and they obviously have a drink. He went in.

He stood in the lofty cool dim room with the huge circular bar in the center and cushioned alcoves along the sides. The place looked discreet, cynical and expensive, the patrons the same. Two vividly tinted brunettes with ivory-white shoulders and evening gowns cut nearly to their waists were chatting on adjoining bar stools; each had a short fur coat slung across her knees and each glittered with diamonds. Two men in knife-creased light flannels, with hair like black wax and the eyes of lizards talked in low tones and occasionally made brief notes with gold pencils on tiny memorandum sheets before them. The other patrons might have been cousins of these four. Ashley thought, Well, at least it's quiet.

He picked a stool and sat down. The barman approached. Ashley said, "Would a Martini be too much trouble—with a small onion?"

The barman said deferentially, "Not at all, sir, a pleasure," and proceeded to assemble his materials with a hand which, Ashley saw at once, knew its business. He remembered having heard of the Sun Club as being run by an old Syndicate crowd, with roulette wheels and similar equipment for the initiate upstairs; perhaps this was merely the outer portal. The Martini came and it was excellent.

As he put the glass down, a scent like the wake of fourteen dancing girls came over his shoulder and a slightly slurred voice said, "Hello. . . ."

This was annoying because he disliked having to be rude to women, even public

women or perhaps especially public women; he swung around with his eyebrows already drawn together in the beginning of a frown and then he saw it was Marjorie Dane. Ashley was very much surprised.

She wore a flame-colored dress dotted with sequins and apparently they had run short of material. One deep breath, Ashley considered, would spray sequins all over the ceiling. Her blond hair was a high and exquisitely sculptured pile atop her head, and a diamond flower spray glittered in the pile. She looked costly, theatrical, meretricious and—undeniably—exciting. She said, smiling, "The last time we met I made you a drink. Now it's your turn. I forget your name. How are you?" She sat down beside him without being asked and laid a small mesh bag on the bar between them.

Ashley, on his feet, said, "Of all the in-

the world, at this time of night, in Miami this season—oh, never. Not for love or money, a room. Though you might try the Seven Palms."

"Never heard of it. Where's that?"

"It's where we are. It's new, and just opened, and they'll be swamped any day now, but right now—look: Go and give them a ring now if you care to and mention my name. It would be fun to have you over there. Do you swim? Harry doesn't. I do love swimming, don't you?"

"Swimming? Favorite sport." He tried to decide how to get out of calling the Seven Palms and was saved by the barman. "Ah—here are the stingers," Ashley said enthusiastically. "Skoal!"

"Skoal," she said promptly and they sipped. At least Ashley sipped; her glass when she put it down was empty. Ashley



"Can't you see it, gentlemen? A beauty contest for the orange queen with the Russian ambassador as one of the judges!"

credible luck—I was just thinking about you. Is Mr. Dane with you?" He put out a hand and she took it. Her clasp was soft, warm, and deliberately provocative.

"Mr. Dane is not, thank heaven," she said as Ashley finally got his hand back. "Not this evening. May I have a stinger?"

"We'll both have a stinger," Ashley said, pushing the Martini to one side. "I was just wondering what I really wanted—besides a sight of you."

She fluttered her eyelashes automatically at him and gave him a careless smile. "When did you get down?" she said, after Ashley had given the order.

"Just this morning. And you?"

"We flew down," she said. "We left yesterday morning and got in yesterday afternoon. Very boring. Don't you think flying is boring? Where are you staying?"

Ashley said, "Damned if I know yet. I had a little business to attend to today; I've been too busy to get a room."

"Oh, you're out of luck, then. Never in

said, "A very sound drink," and motioned to the barman, who nodded.

"How come Mr. Dane dares to let you go out alone?" Ashley said archly.

"Mr. Dane has nothing to say about it." The hair ornament glittered as her chin went up. "He's dining tonight with some of his tiring friends—something to do with a new airport, only you must forget I ever mentioned that to you. I lead a very lonely life, you know, truly. And I'm not used to a lonely life; in California, before I gave up the cinema—"

"That's it!" said Ashley mendaciously. "I knew I'd seen you somewhere. . . ."

HER smile this time was definitely kind. "Only bit parts, but I was headed the right way, if I do say so. However, as my mother used to say, we can't have everything. Not in one lifetime."

Ashley nodded profoundly at this deep thought and said, "How true. How very true." Don't ham this up now, you clown,

he told himself; that is, don't ham it up too much. This baby may not be as dumb as you think. He said, "Have you had dinner? I don't suppose you'd take pity on a lonely stranger. . . ."

"Why, I'd love to. That's sweet of you. I know I look like hell, but we could go somewhere not too conspicuous."

"Now listen. You know you look good enough to eat," Ashley said pouring it on.

"Don't kid me," she said obviously pleased. "Just order me another drink and let me relax. Say, before I forget it, I left my cape over there."

"Shall I get it, or shall we sit over there ourselves while we decide where to go?"

So they moved to the deep-cushioned alcove, where they sat side by side. "How about somewhere on the Beach?" he said. "This town gives me the heebie-jeebies. I was at the Beach this afternoon and it seemed very different."

She shrugged. "I don't see much difference," she said. "It's all pretty messy compared to California."

"Attagirl," said Ashley, patting her hand. "Good old California!"

She gave him a really dazzling smile. "You know the West Coast, then?" she said in a voice meant to be sad and sweet with nostalgic yearning.

"Sorry. Not yet. Hope to some day."

A WAITER brought more stingers, and the lady downed hers as though it had been a thimbleful of brandy. That made three for her, and already Ashley could feel his two taking definite hold. Just what am I doing this for? he thought. He didn't really believe the wild idea he'd gotten that afternoon. But here was a wonderful chance to try it and he decided to follow through.

"What about The Cabin?" Mrs. Dane said suddenly, swaying ever so slightly against him.

"Never heard of it."

"It's up the Boulevard, up near 79th Street Causeway. I have a car here."

"Oh, you have? You seem to know the town very well, too."

She waved a weary hand. "We were down all last winter," she said. "I don't know why. I wanted to go West but you know Harry."

"I don't know Harry. You forget. I only envy Harry."

"You think I might have another stinger?"

"Who's going to drive the car?"

"I am, stupo. Who do you think?"

"I thought maybe you had a chauffeur."

"I hope to tell you I don't have a chauffeur," she said, placing one hand firmly on his knee. "Listen: Who wants some louse of a double-crossing chauffeur running to his boss every time you. . . . Listen: You've been around. Don't tell me. . . ."

She had apparently regretted whatever example of a chauffeur's depravity she had been about to mention. Ashley said, "Whatever you say, Mrs. Dane—"

"Marjorie."

"Marjorie. Only let me make a quick phone call, will you?"

"Tell him to bring us one more as you go by the bar."

"Okay." He found the telephone and called Cassidy's office again. He was told that Cassidy was expected in at midnight, not before. He thanked them and hung up. Meantime he would feed Mrs. Dane and maybe learn something, maybe not; in any event, he decided (his judgment perhaps a trifle blurred by the day and the stingers) he was not going to deliver up the little bulge in his money belt to anyone but Cassidy in person. Randall and his phone call could blooming well wait. . . .

He went back and sat down by Mrs. Dane again. The Sun Club was beginning to fill up now. It seemed to Ashley's slightly glazed eyes that the whole room was full of stomachs, cigars and bosoms: all enormous. Like a Paul Klee drawing, he thought. "You know this place well?" he asked Marjorie Dane.

She shrugged. "Used to come in last winter now and then. You like Birdcage?"

"What's that?"

"Birdcage—you know Birdcage. Dice inside. Spin 'em. . . ."

"Oh, sure. They got one here?"

She shrugged again. Indifferently. "Used



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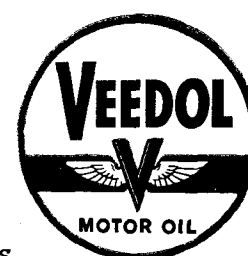
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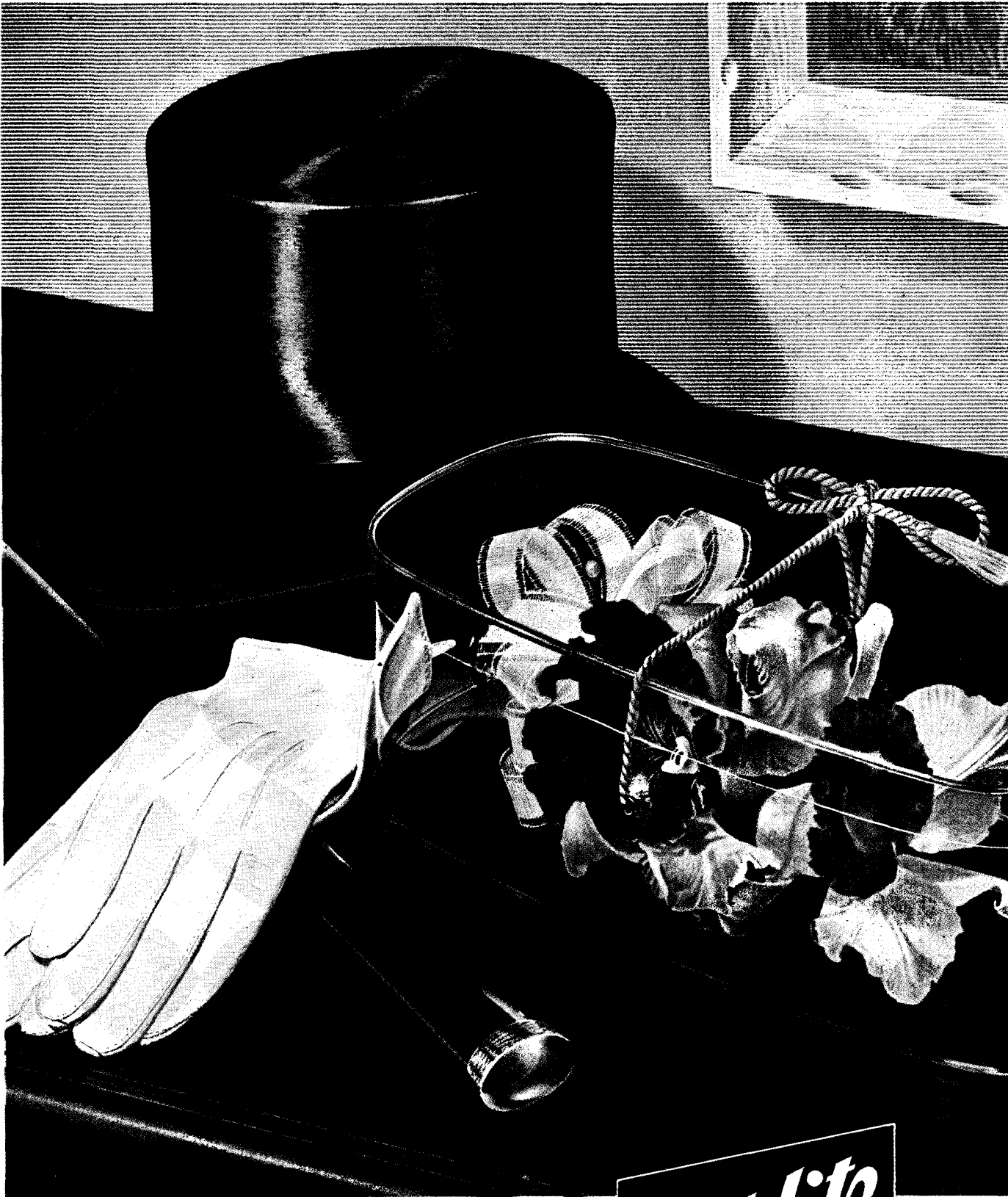
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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

to have. Upstairs. I used to drop plenty."

"You play much?"

"Now and then. Something to do," she said, "to pass the time. Lord, I do get so bored. . . ."

"You wouldn't be yawning at me, would you?" Ashley asked.

The fingers on his knee tightened. "Listen, sonny boy," she said, "if I didn't like you I wouldn't be sitting here; get that. I can buy my own drinks, you know."

"Shouldn't think you'd ever have a chance to. Is everybody blind in New Haven? They certainly aren't in Miami."

He accompanied this with what was meant to be a roguish leer. The lady said, "You're all right, sonny boy. You and I could get along." She finished her fourth stinger.

Ashley doubted that but he squeezed her hand ardently. He said, withdrawing his hand and reaching for the black velvet evening cape on the chair beside him. "We won't get along if I let you starve to death. How far is this Cabin, anyway?"

"We'll be there," she said solemnly, "in two shakes. Two shakes of a lamb's tail. You got a lamb in your pocket? I can prove it."

The car stood three doors away—a long, low lavishly chromium-trimmed open speedster. The close-coupled rear seat was piled high with a tangle of robes; glass windcreens enclosed the front seat. "Some heap," said Ashley admiringly.

"Get in," said the lady, "and I'll show you something."

"If you wrap us around a light pole I'll never forgive you."

"Don't you worry about that, sonny boy. Just get in. . . ."

He got in, after helping her behind the wheel, and she settled herself firmly and pressed the starter. Ashley uttered a brief silent prayer and they shot away from the curb in a long screaming swish that made his neck crack. But almost at once he saw that she was an excellent driver; she wove in and out too much to suit him but they made

Flagler Street without hitting anyone and she let the car coast the last block to Biscayne Boulevard. The light changed just as they reached it and she swung the heavy car left and straightened out, feeding more gas expertly on the last half of the turn. By the time they passed Second Street they were doing fifty and picking up speed. Ashley said, "By jove, you do drive well, Marjorie. Only watch for the cops. I don't know how strict they are in this town."

SHE didn't answer; she got up to fifty-eight and held the pace steady there as they headed north. She was, suddenly, a completely different person: controlled and businesslike. If the stingers were affecting her in any way, it wasn't perceptible. The boulevard lights stretched northward into the dark infinity of a horizon like a cloudy veil drawn across the star-spangled sky; on their right, beyond the lamp-lit palms, the nose of a big ship loomed startlingly near, loomed and was gone. As though someone had parked it practically on the sidewalk.

"That's the drydock," Marjorie Dane said, evidently aware out of the corner of her eye of Ashley's backward-craning neck. "They bring 'em in there for repairs from all over. South Pacific, everywhere."

"What else you got to show me? You're doing fine so far."

Again she didn't answer. The car held its steady pace, the wind of their passage whistling over the windscreen and above their heads. On their right now was the glint of dark water which was the bay: dark water across which someone had tossed a long fiery rope that vanished far to the eastward, toward the sea. Along the rope tiny fireflies flew back and forth swiftly. "Here comes the Causeway," Marjorie Dane said. "We could go to the Beach, at that. . . . No; too much traffic. We'll keep straight on."

They kept on. At Biscayne and 36th there was a red light. "Airport's over that way," Marjorie Dane said, nodding toward the left, "and what I'd like to know is whether

that stinker behind me is the cops or. . . ."

Ashley turned his head. Three blocks behind, two glaringly brilliant lights were coasting slowly toward them. "Couldn't be the law," he said consolingly. "They wouldn't hang back like that if they wanted you."

"That's what worries me," she said. "Been a lot of holdups in town lately, I hear. I didn't like the looks of those two at the bar who kept looking at us, did you?"

"Don't know which two you mean. Every-one kept looking at you. . . ."

"You got a gun?"

"No."

The light went green and now Ashley, turning his head, saw that the car behind them kept even pace with them, always three blocks behind. Marjorie Dane said, "I'm a fool to have worn this hair thing—it just begs to be snatched. You take it, will you?" She drove unswerving with one hand while she fumbled in her bright tresses with the other. "Ah," she said, "it's stuck. The hell with it. We'll be there before they can catch us. . . ."

Ashley's head snapped back against the seat cushion as she stepped viciously on the gas. The car leaped forward and the motor sputtered once and roared on. Ashley sat up and looked back. There could be no doubt, now, that the car behind was after them; fast as they were going, it was coming just as fast. Faster, Ashley realized suddenly; the glaring lights were growing larger and larger. He thought, *Is this just a stick-up? Or are they after me?* Though how could they have traced me—

The needle quivering on the dial in front of Marjorie Dane showed Ashley that they were doing a trifle over seventy-five. Street intersections went flicking by so fast he couldn't read the numbers, but they must—he thought—be in the Sixties at least. There was no boulevard traffic at all: This was the hour when the supper clubs were filling and the rest of the motoring world stayed home. He glanced at Marjorie: She was quite calm, and on her face was even the hint of a smile, though it was a grim smile. Her hands lay lightly and expertly on the wheel; she said, between her teeth, "Couple . . . minutes . . . more. . . ."

A very lonely stretch, this; and suddenly the ball of light in which he and Marjorie were riding seemed to sharpen and brighten to an intolerable brilliance; the car behind was faster than they were, that was the simple fact, and even more daringly driven. Ashley looked back again and there was a throbbing roar that blended with the roar of their own motor in a vast diapason of sound; then the searchlight bath streamed past them and lit the road ahead as the pursuit car swung out and drew abreast. For an instant they raced that way, rocking side by side; the other car, Ashley saw, was a dark-colored sedan. There were two dark shapes in the front seat but he had no time to examine them because the rear window was open and a white hollow-cheeked mask of a face which he had never seen before was glaring at him under a down-tilted hat and there was a gloved hand in the window too and the hand was holding a gun.

THE mouth in the frozen white face opened and even above the beat of the twin motors Ashley could hear, as well as see, the command that came from twisted colorless lips: *Stop!* Ashley said, "Marjorie! Marjorie!"—because it was no use getting potted like fish in a barrel but she had heard or seen the order too; she took her foot off the gas pedal abruptly and veered toward the curb, and as they slowed, the other car slowed too, dropping smoothly behind.

They grazed the curb and stopped. They looked at each other. Marjorie's scarlet mouth curved in a stiff smile. "After all," she said, "the damn' thing is insured; we should get ourselves shot up for a lousy hair clip. Take it easy, sonny boy."

Ashley started to turn his head again. He didn't make it. One of the men in the car behind must have leaped out even before the car stopped rolling and run forward, gun in hand. Because just as Ashley's gaze had swiveled halfway to the rear, the whole star-spangled sky seemed to fall on his head.

There was one rushing, timeless moment of brilliant light.

Then darkness. . . .

TOKYO TALKING

by MICHAEL BERRY



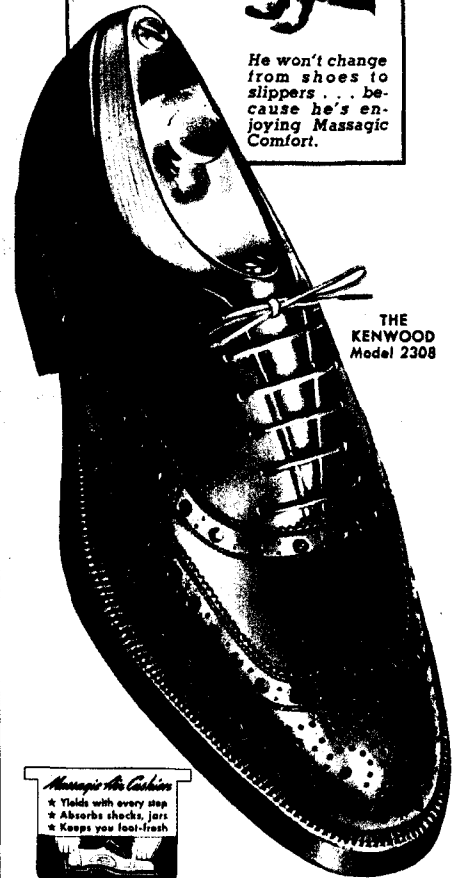
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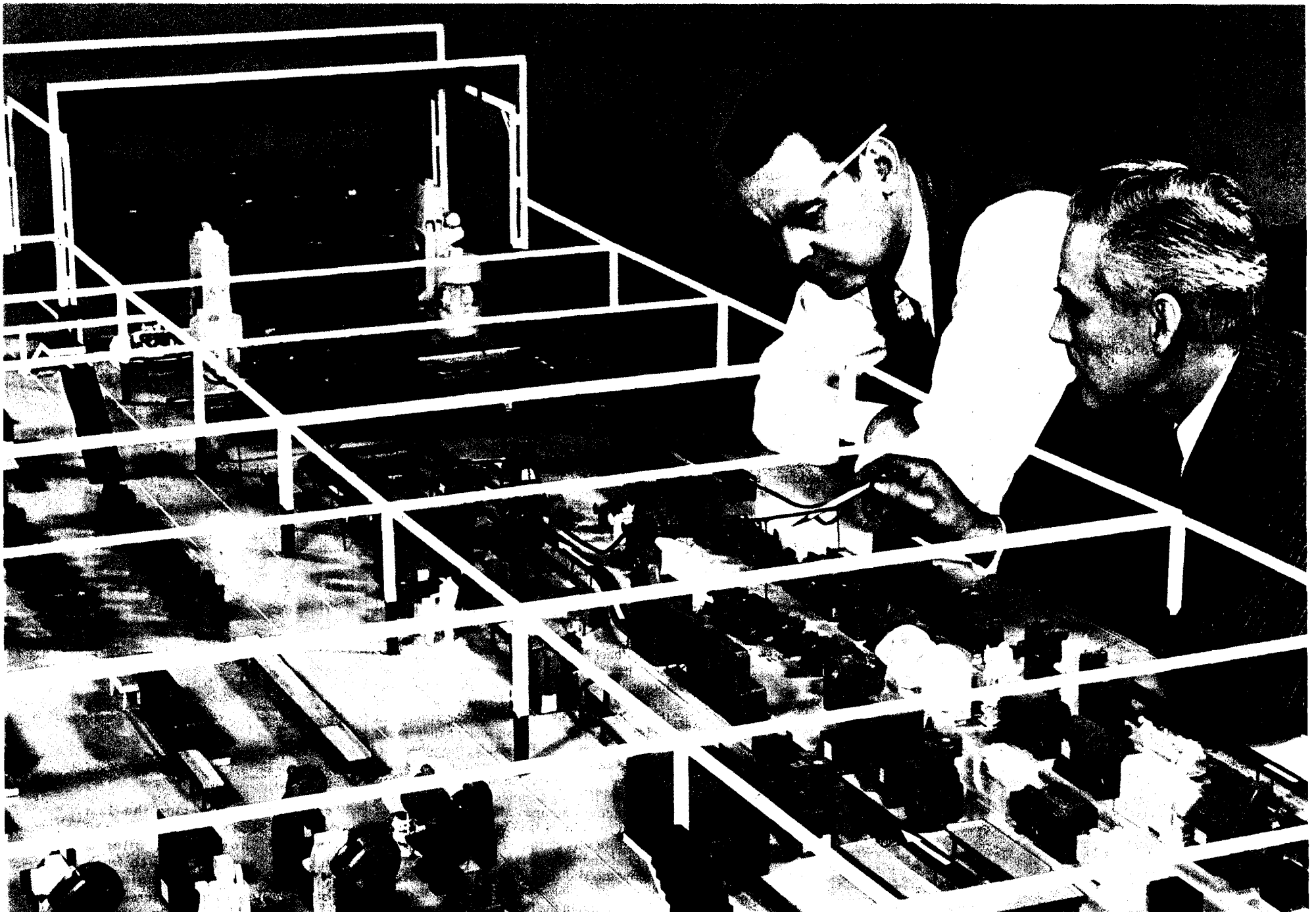


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Something went *thud* beside him and something struck him a hard blow on the chest and Ashley opened his eye. He moved his head slightly and the move was agony; he opened the other eye with infinite care and let both eyes come into focus.

He was lying on his back, he found; it was black night and something feathery was moving between him and the stars. Then he recognized it: coconut palm. The round, hard object touching his left hand had evidently just fallen from directly overhead. This is mighty funny, he thought; something is screwy somewhere. How in the world did I get *here*?

He tried to think. Something about a car—no, two cars and glaring light and an evil-looking murderous face in a car window and a hand with a gun. . . .

IT CAME back. All of it. The Sun Club and Marjorie Dane and the stingers and the race. . . . And the cars stopping . . . and then what?

He had no idea.

He rolled over on his stomach and pushed himself slowly up to a sitting posture. He reached up and felt his head. It felt sticky. Why the dirty so-and-so, he thought. Must have sapped me!

Where am I now?

The immense dark oblong just ahead of him proved, now that he was sitting up and focusing better, to be a billboard. He had been dumped behind a billboard. He thought. This is going to hurt but I have *got* to get on my feet. . . .

He got on his feet and it did hurt, but he made it finally and stood braced against the palm trunk till the first wave of faintness passed.

It wasn't till that moment that it occurred to him to wonder what had become of Marjorie Dane.

Marjorie Dane and the car. . . .

And—

In quick panic he clutched at his midriff. His hand touched his own bare flesh. Dazedly he became aware of what he hadn't

noticed as yet: His shirt was gaping wide and partly out of his slacks.

His money belt was gone.

For a moment his brain refused to admit it: he went on fumbling stupidly at his bare midsection. It wasn't for several seconds that he stopped fumbling. *Gone* . . .

Mechanically, he felt in his other pockets; not that the belt with its carved white plastic and all of his money would be in any other pocket but because it was something to do. His pockets were empty.

Wrist watch? Yes. Very considerate of them, he thought. They leave me my watch. . . . Have I any money?

Three nickels tumbled out of the change pocket in his jacket: that, literally, was all.

It was a bad moment, but it wasn't so bad as the next moment, when realization of his own stupidity in having let *anything* delay him en route to the Biscayne Building burst on him. And of what Randall would say when he learned his instructions had been thus violated. He *did* say (Ashley thought, clutching at straws of excuse) to turn the blasted thing over to Cassidy in person. . . .

That's no excuse. No excuse at all. You should have turned it in to the Bureau as soon as you were told, that's what you should have done and you know it. And you knew it all along. Why did you keep it then? Why? *Why*?

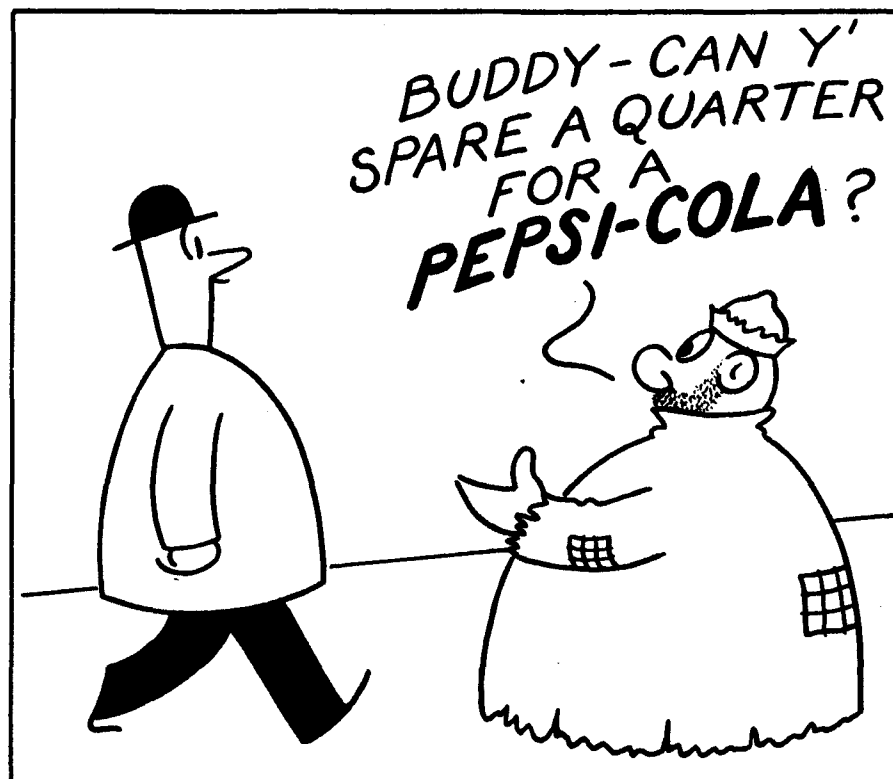
There seemed, really, to be no valid answer.

HE COULDN'T have stood there under the palm for more than three or four minutes in all, but they were very long minutes. Then, with no conscious command from his brain, his long legs began to carry him along. He skirted the billboard and saw that he was standing on a wide, apparently endless sidewalk; it had lampposts but the lamps weren't lit. About a half mile away a cluster of lights evidently marked the spot where the street illumination began. The sidewalk and the road were dark, silent and empty. There were no houses. Some overambitious real-estate scheme, he thought, and his steps

EXTRA DIVIDENDS

RECIPIENT	DIVIDEND
Employee, London	His employer offered him \$2,000 a year to stay away from the plant.
Doctor, Boston	While operating to remove a nickel swallowed by a child, he found a dime also.
Burglar, Granville, N. Y.	After ransacking a house, he took a bath and shaved there.
Traffic victim, Washington	He asked \$26,500 damages, and the jury awarded him \$27,500.
Soldier, Camp Ellis	He asked his girl for a pin-up photograph, and she sent him 156.
Patient, Waikato, N. Z.	While hospitalized, he hatched out chicken eggs under his bedclothes.
Motorists, Tulsa	The police adjusted the parking meters to give three minutes free time per hour.
Centenarian, Radlett, England	While she was celebrating her 100th birthday, someone looked up the records and found she was really 101 years old.
Welfare board, Boise, Idaho	A suddenly prosperous pensioner refunded all the money they had given him, plus a \$2 bonus.
Bandit, Minneapolis	When he found his holdup victim had only \$2, he made him go borrow \$20 more and hand it over.
Women workers, Detroit	The War Labor Board ruled that they must get 5 minutes' nose-powdering time off with pay just before the quitting whistle.

—W. E. Farbstain



O. SOGLOW



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Veri-Thin 17-jewel movement, pink or yellow gold-filled case, Guildite back... \$39.75

Veri-Thin 17-jewel movement, pink or yellow gold-filled case, Guildite back... \$49.75

Veri-Thin Inspiration, 17-jewel movement, pink or yellow gold-filled case, two diamonds... \$125.00

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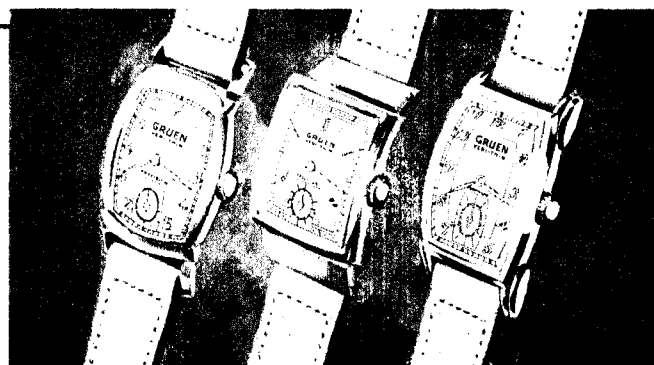


LEFT TO RIGHT

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made hollow sounds on the sidewalk as he began to travel toward the lights.

He looked at his wrist watch; the radium hands said, to his relief, that it was only ten o'clock. Can't have been out long, he thought. Let's see. They sapped me and probably threw me in their car and drove around a bit and stung me out under that handy billboard. What would they have done with her? Slugged her too?

The only bright spot in his whole still confused and foggy mental picture was the thought of Kay. Kay miles away with Betty Lewis, Kay safe—

Was she?

If that was just a stick-up, he thought, then Kay is safe. If in some incomprehensible way I was traced and that was a deliberate effort to get the plastic, made by the same gents who searched our rooms, then—

But he found that his mind simply stalled at the thought of Kay's being molested by any such gentry as the thugs in the car. And anyway, he reasoned, they don't want anything of her; they've got their blasted plastic and that is *that*.

What he had to do was get to a telephone.

THE lights proved to be around a filling station. A thin old man in faded blue denim was sitting on a bench beside its open door, reading a newspaper. Insects buzzed around the big electric bulb over his head. He looked up as Ashley approached, nodded. Ashley said, "You got a phone here I could use? I've been held up and robbed; I want to get the police right away."

The old man looked him over from head to foot before replying.

"Beat ye up a little, too, didn't they?"

"Yes. Where are we—I mean what section of town?"

"South Miami."

"What's your street address? The cops may want to come and pick me up."

The old man told him. "Phone's right there on the wall," he added. "Make yourself to home." He picked up the newspaper again.

Ashley got the operator. He said, "I want to report a robbery; it's very serious. I'm in a gas station now." He added the address the old man had given him. "Would you get me the nearest police station to where I'm standing?"

"Yes, sir," said an efficient-sounding voice. There were buzzings, then Ashley heard, "Miami Police Department, Lieutenant Crosby speaking."

"I've just been slugged and robbed," Ashley said. He mentioned his name and the location of the gas station and went on. "I was with a lady, driving out Biscayne Boulevard. Big dark sedan, three men and maybe more, trailed us, and the monkey in the rear seat threatened us with a gun if we didn't stop. So we stop. Next thing I know I am lying under a billboard not far from this gas station. They got my money, my papers, and a very valuable bit of government property that I was carrying to hand in to the F.B.I. at the Biscayne Building. And I don't know where the lady is, or her car; whether she's alive or dead or snatched or what. Can you tie that?"

Lieutenant Crosby said, heartily and sympathetically, that he could not. "Government property, you say?"

"Yes. I'll tell you more about that when I see you. I—"

"I don't suppose you got the number of the car?"

"Didn't have a chance to."

There was a moment's silence; then Crosby said, "You say you're coming in to make a full report in person?"

"If I can get in. I now have ten cents to my name."

"That'll get you here. There's a bus about five minutes' walk from where you are; it'll get you here in about twenty minutes."

Ashley said thoughtfully, thinking out loud, "Okay. But perhaps I'd better go to the F.B.I. office first—"

"That's up to you, sir. Same bus . . ."

"Well . . . I'll get started. I'll be seeing you shortly, anyway. And you might have one of your cruisers check and see if there's an abandoned open car up on Biscayne Boulevard, somewhere in the Sixties, I should say. I don't know the number but—" He added what specifications he could remember: "The owner, that's the lady I was with, is Mrs. Marjorie Dane. She and her husband are staying at the Seven Palms. You can understand I am not only sore as all hell, I am also very worried over her. She had a lot of valuable jewelry and if she put up any fight, they'd have treated her very roughly. I guess there's no point in alarming her husband yet, though, is there?"

The lieutenant said he thought not; he would have the open car on the Boulevard checked up at once, he said, and he hoped to see Ashley soon. Ashley said he certainly would, and hung up.

The old man was still pretending to read the paper but it was clearly a pretense: he had evidently been so fascinated by the conversation that he was holding the paper upside down. Ashley confirmed the bus directions, thanked him and went away. The old man was clearly anxious to hear some more, but Ashley was in no mood for gossip.

The distance to the bus stop seemed endless; the time he spent waiting after he got there seemed endless too. Actually, as he consulted his wrist watch for the twentieth time, he saw it wasn't even half-past ten. At that moment the bus lights appeared.

It was also at that moment that Ashley realized what he should have done.

It was so obvious that it was terrible to have wasted a single moment, terrible to have stood babbling to the Miami Police Department, terrible to be standing here now in an agony of indecision, with the filling-station telephone long minutes behind him and God knew how far to the next one ahead. . . .

He tried to reassure himself that if they were after the plastic, they wouldn't bother Kay now. And then he was devastated by a further thought: *they might have got to her before. . . .* The bus lights grew bigger, brighter. His head ached dully and now he was torn between going straight to the F.B.I. or checking his fear about Kay. Which way? Back—or-forward?

The bus was stopping. Ashley cleared his throat and swallowed; he said, standing on the entrance step, "How far is the nearest telephone?"

"'Bout a mile, mister."

ASHLEY climbed aboard. The bus was practically empty. Ashley swaying above the driver said, "I've just been held up and robbed—beaten up, too." He showed his bloodstreaked head.

"Yeah?" said the driver. "Yeah?"

"Yes. Lady with me—I don't know what's happened to her. I want to use a phone and I've got just ten cents to my name. Would you do me a favor—hang onto this wrist watch for me and loan me a dollar?"

He held out his wrist. It was a very fine watch. The driver looked at it suspiciously, up at Ashley again. He hesitated. Ashley said: "Hell, half a dollar will do." He unclasped the watch and held it out.

"Aw," said the driver finally, "I don't want your watch. I'll loan you fifty cents, sure. You can pay me some day."

By the time Ashley had acquired ten more nickels, thanked the man and noted his number, they were stopping outside a drugstore. Ashley said, "Thanks a million. Be seeing you." He let himself down carefully from the step lest his head fall wide open and went into the drugstore.

He thumbed over the L's in the phone book with fingers that shook badly. Just to be sure, *sure* that Kay was all right—Betty Lewis couldn't be asleep yet, it wouldn't take a moment to get reassurance; then Cassidy . . .

He found the number, dialed it, heard distant sound. The sound went on and on. Desperately he hung up, dropped another nickel, dialed again. . . . The same endless ringing—and no answer. He began suddenly

(Continued on page 61)

Will You Car Last

*'til you can
get another?*

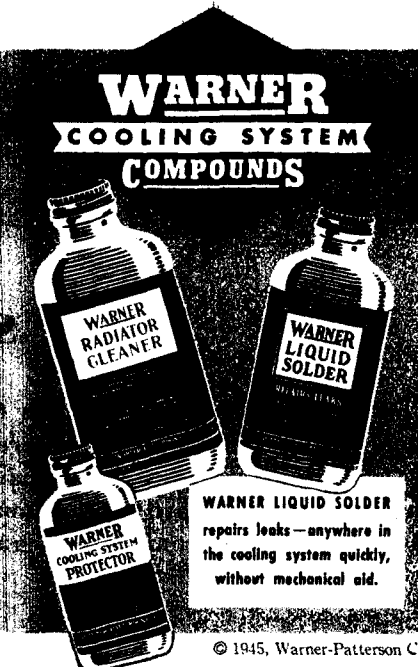
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turing the sparkle of the sun, and a great patience with the slow hand of time. For flavor and sparkle and mellowness are the delights of Old Grand-Dad—an ever-present invitation to count him among your friends and include him among your guests.

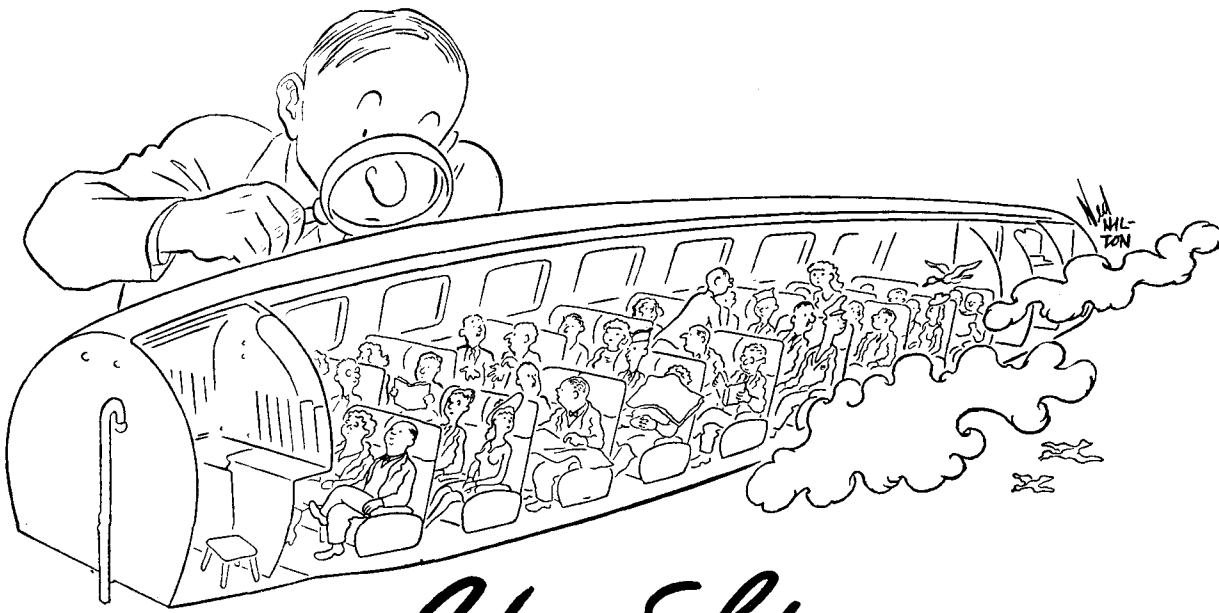
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Mocking Up Your Future Airliner

A hint of the luxury of air travel tomorrow has at last been given by a series of perfect little-scale models of the famous Curtiss Commando, built for demonstration to airline officials. The models are sections of passenger cabins, at one-tenth scale, with one side removed so that all interior details are revealed. They are complete to the last fixture, including carpets, curtains and color schemes.

These costly models are not advertising toys but the first essential step in helping airline planners to visualize the accommodations they will offer the air traveler of the future. As arrangements can be varied widely, the models give quickest and cheapest way of adapting cabin layouts to many different kinds of passenger service.

Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Before building a model, engineers work out a full-sized mock-up of a cabin interior, shifting seats and compartments around till they arrive at the most desirable layout. Drawings of the final mock-up are then reproduced to small scale by modelmakers using colored plastic materials. The result is an exact miniature of the luxury liner to come. From it, studies can be made of the number of passengers to be carried, weight, storage space, the handling of food, cabin heating—all essentials that must be worked out before the new luxury liners themselves can be built.

Walking on Plastic

Shoe soles of the future may not be leather or rubber at all, but made of a new material which is proving to be better than either. Not only will the material outwear the best shoe soles of today; it is more flexible and waterproof and a better insulator from the cold of ice and snow. It is as non-skid as rubber but lighter than the standard sole and can be dyed in any color, and sewn and trimmed as easily as leather. It is the only substitute for leather so far found that will give the foot the firm support it needs.

Penicillin for Everyone

Much more penicillin will be available soon as the result of the vast increase in production made possible by new techniques of refining the drug. To make liquid penicillin ready for use, it must be evaporated down to powder form and sealed in small standard ampoules. Serious delay has always been caused by the tedious job of drying the delicate mold slowly enough to avoid killing it by heat. One way was to evaporate it in open dishes at room temperature; another froze it and dried it under high vacuum. Both methods are cumbersome, expensive and slow.

The new process of drying, which largely solves the problem of mass production, places small bottles of the liquid under vacuum and passes high-frequency electric currents through the penicillin solution inside. The instant electronic heating penetrates so thoroughly that the liquid can be boiled away to dryness at only 50 degrees Fahrenheit, in a few hours, with no damage to the drug at all.

A single drying and loading machine will turn out 200,000,000 Oxford units an hour—two thousand standard ampoule doses. Production at this rate, from one machine, is more than the total output of all penicillin factories in America a few months ago. Post-war manufacture on this scale will make the great germ killer as plentiful as aspirin is now.

Watch for These . . .

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New and better bandaging gauze—flexible, slightly roughened, so it will stay on children's fingers and knees and elbows. ★★★

Darling, This is Death

Continued from page 59

to perspire all over: his back, his armpits, his face. His knees quivered. He wrenched open the door and called to the clerk behind the counter: "How long would it take me to get a taxi here?"

The youth grinned. "Halloran's catchin' up on his sleep right around the corner—"

Before he could finish, Ashley was out the door. The yellow cab had its parking lights on, and Halloran was dozing behind the wheel. He smelled strongly of wine. Like a whole vineyard of wine, Ashley shook him. The seamed puffy face lifted, the eyes opened. "M all ri, I tell you."

Ashley said soothingly, "I know you are. I just want to make a quick run out to the Gables, then back to town. Okay?"

Halloran emitted a regretful sigh for his lost dream and said, "Sure. Hop in."

Ashley told him where to go.

It was quite a long ride. It was five minutes past eleven as the taxi slowed for the short blind street. "Right at the end," Ashley said. "I won't be two seconds." He was out of the door and sprinting across the dark thick grass before Halloran had time to slap on his brake. There were no lights in the house: white in the masses of shrubbery, it looked calm, serene. . . . Ashley knocked tentatively at the front door. And again, less tentatively. And once more: three thunderous slams that would have waked the dead. He waited for the space of three loud heartbeats, then he tried the knob. The door swung open. He felt mechanically for the place beside the doorjamb where a light switch might be, and lights came on.

The place was a shambles. And he had been wrong about the thunderous slams. They hadn't waked the dead. They hadn't waked Betty Lewis. . . .

She lay sprawled on the wide red divan. From the looks of the room—smashed bric-a-brac, an overturned floor lamp, rumpled car-

pet, a light chair on its side—Betty had put up a pretty good fight. But it hadn't helped her. She had been strangled. Her dark face was swollen and bloated, the tongue protruding between tight-clenched teeth. She must have bitten it through, Ashley thought, looking down at her body, and at the moment this seemed a particularly horrid detail. Her skin was still warm. . . .

Ashley stepped over the lamp and wrenched open the door of the adjoining bedroom where Kay's unconscious body had been set down.

The room was dark. He plunged onto the bed whose outline he could see dimly by the long window.

The rumpled bed was empty. Kay was gone.

THE F.B.I. arrived in the person of Cassidy at the Lewis house. By that time Halloran had got the local law—the telephone, Ashley found, had been pulled from its moorings and tossed on the floor. The local law was very shocked, very efficient, and—including even the medical examiner—full of darkly suspicious glances at Ashley. He didn't blame them. Yes, he'd been here before, earlier in the evening; no, he didn't see how any human soul could have traced the ambulance which brought Mrs. Allison here. . . .

At this point Cassidy arrived, summoned by a squad car which the inspector in charge had dispatched a little grudgingly at Ashley's emphatic insistence. Cassidy stepped into the living room full of glaring light and said quietly, "Good evening, gentlemen. Which of you is Mr. Rawdon?"

He was a tall blond slim Irishman, very self-assured, very quiet. Everything about him was quiet: his clothes, his tread, his voice. But there was (Ashley felt intuitively as they shook hands) a controlled strength in the man far more deadly than any blustering.

So, at last Ashley told his story. He started with what had greeted him and Kay at the Bayview Hotel, found that he was leaving too many loose ends, started again with his climbing aboard the Milford bus at Litchfield, and proceeded thereafter without too many deletions and with no interruptions from anyone. Cassidy sat opposite him, facing him, but he didn't seem to be watching him, he appeared to be listening intently.

Ashley said, summing up, "So there it is—the—er—plastic missing, Mrs. Dane missing, Mrs. Allison missing—and Miss Lewis dead." He added, addressing Cassidy only, "I've just given you the high lights, naturally. I have a couple of ideas, but yours will unquestionably be better. Only for the love of God, how can we get on the track of Mrs. Allison? And does anyone mind if I have a drink?"

Apparently no one did. He reached for the decanter and Cassidy said quickly, at Ashley's outstretched hand: "Careful! Use a handkerchief. Might be fingerprints."

Ashley drank three fingers standing and sat down again. He felt a little better—better physically, that is; mentally he was building up to such a point of tension that instead of sitting down again quietly he wanted to yell at them, Cassidy included, "Do something, you fatheads, or I'll start playing detective myself."

This was absurd and he knew it. He hadn't the slightest notion of what to do next. Then he got a notion. He said: "Mr. Cassidy. Don't you think it would be a good idea if you checked personally with Randall—and maybe let me have a word with him too? I'm sure, from things he said on the wire, that he's got some angles of this whole mess which I can't tell you. . . ."

"That," said Cassidy, rising briskly, "is the next move. Been waiting to suggest it. Inspector, can I have a word with you in the bedroom?"

They came out shortly: the big burly sledge of a man and the tall slim blade of a man. "Okay," Cassidy said quietly. "You and I, Rawdon, ride with the inspector. . . ."

It was a swift trip back to town and they pulled up in front of a large office building on Flagler Street.

"Okay, now we'll get Randall," said Cassidy cheerfully. He added, candidly: "The inspector thought perhaps you ought to be locked up—for tonight, anyway—as a material witness. He's agreed to turn you over to me personally, for the next few hours at least—till we can get some of these details straightened out. . . ."

Ashley said hoarsely, "Very good of both of you. I'll be around."

"I know you will be," said Cassidy, and whether there was an ironic overtone in his quiet voice Ashley couldn't tell. They went in. Through the glass doors Ashley could see by the clock in the open Western Union office that it was still short of one o'clock. The elevator let the three men off at an upper floor.

AS CASSIDY pushed open the glass-paneled door of an office behind which light was burning, Ashley thought: I should have been here, under my own steam, hours ago. . . . They'd have the plastic safe, then, anyway. . . . but Kay—it wouldn't have made any difference about her. . . . How could they tell, how could they tell she was at Betty Lewis? Better suggest they check with Doctor Ryan and the ambulance outfit—maybe someone inquired. But he had warned them it was confidential and he didn't believe they'd have breathed a word.

It was a small, quiet inner office. Ashley noticed the windows were curtained. Cassidy said: "Sit down, gentlemen; I want to get one other party. . . ."

He went through an inner door, and when he came back Randall was with him. Ashley

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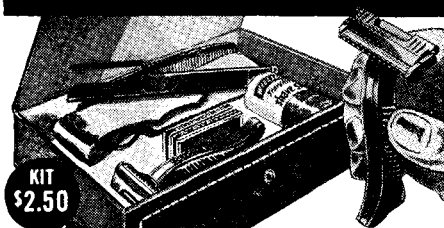


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A Correspondence Institution

jumped up and said, "Randall!" in a shocked amazed tone, as though he were seeing a welcome ghost.

Randall said, "I hear the going's been getting a little tough. How are you?" He shook hands. Ashley said, "But—but they told me at your office you'd be back there at ten tonight."

"That," Randall said, "was a possibly superfluous precaution in case anyone had been listening in on your phone. I didn't want to advertise this trip."

"But when'd you start?"

"Little while after you and I talked this morning. I—well—all things considered, it seemed wiser. I was due for a couple of days' leave, anyway. Got in about half an hour ago."

Cassidy performed an introduction to the inspector; they all sat down. Randall said, "I don't know all the details and we won't go into them now. Briefly, what's happened since you and I talked this morning, Rawdon?"

Ashley said, trying to be succinct, "Someone searched our rooms at the hotel this afternoon. Wrecked everything. Didn't get the item I mentioned to you. I had it. Mrs. Allison had mild hysterics, and I thought the first thing to do was to get her safe somewhere. Got a private ambulance and a doctor, gave her a shot in the arm, took her out to a friend's place; Betty Lewis. I took a bus back. I didn't see and I still don't see how the ambulance could have been traced. I called Cassidy here, and they said he wouldn't be back till midnight. I went into a place called the Sun Club for a quick one, and Marjorie Dane came over and sat down with me. I was very surprised. Dinner was suggested, she said she'd drive her car; I figured I'd have to wait another couple of hours for Cassidy, so off we went." He added brief details of the pursuit on the boulevard, his waking—dazed and presumably alone—under a billboard, his sudden sharp fear for Kay's safety—and the taxi ride with its dreadful ending. It didn't take long because the words came spilling out so fast. Randall's face was expressionless. When Ashley got through he turned to Cassidy, said, in his quiet New England voice, just two words:

"Any traces?"

ASHLEY had had a number of surprises that day; he got another one now. Cassidy hesitated; then he put his hand in his pocket and extracted a small square envelope, holding it delicately by the edges. He said: "I found this..." and handed it to Randall, adding, "It had been lying on the living-room floor, near the body, partly covered by one of the rugs."

"What's that?" said the inspector, prepared to bristle.

Ashley stood up without realizing it and peered down over Randall's shoulder. The envelope was addressed in a fluent feminine hand to "Miss Kay Wendell, Charles River Apts., Boston, Mass." It bore a Miami postmark dated several days back. It was empty. But as Randall turned it over, Ashley heard his own voice utter a kind of choked gargle. He said, "Why, that—that—?"

"What about it?" Randall said sharply.

Ashley said, "That was written by Miss Lewis; Miss Wendell showed it to me on the train coming down. Urging her to hurry and come down for the promised visit. And I will bet you any money that it wasn't among Kay's things when I lumped them together before we put her in the ambulance. I'd have seen it—which means... which means..."

"Sure," said Randall soberly. "That's probably the answer. They found it when they searched her room; they could easily look Miss Lewis up in the phone book; it was a Miami address to watch, home of a close friend, a place to pick up the lady if they lost her trail. So... they do lose your trail at the hotel, so they figure, well, we'll try Lewis'... Lewis shows fight and they strangle her and snatch the girl. Letter probably fell out of the guy's pocket while she was struggling with him, and he never noticed it... not—unless it's got other prints besides your friend's—that it would matter much..."

"But it might," Ashley said. "It might matter a lot. The hotel clerk can give a pretty good description of the men who searched

our rooms. Wouldn't they be in on tonight's job too?"

"Could be... could be," Randall said. "Well, there's an answer on how they found her, anyway. Cassidy, better see about the prints right away."

Ashley said, as Cassidy went out, "Where do we go from here?"

"I think you'd better get your head looked at and go to bed," Randall said, not unkindly. "We've got a lot of things to do and you can't help us, Rawdon."

"But I—"

"Truly you can't. You'd be in the way."

CASSIDY came back in the door. His face was grave. He said, "Headquarters reports they found a big sports car away up the boulevard; its lights were all off and the cruiser spotted it and when he came around again it was still there. So he stopped to look and there was a woman in it. Blonde—"

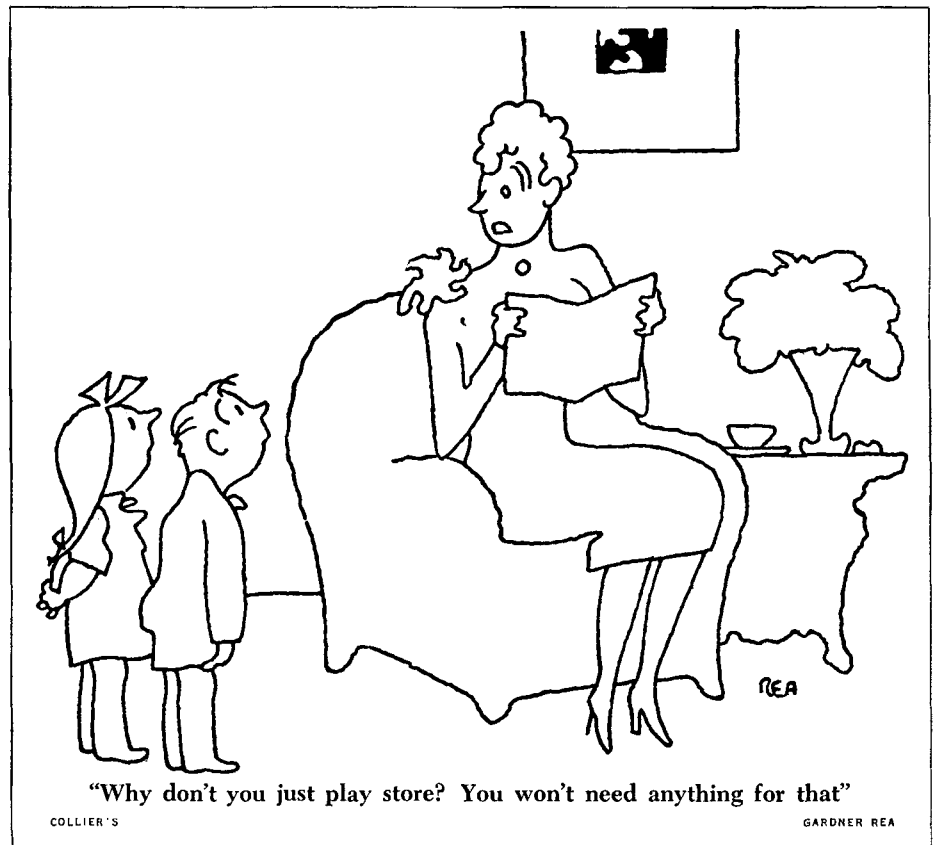
"Alive?" Ashley asked.

"Where is she now?" Randall added.

"City Hospital. Ambulance. Unconscious, been drinking, may have skull fracture. Driver's license to Marjorie Dane, New Haven..."

Randall said: "Better have 'em notify us as soon as she comes round, don't you think, Cassidy? ... Now on that black sedan..."

Ashley said, "I didn't see the number." Randall swung round to face him. His tone



became colored with impatience. He said, "I forgot; I thought you'd gone. Listen, will you please do me one favor? Get yourself off to bed and stay there. You've—"

He stopped. Ashley said, "I know. Finish it. 'You've done enough damage for one day!' ... All right, I will. That is, if I'm free to go."

Ashley liked Randall and he was miserably self-accusatory about the loss of the plastic; but he had had a good deal of strain by this time and it made him suddenly furiously angry to be packed off to bed like a child while the real experts now got down to cases. His voice shook.

Randall's voice was gentle again, as he said, "Of course you're free to go. Unless—" he glanced at Cassidy. Some look or gesture passed between them. Randall said: "Where you going, by the way?"

Ashley said: "I don't know. It's bad enough to lose that plastic for you, but to realize, from that letter, that I'd carefully placed Kay in the one spot they'd be sure to try..."

"Rest," said Randall, placing a firm authoritative hand on his shoulder. "Rest is indicated. For eight hours. And be here at nine-thirty sharp and we'll go on from there."

"All right. Good night..."

They all said good night. Ashley got to the

door before he remembered that he had no money; he borrowed twenty from Randall and went away.

He went away but he didn't go far: his legs felt wobbly of a sudden and he turned in at an all-night lunchroom and sat down. He knew he wasn't going to bed because he couldn't have borne the touch of a bed; also he was, on second thought, angry all over again with Randall. Closemouthed as a clam, he thought: doesn't tell me he's coming south, won't tell me who's following us, talks about hunches and laughs on the phone...

He asked for coffee and doughnuts and sat staring straight into the gleaming chromium refrigerator door but not seeing his own distorted image at all. If I could just reconcile the two, he was thinking—the killing and the kidnaping on the one hand, the assault on me and Marjorie on the other hand—if I could only make them jibe, then the crazy idea I had this afternoon mightn't be so wild after all.

He drank some more coffee and the answer came to him in a kind of soundless thunder-clap inside his skull. At least it seemed like an answer. It was so brilliant and intriguing a thought that he put down his cup and walked away. He had to walk, however, aimlessly, while he considered his beautiful, his dazzling idea. Pure bluff, of course... but mightn't it be a bluff that would work because it really was the amazing, the incredible

truth? Certainly only he, Ashley, could employ it. Randall couldn't because it was highly illegal; also Randall couldn't proceed on pure bluff, couldn't afford to. Randall had to be sure. Ashley felt suddenly very tender toward Randall—a nice guy, a very nice guy, only he had to be sure.

THE streets were nearly empty now, and darker, with the store lights turned out. Wartime Miami went to bed early, it seemed. An empty taxi sidled past, the driver hopelessly alert. Ashley hailed it: "How far's the Seven Palms on the Beach?"

"Oh... quite a piece. Wanna go?"

"Yes."

Biscayne Boulevard again, and the same fireflies along the glittering rope that reached out into darkness, toward the sea. But this time they themselves were one of the fireflies. The broad white Causeway railings skimmed backward past them; even at this hour a few enthusiasts were leaning with drop lines here and there, hoping for a stray bite.

Damn' funny thing about that camera case, he thought suddenly. And I forgot to mention it to Randall at all. Why should an empty leather case knock Kay endwise that way?—because the more I think of it, the



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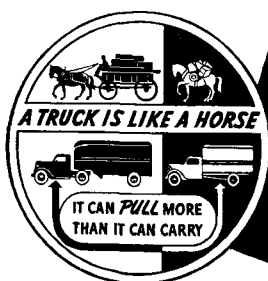
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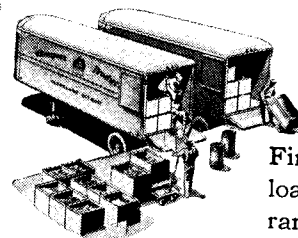
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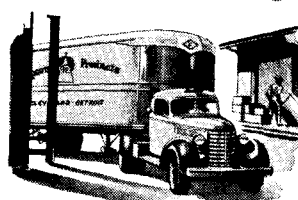


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The truck backs in with an empty Trailer . . . "drops" it . . . then couples on to a loaded Fruehauf . . . and immediately starts off on another trip. During loading and unloading, only the Trailers stand idle. The trucks are on the road pulling other Trailers to their destinations. This means fewer trucks are needed—because each is working constantly. And costly tie-ups of trucks and drivers, during loading and unloading, are entirely eliminated.



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more I think it was the case and not just accumulated strain. . . . Well, maybe she had some films in the camera and they seized the camera, so . . . so what? Hell, I give up: just a couple of words with Dane is all I ask right now.

They approached the irregular blur of light which was the Beach. It was very dark and quiet, and the sea wind felt fine on Ashley's head. It occurred to him that he hadn't even washed the blood off his forehead. The hell with it, he thought, let it stay there. The only thing he would have liked was a gun.

They turned into a curved graveled drive and stopped. Ashley settled, said, "Thanks, don't wait," and climbed low white broad steps conscious, now that he was really here, of his sardonic calm.

He walked into a huge vaulted lobby in which the lights were dimmed. Somnolent splendor. At the bemarbled desk, Ashley said with as much hauteur as he could muster to a sad-eyed night clerk: "I'm a friend of Mr. Dane's—Mr. Harry Dane's of New Haven. Is he back yet, do you know?"

"Mr. Dane . . . let me see—oh yes." He turned, inserted a queuing hand in a box labeled 418, and said: "He must be, sir. His key's not here."

Ashley said: "There's been a very bad accident. Has any word come in about Mrs. Dane?"

The sad eyes brightened. "Mrs. Dane? No, sir, not that I know of. Has she been hurt?"

"In the hospital," Ashley said. "In the blasted hospital is all. Pretty serious. I think I'd better go up and break it to Mr. Dane personally." He turned his blood-streaked forehead so that the clerk could get a richer view. "I was in the same smash," he said. "Don't call Dane: I'll go straight up."

The clerk achieved an expression of horror belied by the avid glitter in his eye. He said, "You don't want me to announce you, then, sir? What is the name?"

"Rawdon. Of New York. If any calls for Mr. Dane come in while I'm with him, you'd better ask for me." He leaned closer. "She may be—" He pointed a thumb down. "I'd better know first."

"Yes, Mr. Rawdon. I'll do that. Four eighteen. Elevator right over there."

Ashley knew it was 418 already, which might have been handy to know if the clerk hadn't been so compliant. He wanted to see Mr. Dane out of a clear sky, as it were. The sleepy colored boy ran him up to the fourth floor in a gilt cage that was big enough to train lions in.

Four eighteen was at the end of a long soft-carpeted hall. Ashley approached noiselessly. He put his bunched fist in his right-hand jacket pocket and rapped with the other fist on the door.

A muffled thumping growing louder within announced the approach of some heavy body; a chain rattled; the door swung back. The man confronting Ashley was built like a cement pillbox. His curves were not fat but solid strength. He must have been easily six feet tall; he had slicked-back, iron-colored hair and a heavy red face. His hands were enormous. He wore a little white jacket, which Ashley thought looked simply silly on him, and dark trousers. He said in a heavy cockney voice, "Yes, sir. Wot is it?"

Ashley said, "Mr. Dane. Want to see him at once. Very important."

"Aoh, you cah'n't do thet, sir. 'E's retired." "Well, he'll have to get up." Ashley stepped closer. "It's about Mrs. Dane," he said, almost in a whisper. "Very bad news. Car smash. I'm from the hospital—"

"My Gaw, sir," Frankenstein stepped back. Ashley said, following him, "Yes; they want me to break it to him personally. I'm Doctor Rawdon."

Before such authority, the monster stepped all the way back, cowed. "Will you wyte 'ere, sir?—I'll tell Mr. Dane 'e 'as a visitor."

"Right," Ashley said, "don't tell him anything but that. He has a bad heart, you know—"

THE door was closed. Ashley looked around and thought, this is as near to the Royal Suite as the Seven Palms could get. He was in a damask-chaired bemirrored foyer, very stiff and new. Harry Dane's straw hat and varnished stick were on the table. Ashley put a large foot coarsely on the seat of one of the chairs and stood propped, waiting. He didn't have to wait long.

One of the foyer's half-dozen doors opened. "Mr. Dane says, wot's it abaht?" The colossus came nearer. "Wot'll I sye, sir?"

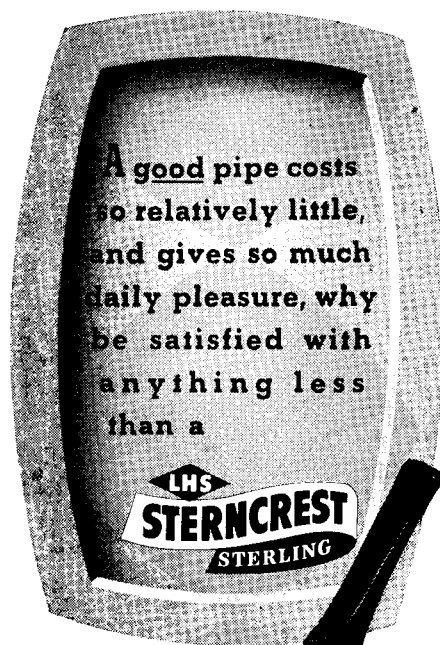
"Where is he?" Ashley said firmly.

"Who is it, Anderson?" came Harry Dane's rich fruity voice.

"A doctor, sir." This apparently in desperation. "'E says there's been a accident."

There was a muffled exclamation within, and Harry Dane appeared on the threshold. You certainly pulled on your pants in a hurry, Ashley thought, for Mr. Dane was fully—even nattily—dressed. He wore a luscious peach-colored velvet smoking jacket

(Continued on page 69)



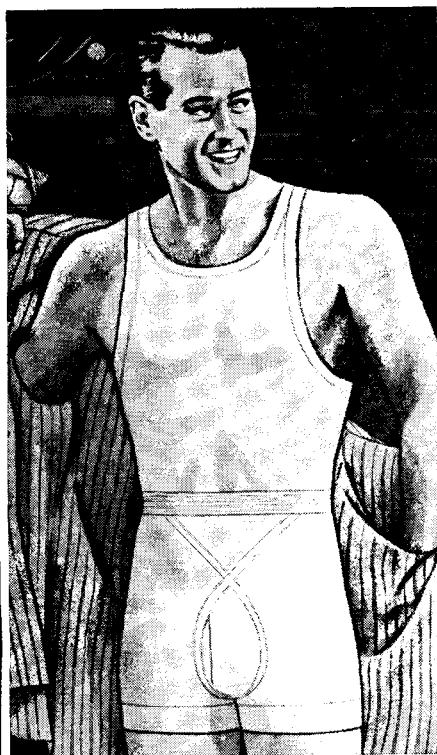
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Assault
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This Liberator shut down a factory



1. These explosions mark the site of an Axis armament factory deep inside Germany. The plant was operating full blast, until the Liberators came over and dropped their tons of demolition bombs. Now this factory won't be doing business at the old stand for a long time to come, if ever. This story could be repeated over and over again.

This Liberator kept one running

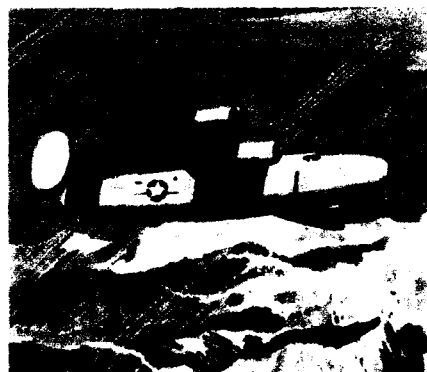


2. Here you see a United States radar equipment factory. Lacking a certain rare mineral, obtainable today only in India, this plant faced a temporary shutdown. But the threat never materialized. Several tons of the precious ore were loaded into a Liberator Express, which flew it direct to the factory from India in just 60 hours.



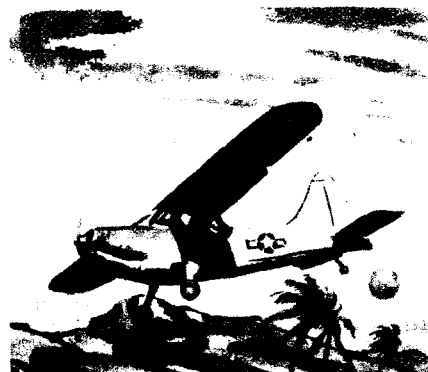
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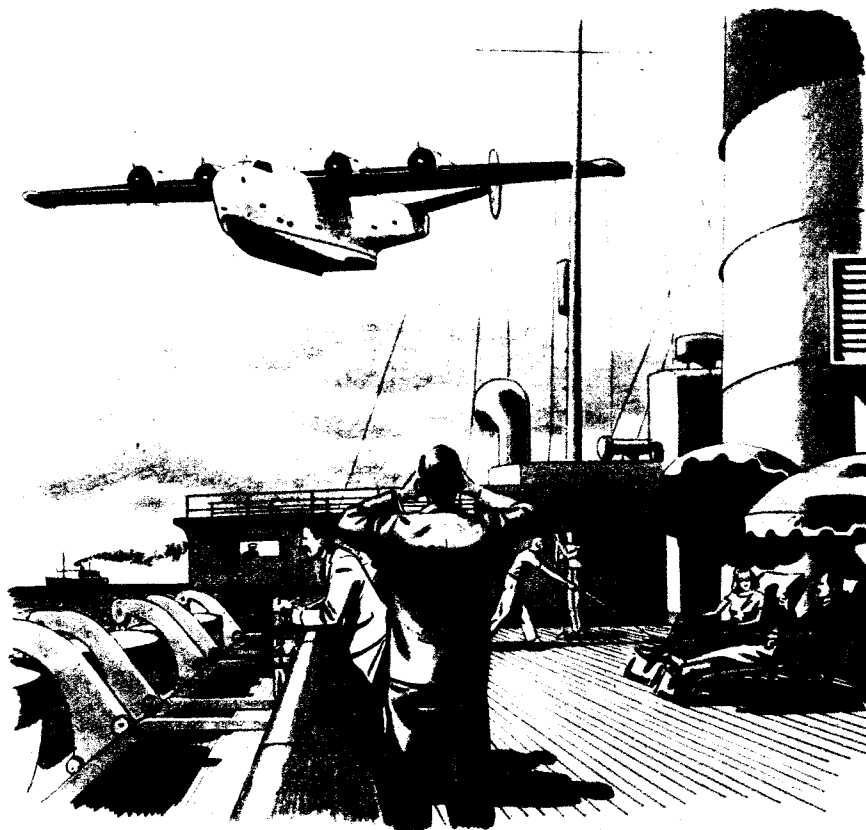


3. Air Express has come of age. Today, such vital cargoes as tin, mica, tantalite, beryllium, mercury, drugs, and industrial diamonds are being imported by air at the rate of 40,000,000 pounds a year.

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4. Still another job awaits the airplane when the war is over . . .

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MOSS HART'S

Winged Victory

PRODUCED BY DARRYL F. ZANUCK . . . DIRECTED BY GEORGE CUKOR



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A favorite plane of many private flyers in peacetime, the wartime version of the Reliant is now widely used, especially by Royal Navy pilots, for all-important instrument-flight instruction and navigational training.



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The Valiant is a swift, rugged two-place basic trainer, in which practically all of the Army and Navy pilots in this war received their basic training. This dependable trainer has a service ceiling of 21,000 feet.

(All the planes shown here were designed and developed by Consolidated Vultee)

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Some of the jobs assigned the basic series 71 power units in "Singles," "Twins," and "Quads" are among the toughest on the books today—powering landing craft and driving Army M-3, M-4 tanks and M-10 tank destroyers.

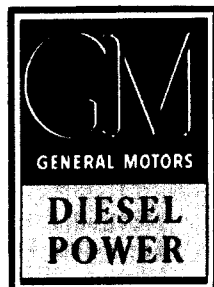
It takes "oomph"—plenty of it—to plow a tank through hip-

deep mud, to lift it out of shell craters, to keep it hot after the enemy—to beach and extricate a landing craft when the breakers are running high.

So it is easy to look ahead and see how these "multiple" Diesels will take hold of the countless jobs of industry and perform them equally well—particularly where the ratio of power to weight or space is of prime importance.

And remember, these "Twins" and "Quads," like the single sixes, share all the important developments which General Motors has contributed to Diesel science.

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Darling, This is Death

Continued from page 64

with his dinner-coat trousers, and a black tie above a richly pleated silk shirt. His yellow-white hair was smoothly parted above his faintly bulbous left eye, and his mustache had an even more luxuriant curl than Ashley remembered. His stomach seemed bigger, too. He peered at the tall figure standing in his entry, then he said, "Why, bless my soul! It's—sorry, I don't remember your name. You a doctor? What's wrong?"

"I'd like very much to see you for a few minutes alone."

Harry Dane hesitated. It seemed to Ashley that he sketched, involuntarily, the movement of a backward glance. He said, "Well . . . to tell you the truth . . . Sit down here, will you? What's on your mind?"

"Quite a lot," Ashley said stonily, "and I really can't discuss it here in the front hall."

"It's extremely inconvenient," said Mr. Dane loudly. "Extremely. But . . . well, come in."

HIS polished pumps clicked on parquet flooring as he led the way into a large and elaborate sitting room. Chromium and blue and white seemed to be the dominant color notes: it had the sterile beauty of any expensive room in any *de luxe* hotel. It had evidently had another occupant a moment before, for there were two separate chromium ash trays from which coils of pearl-gray smoke were still rising. "Yes?" said Harry Dane, standing in the middle of the carpet and not suggesting that Ashley do otherwise. "I hope this isn't going to take long—"

"That," said Ashley, standing rocklike and hoping his bunched fist was making a genuinely terrifying impersonation of a gun in his jacket pocket, "depends a good deal on you." His voice had a hollow ring in his own ears—and suddenly he wanted to titter with what he knew was hysterical laughter—he sounded like the voice of doom in a radio thriller.

Harry Dane clasped his hands behind his back and said: "What are you getting at? I'm sorry, I can't even remember who you are;

we met for just a moment at the Ardens, didn't we? Please come to the point."

Now that, Ashley thought, eying him, is a stupid remark. You remembered me perfectly the instant you saw me.

"I will," he said. "I certainly will. I don't know whether you realize it or not, because you don't seem to me to be at all the type, but you're up to your neck in armed robbery, kidnaping, and—just tonight—a particularly brutal murder."

Not bad for an opener, he thought, and was sure of it when he saw the effect on Dane.

Dane stood there rocking, literally rocking on his heels, his mouth beneath the curled white mustache fell open and the plump cheeks seemed to swell up like puffballs. But this interesting display lasted only a second. There were reserves in that plump carcass. Harry Dane closed his mouth and passed a hand over his smooth yellow-white hair as if dazed and unable to believe his own ears. Then he said in a direct hard voice quite unlike his drawing-room pose: "What in hell's name are you talking about? Have you gone suddenly crazy? I think you'd better leave at once—or would you rather be thrown out bodily?"

"I'll go out under my own steam," Ashley said, "and I'll go out when I get ready. I told you it's up to you. I've had two conversations recently which you certainly don't know about. One was in Connecticut and opened a lot of questions; the other was here in Miami and gave me a lot of answers. One was with the government man who used to work for your friend Arden and he was killed a couple of days ago." Ashley hesitated because he thought he saw Dane's pale eyes flicker. Then he went on:

"He was killed—but he talked to me, alone in his hotel room—he talked to me before he died. . . . The other was with your wife, who dined with me tonight. And what she didn't tell me . . ." He stopped abruptly, shaking his head as if the scope and candor of the disclosures had left him speechless.

Harry Dane's face had hardened into lines which made it quite unlike the face of the carelessly genial old *bon vivant* which the social world knew; this was the face of a satyr. It had cruelty and it had strength, great strength. He said, "I still don't know what you're talking about. I don't know of any government man who worked for Arden dying—I wouldn't know, though, of course. Why should I? And as for my wife . . . I haven't the least idea what she said. She'll say anything when she gets a couple of drinks in her—anything. She used to be an actress, you know: charming girl, but just small parts, and I sometimes think she misses it, so she has to invent all sorts of wild romancings. You mustn't pay any attention to her."

Ashley had a moment of really keen perception. That speech, he thought, was really clever; by gradual degrees he's changing the whole tone of the conversation as well as giving me excuses. The last sentence was in practically a normal man-to-man manner. But the lines of the face did not soften. Ashley said icily:

"And I suppose you know nothing about the camera?"

Nine words—and shot in the dark if ever there was a shot in the dark. But if they had been nine bullets they could hardly have had a more striking effect on Harry Dane. The rush of purple to his already-congested face was almost like a purple veil suddenly mantling him. He staggered a little and made small choking noises; he put out one hand and groped for support. Ashley expected him to fall flat on his face and extended an involuntary hand of his own. Harry Dane shook his head violently and felt his way, as if half blind, to the long blue-and-white-cushioned divan and let his stout body down on it. He leaned forward and propped his face between his hands supported by his knees. It was a pose curiously reminiscent to Ashley of Kay Wendell's pose that afternoon at the Bayview . . . a little while before he asked her about the camera . . . a little while before she fainted. . . . He thought, I don't want the old phutz to die on me before he talks; he said, in a voice much gentler than he had intended, "Dane, don't you think you'd better lie all the way back for a couple of minutes?"

The seated figure before him didn't move. It was apparently trying to get some air into its lungs. Again Ashley was reminded of another seated figure which had refused his well-meant suggestions . . . a few minutes before it died.

As if to complete the startling similarity to this last, the words, uttered in a wheezy voice like an old broken bellows, came faintly through the hands up to Ashley's ears: "Be all ri' . . . minute."

"I don't know how they treat incipient stroke," Ashley heard himself mutter. "Water? Drink? Kick in the pants?" He felt no pity and no mercy for the suddenly shrunken-seeming figure bowed before him; he had seen too many good men to . . . he did feel a warm glow of self-congratulation that his fumbling stabs had finally pierced the man's armor-plated hide—and a keen curiosity to learn more. He waited. Two things happened.

Harry Dane's voice said thickly: "But you don't understand. She didn't understand. . . . All a joke. S'posed be . . . funny."

THE last word was barely off his tongue before quite a different voice behind Ashley said:

"Just what goes on here? Who are you?"

Even before he turned, Ashley knew who it was. For the words were as cold as glacial rock, though they were spoken with the absurdly exaggerated English drawl usually associated with light and jesting comedy.

Mr. Relling in an inner doorway presented an unusual and startling picture. He was wearing a dressing robe and slippers but there was nothing indolent about him this time. The yellowish glare behind the pale cold eyes was distinctly feral, and he stood straight as a ramrod, with authority explicit in every line of his stance.

It was backed up by a large automatic held efficiently balanced against his hip, its muzzle pointing without the slightest waver directly at Ashley's heart.

(To be concluded next week)

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is Typically Swiss



Suessmost (sweet cider) is made from the mixed juices of apples, pears and other fresh fruit. Juice is sterilized, bottled and served cold. A favorite beverage throughout Switzerland.

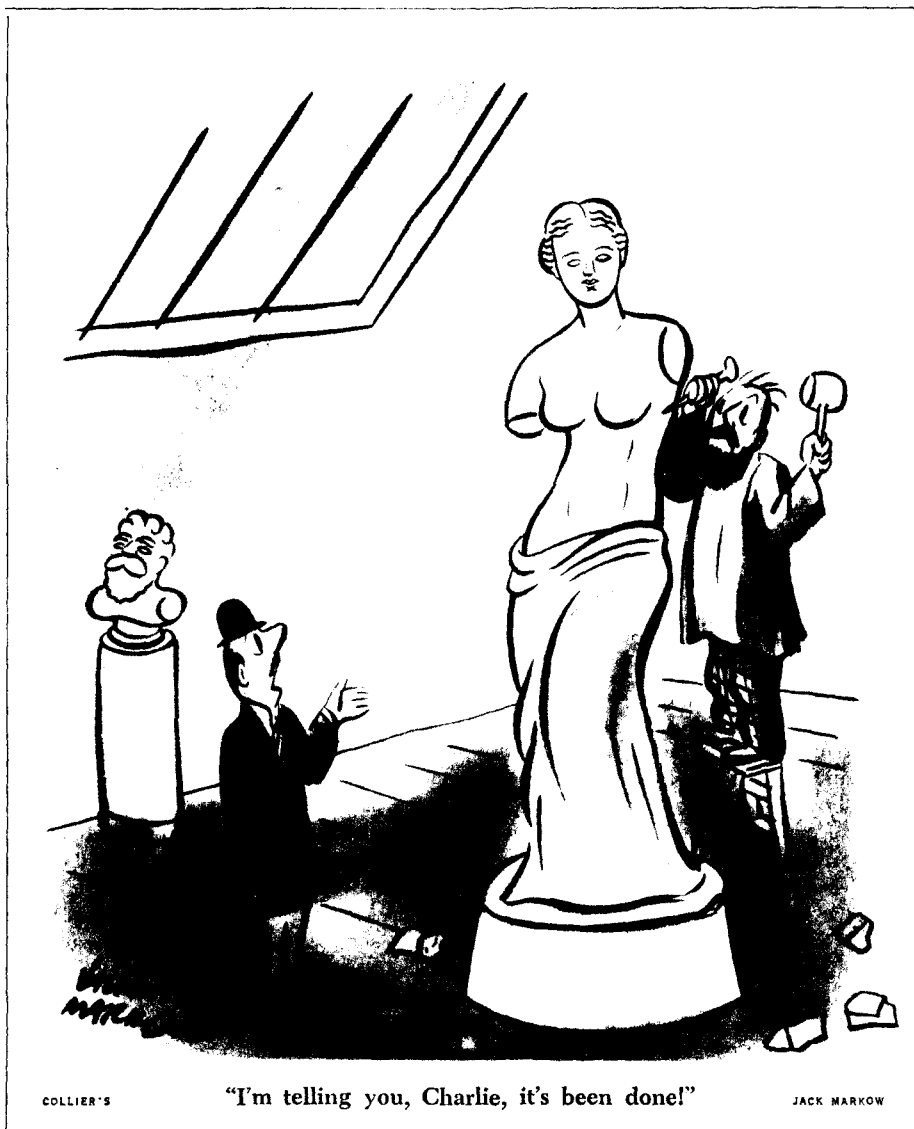
MISSION ORANGE

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Naturally Good!

MISSION DRY CORPORATION, LOS ANGELES



"I'm telling you, Charlie, it's been done!"

JACK MARKOW

Collier's for April 28, 1945



BRITISH PRESS COMBINE

Royal Silver Wedding Day for Queen Mary and King George, July, 1918. Mary wears her favorite toque



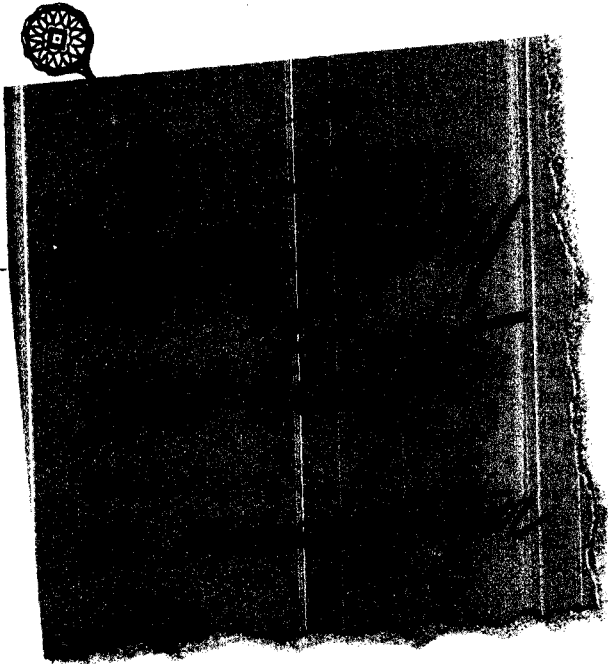
BRITISH PRESS COMBINE

Royal inspection tour on board the S.S. Medina, August, 1912. King George loved ships, Queen Mary her big hats



BRITISH PRESS COMBINE

Royal album page, 1908. Their Majesties with the Prince of Wales. Queen Mary wears feathers



Walter Florell's turquoise net and red roses. A dash of dignity, and you, too, can look like a queen



John-Fredericks likes wide brims. His newest straw sailor is banked high with multicolored flowers and white veiling



CLIP BY JOHN RUBEL

Lilly Daché nestles pink roses beneath pale yellow tulle. This will make a pretty album picture, too



HATS have always been to Queen Mary what steaks, gems and girls were to Diamond Jim Brady—she wanted big ones. Except, of course, that the Queen Mother's skimmers are always in taste. Not always in style, perhaps. But they are definitely hats. Funny thing. Those four-motored chapeaux are now making a comeback.

There used to be a lot of restrained amusement in America when pictures of Queen Mary were published. She was ever—many of you know—a most sensible queen. And, as queen, she thought sensibly and spoke sensibly and dressed sensibly. Her shoes were selected with an eye toward durability. Her coats were of strong fabric and she was fond of a conservative display of fur trimming on collars and cuffs.

But her hats—ah, her hats! Some of our stylists looked and winced. Some wept. Some snorted, "Layer cakes! Where are the candles?"

It didn't matter what the mode of the moment was. Reporting the fashion in 1912, Harper's Bazaar said: "Hats slip down to one side as if weighted by the head." Harper's further noted that hats were "so small they seem like helmets." The queen appeared in a huge, beflowered headdress with a brim wider than her shoulders.

The ladies of Britain and France and America might wear their hats off the face or on the face or over one ear—

the queen saw not and heard not. She wanted great magnificent hats—queenly hats.

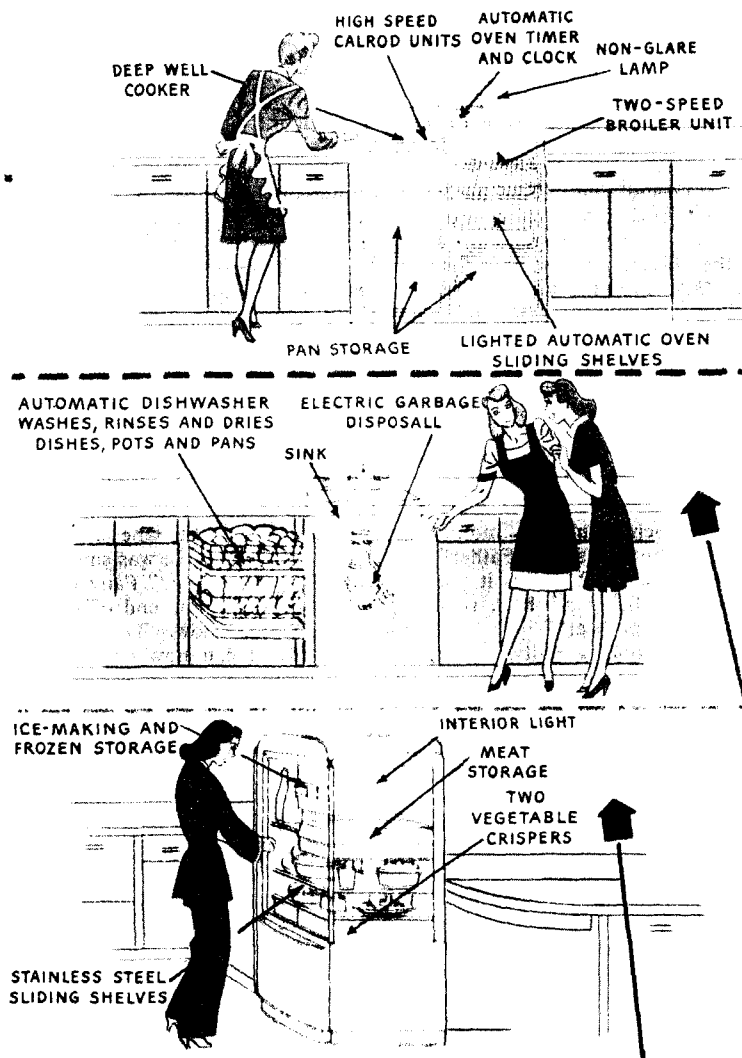
She reasoned that the main function of royalty was to be seen—especially by loyal subjects who stood for hours for a glimpse of her. Therefore she avoided low brims which hid her face and small hats that were undistinctive. To show off her attractive hair, she chose hats that sat on top of her head.

These hats were as important to Queen Mary as her pearls. It didn't matter that they made her look taller than His Majesty. To compensate, she sat while he stood during most of their picture posing.

Well, we know at last the answer to the enigma in that sweetly complacent smile of hers: She was right all the time! She was a mere decade or two ahead of the crowd in the matter of hats—and aware of it.

Now milliners have rediscovered the charm of Victorian modes. Spring and summer offerings are big, colorful, decked with flowers, ribbons, feathers and veiling. Sitting high on the head, they show off the hair. They demand dignity of the wearer, but they flatter in return.

The new hats are, in truth, modifications of what Mary wore, but you can bet that they'll be called "Queen Marys," as is proper and just. ★★★



1 Cooking Center—Quick, clean, thrifty cooking is a cinch with the new Hotpoint Electric Range—which should be placed near the sink or dining-room door. ★ ★ ★ Automatic controls and *Select-A-Heat* Calrod Units assure good cooking and baking results. You'll find walls, pots and pans stay clean. ★ ★ ★ And attractive, electrically lighted Hotpoint Steel Cabinets provide adequate, handy storage for all your necessary cooking equipment.

2 Dishwashing Center—For greater efficiency this center should be installed between the two other major centers. ★ ★ ★ Dishes are washed and dried quickly, *hygienically*, by the Hotpoint Automatic Dishwasher. Food waste is whisked away *electrically* by the Hotpoint Garbage Disposall. ★ ★ ★ Hotpoint Steel Cabinets provide room for dishes and other utensils.

3 Food Storage and Mixing Center—Hotpoint Electric Refrigerator is ideally located near the outside door through which supplies are brought. ★ ★ ★ It keeps foods fresh longer—provides convenient storage space and fast, thrifty freezing. ★ ★ ★ Completing this center is the mixer, with its supplies and equipment conveniently stored in nearby Hotpoint Steel Cabinets.

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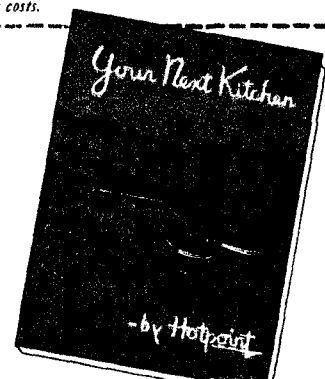
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BROKEN PLASTER

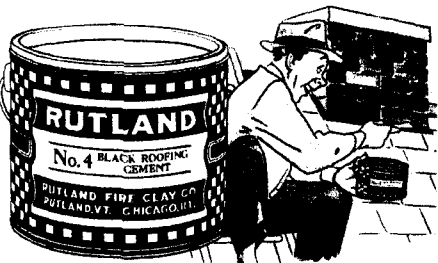
It's easy to repair cracked walls with Rutland Patching Plaster. Just mix Rutland with water . . . wet the old plaster . . . and apply with knife or trowel.

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Leaks in roofs frequently develop around flashings, chimneys, gutters, etc. Plug them up with Rutland Black Roof Cement. Easily applied with knife or trowel.

RUTLAND REPAIR PRODUCTS

Rutland Fire Clay Company, Rutland, Vt.

Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday

Continued from page 12

behind him, very still. Then, "Walk up," he said inside the mask.

There was only one step left for doing any walking up. She took it. He was there above her like a tower. "Regardez dans la poche," he said, still working.

Just at the height of her eyes there was a pocket in the rear of his heavy canvas pantaloons. She had asked her grandfather about that pocket in such a funny place. "Oh," he had said, "all Americans have a pocket thus in the seat of their pantaloons. That is where they carry their revolvers in peacetime."

She slipped her hand into the pocket so conveniently placed. This was not peacetime and there was no revolver but she felt something else deep in there. She drew it out—a little paper bag. She knew what was inside that little bag. Candies, hard and pretty—yellow and green and red.

"Merci," she whispered to the busy back.

"Come again," the mask rumbled. "And now, run!"

She did not have to be told to run. Already a sudden panic had set her going. And she was out of the field and well up the street before she stopped to place the first candy—a little yellow one—on her tongue.

At first she had gone thus to the Field of the Machines every single afternoon. Then, one morning, she had got to thinking. "No," she said to herself finally: "You should not go there every day like that, Fauvette. Once a week—that is enough."

"After this you will go to the Field only on Thursdays. Every Thursday, if you wish, but not more than that."

That was why she now went to the Field of the Machines only every Thursday.

SOMETHING else, anyway, had come to occupy her these days, and this was an uneasiness over her grandfather who had lived with them ever since her father died at Sedan. They lived, she and her mother and her grandfather in a little house on a lane called the *Chemin Vert*. And on the other side of the *Chemin Vert* stood the big Berton house where German soldiers had lived when they had occupied the village.

It was empty now that the Germans were gone. But Fauvette could see that this empty house fascinated Grandfather. He was forever wandering across the *Chemin Vert* to the Berton house, to poke his head through the gaping front door, or through the broken front window, and look into the room which must have been the parlor. He would stand long, long, looking in like that.

But he would not let Fauvette go with him when he did this. "No, no. Go back," he said if she tried to follow him. "It is no place for a *petite fille*."

But coming back from this place he would share with Fauvette something of what he had learned. "In my opinion," he would say, "these Germans who are so cunning and, one might say, so intelligent in evil, also possess the badness of bad children. Do you know, while they were living in this Berton house they were gradually burning up all of the fine furniture? And then, when they had to leave, it is evident that they had a fit of rage for they smashed with axes and with the butts of their guns everything that remained. I ask you, is that the conduct of grown-up men?"

He stood looking down at Fauvette. "What really puzzles me," he said, "is that lamp . . ."

"A lamp!" Fauvette cried. "Grandfather! There is a lamp?"

He nodded his head up and down several times. "In the room that used to be the parlor," he said, "all the furniture is smashed to little sticks. But in the middle of the floor, standing straight up, is a beautiful lamp. It shines like a big pearl. And you can see the kerosene in it—kerosene of first quality, clear as pure water. It fills the lamp right up to the top. That kerosene, it would last quite some time," he said thoughtfully, "if we burned the lamp only a little while every night. Then we wouldn't have to go to bed with the sun as we do now, what with the famine in candles. . . ."

"And I could do my school homework in the evening!" cried Fauvette.

"That's it," said Grandfather. "And meanwhile," he added, "the days would grow longer." But he was looking uncertain again. "Standing in the middle of the floor like that!" he said. "With everything else broken around it! I don't know."

"Grandpère!" Fauvette cried. "Please let me see it!"

Grandfather pondered a long minute. "I will show it to you," he decided at last. "But see that you obey me now! Don't hop about like a sparrow, and stay right behind me, close. *Allons*—here we go!"

But they had reached only the middle of the *Chemin Vert* when Fauvette's mother leaned out of the window. "Father! Father!" she cried to Grandfather. "Where is it you are taking that child? Bring her back right away! Right away, do you hear?"

Grandfather halted, looking guilty.

"And you, you silly one," Fauvette's mother shouted at him. "Bring yourself back also. Stop poking your nose into that Berton house. Don't you know any better? Don't you remember what sorts of dirtinesses the Germans leave behind whenever they have to clear out?"

Grandfather came back holding Fauvette by the hand, and she did not see the lamp.

But as the days went on, she could see that her grandfather was still tormented by the lamp. Whenever her mother lagged in vigilance, her grandfather would be standing over by the Berton house, looking in through the shattered window. All the time that he did this, he held the wrist of his right hand against the small of his back, and he flapped the hand in a warning to Fauvette to stay back. When he returned he would say thoughtfully, "All the same, when everything is considered from all sides, it's a beautiful lamp."

Then came the incident of the little red ball of string. As Fauvette sat one day with Grandfather before their doorway, he took out of his pocket a little ball of red string and sat there contemplating it as it lay in the palm of his hand. Then he threw glances down the *Chemin Vert*. In that direction Fauvette's mother had gone five minutes before with the week's wash, on her way to the *lavoir* on the river bank.

"Women," he said. "After they are gone they are apt to come back because they have forgotten something."

But *petite mère* had not forgotten anything. She was not coming back. After a while he rose to his feet.

"Stay right here, Fauvette," he said, and

with the ball of string in his hand, he strolled across the *Chemin Vert* to the Berton house.

"Why," Fauvette murmured, amazed, "he's going right in!"

Through the smashed front door she saw him walking in. Once inside he must have turned to the left, because now she could see him in the room that had been the parlor. He was walking carefully as a cat walks on a wet floor, and he was holding his elbows tight against his sides. Then suddenly he stooped behind the window sill.

A long moment passed, then he popped back into sight like a jack-in-the-box, tipped to the window and threw something out. It was the little red ball. It lay outside beneath the window sill, and red string stretched from it across the window sill and down the other side into the room.

HE WAS coming out of the house now. He recrossed the lane and stood by Fauvette once more. He was smiling.

"Oh, what did you do?" Fauvette cried.

"Well," he said, "one end of the string is around the lamp now. The other end is there outside. I can now stand safely outside the window and pull on the string like that, in little very careful pulls, and thus I can slide the lamp along the floor 'till it is right below the window—and then, having thus assured myself that it does not contain one of their infernal machines, I can reach right in and possess myself of it!"

"Oh!" said Fauvette, and that was all that she could say.

He seemed in no great hurry now. He remained there quite a while before he said, "*Allons*. Here we go," and walked across the lane again.

Fauvette was watching him, and her heart was going thump-thump, she didn't know why. He picked up the little ball of string just outside the window, crouched low against the wall beneath the window sill, and gave the string a little pull. Nothing happened.

He gave another little pull, and nothing happened. "See?" he said across the lane to Fauvette. "Nothing happens."

He gave another pull, and there was a loud explosion as if a cannon had been shot off. And now—oh, oh—the wall of the Berton house was bulging like a balloon right above Grandfather. Then the bulge broke and a cascade of loose stones came down—and now there was a great cloud of dust. Inside the dust Fauvette could just barely see Grandfather—he was lying on the ground, and she could see his head and his shoulders, but all the rest of him was covered with stones.

The next thing she knew she was kneeling at his head, her hands under his armpits, tugging. She tugged and tugged, but she could not move him. Now there was some-



"We're a little shy of men—I hope you two won't mind sharing Mr. Pilch"

COLLIER'S

MARY GIBSON

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If man were made of sterner stuff there'd probably be no upset stomachs. But to eat is human—to digest divine. Remember then, when your stomach misbehaves . . . take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL.

Never Upset an Upset Stomach!

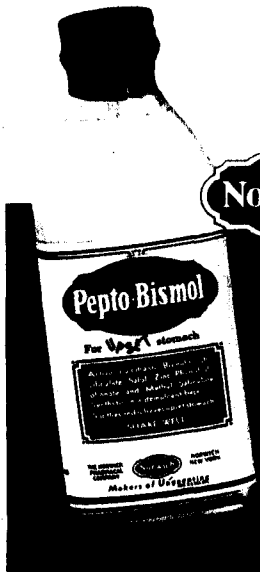
Don't aggravate an already irritated stomach with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics! Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL! This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither an antacid nor a laxative. Its action is different. It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls . . . thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets. Get a bottle today!

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Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL . . . to relieve queasy, uneasy, upset stomach; distress after over-indulgence; nervous indigestion; heartburn . . . And to retard intestinal fermentation; gas formation; simple diarrhea. If you don't get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Norwich

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Pepto-Bismol

for UPSET Stomach

one by her side tugging too. It was Mademoiselle le Clerc. Even at that moment Fauvette thought: How pretty she is! But Mademoiselle le Clerc was getting up. "We must have help," she said. "Run, Fauvette!"

She stooped again, and placed her soft hands underneath Grandfather's head, holding up his nice white hair from the dirt, and Fauvette ran. She ran down the main street like an arrow. She passed Father Lafourche, but Father Lafourche was eighty years old. She passed old Monsieur Lambert, but he had only one leg and one eye. Oh, there wasn't one strong young man left in this village! Without stopping as she got to the end of the street, she ran right on into the Field of the Machines.

"Monsieur Joe, Monsieur Joe!" she cried at the broad flat back in its rain of sparks (once she had heard another American soldier call him Joe). "Vite! Vite! My grandfather, he is buried!"

He swung around, and off came the big mask that made him look like Bayard without fear and without reproach, and she stood amazed because his face was so young. But, oh, he was not understanding! He was saying, "Quoi? Quoi?"

"Mon grandpère!" she shrieked. "The wall!" She whirled her arms around in a passionate imitation of a wall coming down. "The wall, it is on Grandpère!"

BUT Monsieur Joe was already doing something. He was throwing tools in a little jeep, he was shouting, his comrades were coming on the run. A dozen of them leaped on the jeep, one took the wheel. Then she felt herself whiz through the air, and she herself was in the jeep, in Monsieur Joe's strong arms. Then fr-fr-fr-frou went the jeep, and they were out of the field.

"Où? Où? Où?" the driver was shouting, and Fauvette pointed up the street. Fr-fr-fr-frou went the jeep again—and now they were at the Chemin Vert, and the blown-up house, and Grandfather and Mademoiselle le Clerc. And Grandfather's eyes were open now, though he was still under the stones.

It was a joy to see those American soldiers. They were all squatting by this time like men picking cabbages, and the stones were flying through the air. In three instants Grandfather was free.

Monsieur Joe got down and felt him carefully all over. "Nothing cassé," he reported upward to Mademoiselle le Clerc who was standing there, looking beautiful with her soft hair all loose, and her cheeks very red, and eyes big and shining. Monsieur Joe passed his arms under Grandfather and raised him to his feet. Grandfather was limping dreadfully, but Monsieur Joe was walking him around, and at each step you could see that Grandfather was walking better.

Then Grandfather stopped. "Could anyone inform me," he asked, "whether the lamp is still there?"

Fauvette began to laugh. It seemed funny to her that anyone would think a lamp could still be in that Berton house now so very well destroyed. Everyone else began to laugh, though they did not understand, and everybody was feeling good. Monsieur Joe walked Grandfather to the jeep, put him in it, and said to Mademoiselle le Clerc, "We'll take him to our ambulance and make sure he is all right." And now everybody was walking toward the jeep, and suddenly Fauvette felt lonely.

A shadow fell upon her, and she looked up and there was Monsieur Joe looking down at her. He said, "Well, here we are again, no?"

"Ah, oui," she said. "Here we are again!" "You do not come to see me often these days," he said. "Why is that?"

"I go to see you only on Thursdays now," she stated.

"Only on Thursdays, eh? Why do you not come every day?"

"That would not be *convenable*," she said. "It would not be good manners." She told him what she had thought out so carefully: "If I come only on Thursdays, then it is just a little call that I pay you, and that is *convenable*. But if I come every day—then it is a bit like asking—"

"I see," he said.

He thought for a while. Then he said, "Suppose you come to see me every day and then only on Thursdays I say, '*Regardez dans la poche*'?"

"That would be very good," she cried.

But he was thinking again. "Listen," he said at length, "suppose you come to see me every day, and on Thursdays, and also on Tuesdays I say, '*Regardez dans la poche*'."

She considered this a long moment. Finally she yielded the point. "That is what we will do," she decided. "I will make a little call on you every day, and on Thursdays and on Tuesdays—but remember, only on Thursdays and on Tuesdays—you will say that."

But he was thinking again. "Suppose we make it this way," he said. "You come to see me every day, and then on Tuesday, and Thursday, and Saturday I say '*Regardez dans la poche*'."

She laughed, she couldn't help it. Her little stomach felt full of joy, and she let strict principle slip a bit. "Oh, very well! Then it is arranged. I come every day and on Tuesdays and on Thursdays and on Saturdays you say '*Regardez dans la poche*'!"

"Check," he said.

She did not know what that word, check, meant, but she knew that she had made a serious compact.

THE END



"All right, dear, I'm not at the office—I'm at Callahan's Bar and Grill!"

COLLIER'S

SYDNEY HOFF

Wedding Present

Continued from page 30

power to keep me from biting off his finger.

"Ah!" he says. "It's good you came in, Sergeant. That's a bad cavity there."

It happens so fast it takes me by surprise. I start to get out of the chair, but for a little guy he's strong. He slams me back against the leather pad. Before I know it, he's got the drill inside my mouth, if I move, maybe it comes out the back of my neck. There's nothing I can do. I'm flabbergasted!

He puts a filling in, then says, "Don't chew on that side of your mouth tonight, Sergeant. Five dollars, please."

In a daze I hand it to him. He escorts me to the door and hands me my blanket full of coffee cups. I hear the door slam behind me and then I come to. That phone call must have been from Bernice, she warns him I may show up. I go back and grab the handle, and the door is locked. I hear George laughing himself sick inside.

I GO down the steps in a cold sweat, and I start walking for home. Three blocks away I come across Frances on the corner.

"What are you waiting for?" I say.

"Who can tell?" she says. "Maybe a streetcar, maybe a sailor."

"You want me to spank you?" I say. "Come on home."

We start walking. "You got a hope chest?" I ask. "You want some coffee cups for your hope chest?"

"Hope won't do me any good," she says. "I need a hammer lock or maybe a ball bat to hit him over the head with. He can't see past the end of his nose."

"It's a good set of coffee cups," I say. "Bernice—"

"Bert!" she says. "You didn't take them back! I'd have too much pride to do a thing like that. I'd do just the opposite. I'd send them a nice wedding present. I'd be like Pagliacci."

"Pasquale who?" I say. A great girl for reading books is Frances.

"Smiling through the tears," she says. "Like that. The show must go on."

Offhand, I think maybe she has something. Outside her house, she says there's some beer on ice. We sit on the porch, and I let the cold beer trickle down my gullet.

"It's a problem," I say. "What could I give them? A pair of book ends? Maybe George reads nothing but the papers. A nice picture? Maybe George is color-blind."

We're sitting there, a sailor comes up the walk, his hat down over one eye, trying to look tough. "Hi, Frances," he says.

"Hello, Pete," says Frances. "I'll be with you in a minute. This is Bert Clancy."

She steps inside, and the sailor looks at the coffee cups in my lap. "Having a little demitasse, doughfoot?" he says. "Maybe I could run down to the bakery and get you a couple lady fingers."

"Don't get smart, sailor," I say. "Where you taking Frances?"

"What's it to you?" he says. "You got a lien?"

Before I can tell him off, Frances comes out. She goes off down the walk with the sailor, hanging on his arm like she's got no bones in her legs.

I go back home and after dinner I sit out on the front porch, trying to think of a suitable present for Bernice and George. I hear a giggle finally and steps on the sidewalk.

I go down the steps and stand by the hedge with both ears flapping. I hear a sort of smack-smack and then I jump the hedge.

It's not my fault my foot slips on the grass. I see the sailor start to swing and I fall right into the punch. I land kerplunk on the ground, and the sailor laughs. I reach out and pull him down and start to climb all over him when Frances gets in the fight, too, and starts punching us both, but she punches me the hardest.

"Bert Clancy," she yells, "mind your own business."

"I gotta get back," the sailor says. "I'll see you tomorrow night, Frances, and take care of this coffee-cup clown if he butts in."

"A fine thing," I say. "I got to fight the

war and then come home on furlough and take care of juvenile delinquents."

"I'm eighteen," Frances says. "And what do you care?"

"I'm going to speak to your mother tomorrow," I say.

She's so mad I think she's going to clip me, but then she turns and runs inside the house without a word, and I go back home and go to bed.

I GOT an idea for that present for Bernice and George. I sleep on it and in the morning the idea looks better than ever.

After lunch, I go down to the livery stables and see old man Whitty.

"Mr. Whitty," I say, "on my way home, I win a hundred bucks at dice. I want to buy a horse. What kind can I get?"

"A dead horse," says old man Whitty. "You can't buy no live horse for no century note. I got one ready for the slaughterhouse now, though, a horse that's old enough to be your father. But it would be a crime to take your money."

"I'll take him," I say. "I'll pick him up tonight."

I go back there at eight that night. I pay the hundred and collect my horse. His name is Edgar, he's a good horse, very gentle.

I walk with Edgar along the street and come to Bernice and George's, and I go up the steps and ring the bell.

Bernice opens up the door. It's dark. She don't see the horse right off the bat. She just sees me and looks nervous.

"It's all right," I say. "I see I done wrong yesterday. I just brought you and George a wedding present."

She opens the door wide, then screams. George comes running out of the kitchen, a dish towel in one hand.

"Come on, Edgar," I say.

He has a little trouble getting past the hall curtains, but I lead him in the living room okay. It ain't a very big living room. When the horse gets in, there ain't much room left.

"I wanted to give you a nice gift," I say. "I think about it all last night and finally I get the inspiration. You both like to ride, you're both nuts about horses. Okay, I make you a wedding present of this horse. Goodby, Bernice. Goodby, George."

I go outside and close the door, then walk along the grass and look in the window. The horse is very much at home, a perfect gentleman. He's sniffing in a refined way at some flowers in a vase. Bernice and George are looking like they hope it's all a dream.

I go down the lawn to the sidewalk. There's a guy standing there, and he paws at my arm.

"Soldier," he says, "will you please get me to a hospital? So help me, I'll never touch another drop! Just as plain as I see you, I can see a horse in that house."

"A pet," I say. "You heard of people keeping dogs. With them, it's horses."

"Amazing!" he says.

HE STAGGERS off down the street, and I stand there. Edgar is behaving very genteel but Bernice is beating her gums. Every now and then, George opens his mouth, but Bernice don't give him no chance.

I lean back against a tree and watch, and Bernice keeps talking, and because they got a window open, I can get snatches of what she says. It seems Bernice wishes George to get rid of this horse, and she further states that if George was half a man, he wouldn't let me bring the horse in the house in the first place.

Finally she runs out of breath, and George says that Clancy ain't no friend of his, that Clancy is her old beau, and it's her headache and, personally, he's going to bed.

Then Bernice gets her second wind and the digest of her remarks is that she ain't going to sleep in the same house with no horse.

It is all very enjoyable, and then suddenly a car roars up and stops, and two guys jump out, and one guys says, "Be damned if he wasn't telling the truth, after all! There is a horse in that house!"

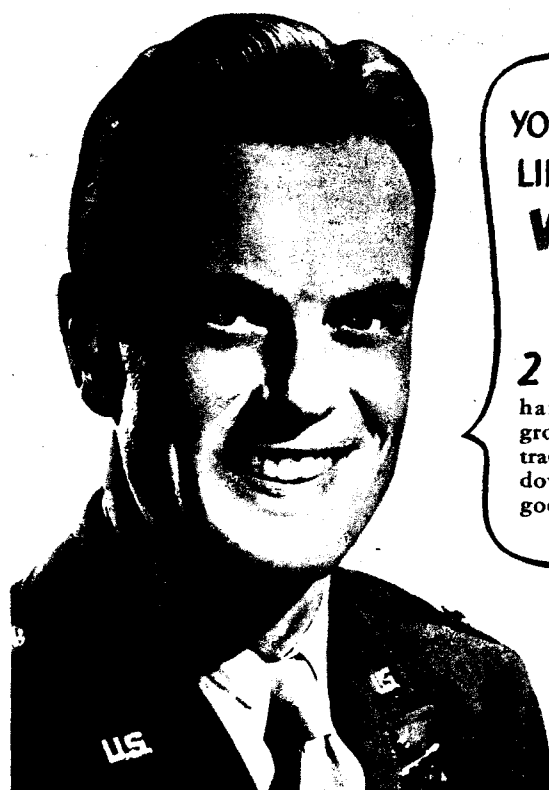
They run up the steps, and one guy is carrying a camera, and they go inside, and I see one of them take a picture while the other guy is asking questions, and they both got press cards in their hats.

While I am watching this, I hear a siren,



CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "Finger Nail (F-N) Test?"

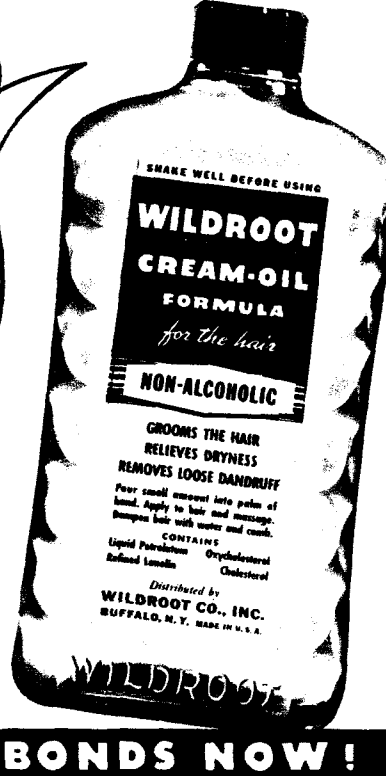
1 It's F-N, the test for men! Scratch your head and see if the famous F-N test reveals signs of dryness or loose, ugly dandruff. If so, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy the large size for greater economy.



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BUY BABY A WAR BOND
DURING NATIONAL BABY WEEK!

and a patrol car arrives, and two cops join the party. I cannot hear what they say but finally one cop comes out and sees me and says, "Hey, soldier, come in here," so I go up, and he puts the arm on me. By now, everybody is crowded in the dining room, and Edgar has the living room to himself.

"Look here," says the cop. "Did you bring that horse in here?"

"I give it to them for a wedding present," I say.

"I hope you get life for it," Bernice screams. "You can't arrest me for giving them a wedding present," I say. "Suppose I give them a canary bird? Is that okay? Well, I give them a horse, instead. It's the same idea, only bigger."

The cop scratched his head. "Gosh, Fred!" he says to the other cop. "I dunno. Did this guy break a law or didn't he?"

"Maybe there's a health statute against it," says the other cop. "Maybe it could be like cruelty to animals or something."

"Look," I say, "this horse is on velvet. How many horses get a chance to walk around on a nice rug, sniffing flowers on a coffee table?"

"Hell!" says the first cop. "I dunno. In twenty years I never see nothin' like this."

"Well, don't stand there," Bernice yells. "This ain't no social. Do something!"

"Look, Mac," says the first cop. "We'll do it this way. You give these people a horse. Okay. They don't like the horse. Okay. You take this horse and get out of here. Then we'll forget the whole thing. We'll make like it never even happened."

I GO in the living room and I have to get Edgar turned around, and it is like getting a car out of a tight parking spot, but we manage, except for breaking a couple vases. We go down the steps and when we get to the sidewalk, I decide there is no percentage in my just walking Edgar, so I scramble up on his back, and while I am no cowpuncher who is used to riding bareback, I manage to hang on and we go down the street and stop for the light, and then cross over and head for home.

Edgar ain't in no hurry, and I hang on and wonder how come I ain't brokenhearted about Bernice, and I remember how she yells at George, and first thing I know, instead of feeling heartbroken for myself, I am feeling heartbroken for George.

In the meantime, we are clop-clopping along and when we come to Frances' house,

the moon comes out from behind the clouds, and I see Frances and this sailor on the sidewalk in front of her porch, and they are in a clinch. I steer Edgar across the grass and he stands with his head looking over the sailor's shoulder. The sailor lifts his head and he turns and looks straight into Edgar's mouth just as Edgar yawns, and the sailor jumps twenty feet straight up in the air.

"Bert!" Frances yells. "Just like Lochinvar out of the west!"

I wish to say something to this sailor, but I never get a chance. By the time his feet hit the ground again, the moon has gone back under the cloud, and I guess the sailor never really gets a good look at Edgar. He just sees Edgar with his mouth open and most likely he thinks he is about to be eat up by some kind of dinosaur let loose from the museum or something. Anyway, he is running before he hits the ground again and out of sight before I can slide off the horse.

Frances looks up at me like she's mad underneath but not real hopping mad.

"Bert," she says, "why are you always interrupting my kissing sailors?"

I wonder about this now that she asks me and I cannot quite figure it out and I think it may help me if I kiss her myself, so I do same. And when she pulls away, I find I am slightly confused, and it is very hard for me to think straight.

"Who's this Lochin—what's his name you mention?" I ask, stalling for time.

"He's in a book," says Frances. "He comes riding out of the west on a horse to meet his lady love."

"Oh," I say, and I think about this, but it makes no sense. "Frances," I say, "you want to write me some letters after I go back? And if you would stop kissing sailors, I would like that, too, although I realize that you are old enough, so if you wish to kiss sailors, there is not much I can do about it, particularly when I'm thousands of miles away."

"I'll write to you, Bert," she says. "And you don't need to worry about the sailors. Not too much, that is. A little worry will be good for you."

"Well," I say, "you may as well take them coffee cups, too. Some day—"

"No," she says. "I'll take you on the rebound but not the coffee cups."

Beside me, Edgar nods his head up and down. I dunno, maybe it's horse sense. And after what he did to that sailor, who am I to argue with Edgar?

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

back on the floor, but when we pulled out of the dive, we came out fast, and here was where Tom had his fun. He grinned at us and watched for the first indications of the ringing down of that strange black curtain.

When a plane makes a tight turn or a quick pull-up like this, you sit down where you are. If you are not exactly above a good seat, you probably will not sit in a good seat. You will sit on only a part of it or you will go down to the floor. The reason is that suddenly you seem to weigh about a thousand pounds. You are heavier than the fat lady in a circus and you cannot raise your body with your two legs. You need five or six legs.

You cannot move in any direction because your arms also are helpless. You cannot reach for a handhold because your hands seem to weigh about a hundred pounds apiece. If you do get hold of something, your best pull will not move your half-ton body to any appreciable extent.

This helpless condition continues quite a long time in a large, fast plane like the PV. You may go five or six miles in making a turn or coming out of a dive, and this will take most of a minute. The feeling grows worse by the second.

Your body seems to squash out and assume the shape of a toad. If your arm lands on the arm of a chair, it probably will stay there like a piece of lead. Your fingers will point to the floor. You may not be able to lift them, either.

A great weight of air seems to press down upon you. The sky is falling on you and flattening you. The flesh sags from your face. The blood drains from your head and you are suddenly pale. You look at the other men in the plane who are having the same experience and grinning, or at least trying to grin.

You cannot get your breath very well. You breathe, but the blood is draining from your lungs and cannot take advantage of the air you inhale. Your heart fights the extra strain and pressure, but you sense that it is a losing battle.

Things look strangely bright and blurred. You are not seeing well.

And now you know how the boys fight with this plane in the Pacific, and it is time for the pilot to ease up on the stick—and smile. And you know what a black-out is, because you have peeked at one just around the corner. . . .

PAUL MCGINNIS

(Editor's Note: A graduate of the University of Colorado, Paul McGinnis worked on the New York Evening Journal and the New York Daily News. In December, 1942, he became associated with Lockheed Aircraft Corporation as a radio technician, which called for flight testing of complete radio installations in Navy Ventura planes and Boeing Flying Fortresses which Lockheed builds under subcontract. He left Lockheed a year ago and is now devoting his entire time to writing, in San Marino, California.)



✕ Here's where you stand today!

Look ahead a year or two... for your own sake.

Over on the dark side is this: Every unnecessary thing you buy helps shove the country one step nearer inflation and the bad times that come in inflation's wake.

Over on the bright side is this: Every single cent you save helps move you and your country one step nearer the kind of prosperous, happy, postwar America you want.

Okay—you're human. You're thinking mainly about yourself.

YOU SHOULD. Because if every man Jack (and every girl Jill) buys nothing he can get

along without... (avoids Black Markets and "just-a-little-above-the-ceiling" like the plague!)... pays off the mortgage or any other debts... takes out more insurance... builds a healthy sock of savings... buys and holds more War Bonds—inflation will stay away from our door.

And Jack and Jill will be in a sound position no matter what times come.

*Maybe you ought to clip this signpost and paste it in your pocketbook as a reminder that you can **BUY** your way to bad times. Or you can **SAVE** your way to good ones.*

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4 THINGS TO DO to keep prices down and to protect your own future!

1. Buy only what you really need.
2. When you buy, pay no more than ceiling prices. Pay your ration points in full.
3. Keep your *own* prices down. Don't take advantage of war conditions to ask more for your labor, your services, or the goods you sell.
4. *Save.* Buy and hold all the War Bonds you can afford—to help pay for the war and protect your future. Keep up your insurance.

**HELP
US
KEEP**

PRICES DOWN

A United States War message prepared by the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information; and contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America.



COLOR PHOTO BY RAY ATKESON

These Dreams Will Come True

—WHEN *Highways are Happy ways* AGAIN

When a fellow puts his uniform in mothballs and slips on those loose, easy civvies . . . that's comfort.

When he and the lady he loves discover a velvet bank overlooking a river that runs all silver in the sunset—a place to dream those old happy dreams . . . *that's Heaven!*

Hard months of war may lie ahead but, with final victory, Greyhound intends to help make a lot of those dreams come

true for a lot of fighters—both in and out of uniform.

Today it must be all hard work and sacrifice if we're to win the last tough battle, whether that means working a tommy gun, assembling bazookas, or carrying wartime manpower.

Then, in that good tomorrow, the great highways of America will re-introduce us all to the land we love. *Let's speed that day!*



SUPER-COACHES LIKE THIS ONE
will roll along the highways of America in the good days to come. Greyhound will again pioneer in their design and operation—and that means tops in comfort, scenic enjoyment.



GREYHOUND

Danger! Inflation

Continued from page 11

and are likely to be for some time to come. In the years since 1940, the total amount of money paid to individuals has doubled. Demand, actual and potential, has also doubled. The supply of civilian goods has diminished drastically. Prices have gone up. Ergo, we have inflation.

Of all the forecasters of doom, the cartoonists seem best to understand the elementary processes though not the forces of inflation. Cartoons on the subject almost invariably depict in one form or another a quarrel between Wages and Prices, with John Doughless caught in between and taking a shellacking. The cartoonists' asserted or implied conclusions aren't always accurate and are biased for or against the wage-earning protagonist, Labor, depending on whether the picture appears in the Daily Worker or the New York Herald Tribune.

If your education on inflation is limited to an occasional glimpse of the economic facts of life as disclosed in this satiric graphic art, however, you're still in kindergarten. Cartoonists necessarily oversimplify. A race between wages and prices does produce inflation. But such a contest alone doesn't produce runaway inflation, the malignant kind. What brings matters to a nasty head is scarcity.

Wages and prices just don't start shooting upward of their own accord. They begin their tragic gyrations when supply falls below demand. First, prices leave their marks. Wages take off after them. This creates more wealth and therefore more demand. Prices go up again, unless supply equals demand, when everything levels off and you achieve what's known as normalcy. But if demand still exceeds supply, wages take another spurt, and then prices and then wages, and so on ad infinitum up a phony Prosperity Hill to the top. There everybody gets off, climbs into a toboggan and comes crashing down into Depression Hollow.

When Everything Is Under Control

Carefully controlled, the things that produce inflation, supply and demand, prices and wages, can be kept in a state of equilibrium. The possible applicable controls are wage regulations, price ceilings, taxes and various forms of obligatory or optional savings. But before we go to work on the techniques of "control" (a word which, like "taxes" and "planning," gives politicians, lobbyists and some editorial writers galloping goose bumps), let's see what happens without them.

Price ceilings, rationing and brakes on wages don't exist in this hypothetical but entirely possible—in fact, ominously possible—situation. To keep it within the realm of reality, we'll say you pay taxes, and the big corporations pay taxes, and you even buy War Bonds. There is full production and, therefore, full employment. Wages are at an all-time high. Demand for consumer goods is also at a maximum, but—and here's the rub—the factories are making little or no consumer goods. They're busy manufacturing highly inedible and unwearable tanks, bombers, guns and bazookas.

Prices spurt upward, impelled by unrestrained bidding for an ever-diminishing stock pile of food, clothing, furniture, silk shirts and mink coats. The cost of living rises by 25 per cent. Labor squawks, and wages go up, say 20 per cent. Prices rise again because it's impossible to continue production of war materials at the level required for victory and, at the same time, to make enough consumer goods to meet the rising demand. They go up 50 per cent, 100 per cent, 200 per cent. Wages must be lifted to meet the new price levels and prevent severe hardship in the vast section of the population which lives from week to week on what the breadwinners bring home in their pay envelopes. Their hardship, incidentally, is becoming acute because, without rationing, available supplies of everything are being bought up by luckier persons with more money.

Something else is happening in this hypo-

thetical situation. Increased wages add to the factory owners' production costs. They charge the government—and that's you, brother—more for the weapons furnished to the Army, the Navy and the Air Forces. Your tax bill is proportionately greater because somebody has to pay for the war, and you're not putting any more money in War Bonds. You need money to live. You've cashed in some of your old bonds.

In such a situation the wage-earner's position is tragic, but so is that of the employer. He must make drastic upward revisions of his production costs from week to week. He pays more for raw materials, for in an unfettered inflation, all prices rise, from steel to shoelaces. The employer's pay roll doubles, quadruples and so on up the ladder of arithmetical progressions until the top of Prosperity Hill is reached. At that point the employer finds himself suddenly unable to buy the raw materials he needs and to meet the swollen pay roll. He shuts down.

There's another complication: The increased volume of earnings necessitates the introduction into the nation's economic circulatory system of more of those economic corpuscles known as dollars. The value of money is measured primarily by the amount of goods it can buy. If the number of dollars in circulation is increased, and the amount of purchasable goods remains the same, or decreases, then the value of the money, per unit, goes down. Money cheapens. Dollars buy progressively less and less as the number of dollars increases.

Here a psychological factor enters to compound the chaos. In our many talks with members of our economic general staff on

would be serious, even disastrous, if inflation merely doubled or tripled the cost of living. And this definitely could happen here. Even a rise of from 50 to 100 per cent, the experts in Washington agree, would threaten us with disaster. They point out that the evils of inflation aren't felt while prices and wages and the other indexes are on the way up. They hit you when everything begins sliding downhill, when the factories close and the smokestacks are dead against the skies and the long lines form outside employment offices.

Now let's look at things as they are.

Inflationary pressures are already visible and measurable. Prices have increased, according to the President's Cost of Living Committee, by nearly 30 per cent since January, 1941. Organized Labor puts the price rise at 45 per cent according to its own surveys, which are the basis for C.I.O. claims for new wage increases. Wages have already advanced substantially over the January, 1941, level. But the gap between wages and prices isn't as large as some folks think.

The general average straight-time pay for an hour's work has gone up by 36.7 per cent as compared to 30 per cent for prices. But that 36.7 per cent includes all the premiums paid for accelerated production, bonuses which, Labor maintains, won't be paid when industries shift from wartime to civilian production. Without these bonuses and other wartime "adjustments," the hourly straight-time wage increase drops to an approximate 30 per cent, according to War Labor Board Chairman William H. Davis. Wages and prices are, therefore, neck and neck.

Most housewives would agree with Labor that prices have increased generally more

ple, and they've had to move up into the higher-price brackets.

Measured by how much the dollar will buy now, too, we have inflation. Your 100-cent prewar dollar buys only 78.9 cents worth. In terms of the necessary increase in note circulation, the situation is this: In the boom times before the crash in 1929, nine billion dollars was enough to take care of the daily commerce of the entire nation; today we need about twenty-five billion—nearly three times as much; which means, of course, that money has cheapened.

In addition, our bank-note sleuths report that about three billion dollars in notes of 100-dollar denominations and upward have strangely disappeared from circulation, undoubtedly kidnapped by black-marketeers and hoarders. They do business behind the fence and put their profits in safe-deposit boxes. So that the total money in circulation is even more than the twenty-five billion.

There are black markets in nylon stockings, red meat and gasoline. At one time about eight per cent of the gasoline used in the metropolitan areas of New York, Chicago and Newark, New Jersey, was black-market stuff. But the Office of Price Administration, although handicapped by insufficient personnel, has cut this operations in illegal gasoline down to practically nothing. With a new machine for scanning counterfeit coupons, it hopes to kill the traffic completely.

Speculators Buying Farm Lands

Another inflationary index, perhaps the most dangerous of all to farmers, is speculation in land. The buyers aren't the farmers themselves, who are buying less land than ever in spite of their natural acquisitiveness for acreage. The buyers are absentee speculators hedging against inflation and thereby generating inflation. Land prices, both rural and urban, are generally up 50 per cent, much more in some regions.

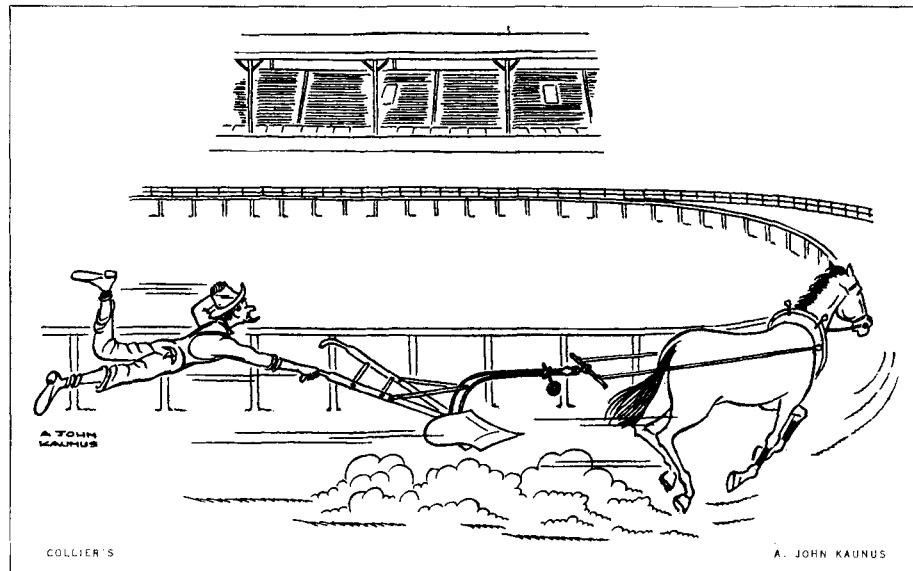
Our economists are watching the movements of the inflationary forces carefully, charting them on their graphs and planning to defeat them. They aren't influenced by the allergy in some congressional quarters to "planning." They are familiar with the boom-crash, boom-crash curve of our—and the world's—economic history. A graph of that curve accompanies this article. It's worth studying. Because "it happened before," our economists say, it needn't happen again.

By careful planning and the installation of an elaborate system of controls, they've kept inflation confined within narrow limits. Prices have risen, but in the first World War, they went up not 30 per cent but 104 per cent before they, along with wages, took the long, costly ride down Deflation Hill into the depression. They rose twice as fast after November 11, 1918, as they did before. Your dollar right now buys roughly only 79 cents worth of hamburger and onions, but after inflation in the last war, it purchased only 40 cents worth. The job our economists face is to prevent the dollar from doing it again.

What they're worried about is the future. In wartime, the inflationary forces are strong, but so are the controls. What has the Administration's figure jugglers bothered is V-E Day, when the job of reconversion back to civilian production begins at the same time that war production for V-P or V-J (or whatever they'll call victory in the other struggle) must continue. Come V-E Day, the inflationary forces will be at their peak. Demand will be at a new high. Supply will be at a new low and will remain so until mills and factories have had time to reconvert.

Although the Pacific war will yet have to be won, people will have a tendency, the economists foresee, to splurge. Those who'll have a little money will want many things they never had before. Those with a bit more will try to replace the washing machines, vacuum cleaners, cars and radios which have fallen apart during the war years. The still more fortunate will want houses and new furniture. All will be earning, according to Assistant President Jimmy Byrnes, at the staggering rate of 155 billion dollars a year, twice the individual income rate of 1940, a boom year.

The potential buying power of the American people is even greater than those figures



this subject, the word "psychologic" recurred with the insistence of that certain note in Chopin's Raindrop Prelude. Some differed on the relative importance of inflationary forces, but they were unanimous that the psychological factor is the potentially decisive one in the generation of catastrophe.

People know when their money depreciates. They lose confidence in it. They rush to convert it into tangibles like land, gold, diamonds, jewelry. If they can't do this, they try to buy some other foreign currency which hasn't depreciated. The Chinese pay as much as 700 Chinese dollars for one U.S. dollar although the official rate is 20 to 1. Italians will gladly give you 300 liras for a dollar, although the fixed rate is 200 to one—and was only 20 liras before the war. In Greece I saw money-rich and goods-poor Greeks bid up to 400 billion drachmas for one American dollar normally worth 125 drachmas.

It's plain idiocy to believe that what has happened in China or Greece, or even Italy, could happen here. The conditions aren't comparable. America's own natural wealth and her highly industrialized economy wouldn't permit the degree of scarcity prevalent in those countries. The cases of China and the others serve merely to illustrate the mechanics of inflation, not the degree possible here. The prize idiots among the alarmists are those who drag out the old bogey of inflation in Germany after the last war, when prices multiplied a trillion times, to frighten us into realization of inflation's dangers here.

The dangers to our economy, however,

than 30 per cent admitted by the President's Cost of Living Committee. The rise was rapid from January, 1941, to May, 1942, less rapid from then to May, 1943, and about stabilized since then. And while Labor has not suffered too much from the general price rise, it has a strong argument for wage increases in some specific areas. In certain cities in the South, for example, there are laundry workers earning 30 cents an hour and some only 25 and 20 cents. About a million workers throughout the country are being paid less than the 55-cents-an-hour minimum required by the Fair Labor Standards Act, as interpreted by the WLB, and an additional two million are living right on the minimum, which allows no more than bare subsistence.

The Poorest Are Hit Hardest

For the people in these groups, inflation began long ago. Most of them spend the greater part of their incomes on food. While the over-all price index has increased by 30 per cent, the average for food alone is generally acknowledged to be nearer 45 per cent. Inexpensive items, such as cheap cuts of meat, have disappeared from the markets. Where a family might have afforded a four-pound pot roast for 75 cents, it can't afford a five- or six-pound gosling at 59 cents a pound.

And the \$3.98 house dress, the gingham uniform of the low-income group housewife, has vanished. Low-priced clothing has been virtually unobtainable for working-class peo-

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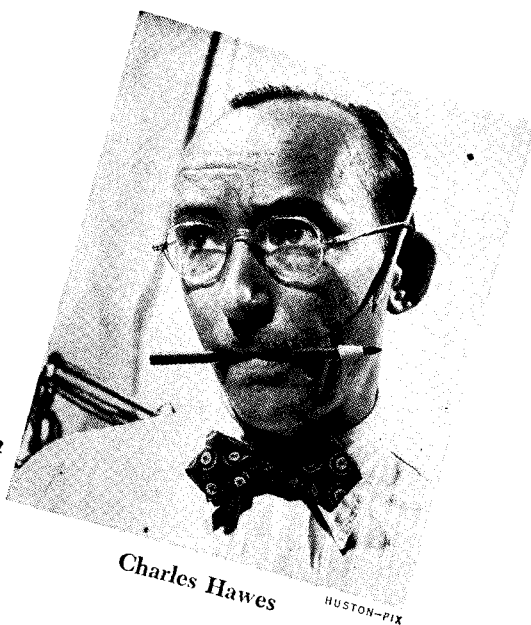


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The Week's Work



COLLIER'S customers keep inquiring about Butch the burglar, whose benevolent though larcenous puss has been missing from our pages for several issues. We regret to tell you it looks as if Butch may have reformed. At least that's how we interpret a letter received from Butch's author, Larry Reynolds, now an Army sergeant serving in Europe. Here is Reynolds' letter, V-mailed from Luxembourg: "This is just to keep you informed as to Butch's whereabouts and to keep you from forgetting us. Time and again I used to try to sell you situations where Butch was discovering secret panels, because I always had a hidden desire to find one myself. Well, I have at last realized my ambition. I found such a panel."

"For obvious reasons, I can't go into much detail, except to say that this panel is concealed in an ancient piece of furniture, and that the Nazis missed out on a good find. Although it contains jewelry of some value, and gold and silver coins, Butch and I think the owner undoubtedly has suffered enough from this war. Under such circumstances, Butch feels the valuables should be left for the owner's return. So the panel is closed again. I did filch a little firewood, though. Butch didn't object to that. . . ."

Tsk, tsk, Butch. You're a disgrace to your profession. Hand over that burglar's mask, that tool kit!

EVERYBODY knows that if you want to be a successful artist, you have to starve in a garret first. Charles "Bud" Hawes figures that's where he made his mistake. He was born the son of indulgent and reasonably prosperous parents, which circumstance, he doesn't doubt, held up his career maybe ten years. He's doing all right now, you'll see by the illustration for the story, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, on page 12.

Marianne Tuteur



His father, a Huntington, W. Va., physician, rather hoped his son would be a doctor, but he made no objection when the boy said he'd prefer to go to art school. Bud attended the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts at his dad's expense for four easy-going years, then came to New York to seek his fortune. That was in 1930, when New York wasn't handing out fortunes to amount to anything, and certainly not to frivolous young men fresh out of art school. After three months of sporadic and unsuccessful attempts to sell his work, Bud went back to his family's home for a protracted period of hunting and fishing. He did some dog portraits, mostly because his father's kennels were conveniently at hand, and sold them for \$10 apiece.

All the while he was sending illustrations to Collier's. He says in fact he has received "No, thank you" notes from Art Editor William O. Chessman ever since he can remember.

This fairly happy state of idleness might have continued indefinitely if somebody hadn't thrust upon him a job with the Chicago Tribune. Steady work, 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., was something he did not care for, so he redoubled his efforts to sell Collier's and, one day in 1942, he succeeded. Since then, he has illustrated dozens of Collier's stories. "Chess" calls on him especially for illustrations showing action, preferably violent action.

Hawes has a wife, two sons, and a house in Westchester County. He is one of the USO volunteer artists who sketch soldier portraits in veteran hospitals.

IF IN the accompanying photograph, Marianne Tuteur seems to be bare-headed, do not take this to mean that the lady doesn't own a hat. Actually Miss Tuteur owns more fancy hats than she discusses in her article, Queen Mary Was Right, page 70. But, as in the article, she doesn't take hats or any other item of fashion very seriously.

Born in Paris and brought up partly in France and partly in Germany, this young woman lived through much of the early drama of the war—the Reichstag fire (where she took a photograph which appeared in New York papers), the first bombing of Brussels, the first bombing of France, the refugee flight from Paris to Spain.

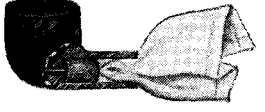
Fashion, Miss Tuteur believes, is of minor importance—yet, somehow, she has always made a living directly or indirectly by it. Before the war, her father was in the textile business in France and took her with him to Germany to organize branches of the industry there.

She worked in a Parisian art gallery for a time, and did fashion features for the New York Times in Berlin and Paris. Upon her arrival in the United States, she continued to go off at a tangent from fashion, doing among other things a series of Christmas display windows for Bonwit Teller, Fifth Avenue shop. . . . A. P.



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HIGHWAY ROBBERY AGAIN

ACCORDING to an old but still good story, Eamon De Valera once was arrested in a Dublin park while making an inflammatory speech, spent a year or so in the clink, was let out, went back to the same spot in the same park, cleared his throat, and began in a loud voice, "As I was saying when I was interrupted . . ."

Well, Pearl Harbor interrupted an old favorite fight of ours. It was the one against interstate trade barriers; meaning the multitude of contemptible little disguised tariffs, truck regulations, phony health and quarantine measures, etc., etc., which virtually all the states of the Union erected against neighbor states during the depression of the 1930s.

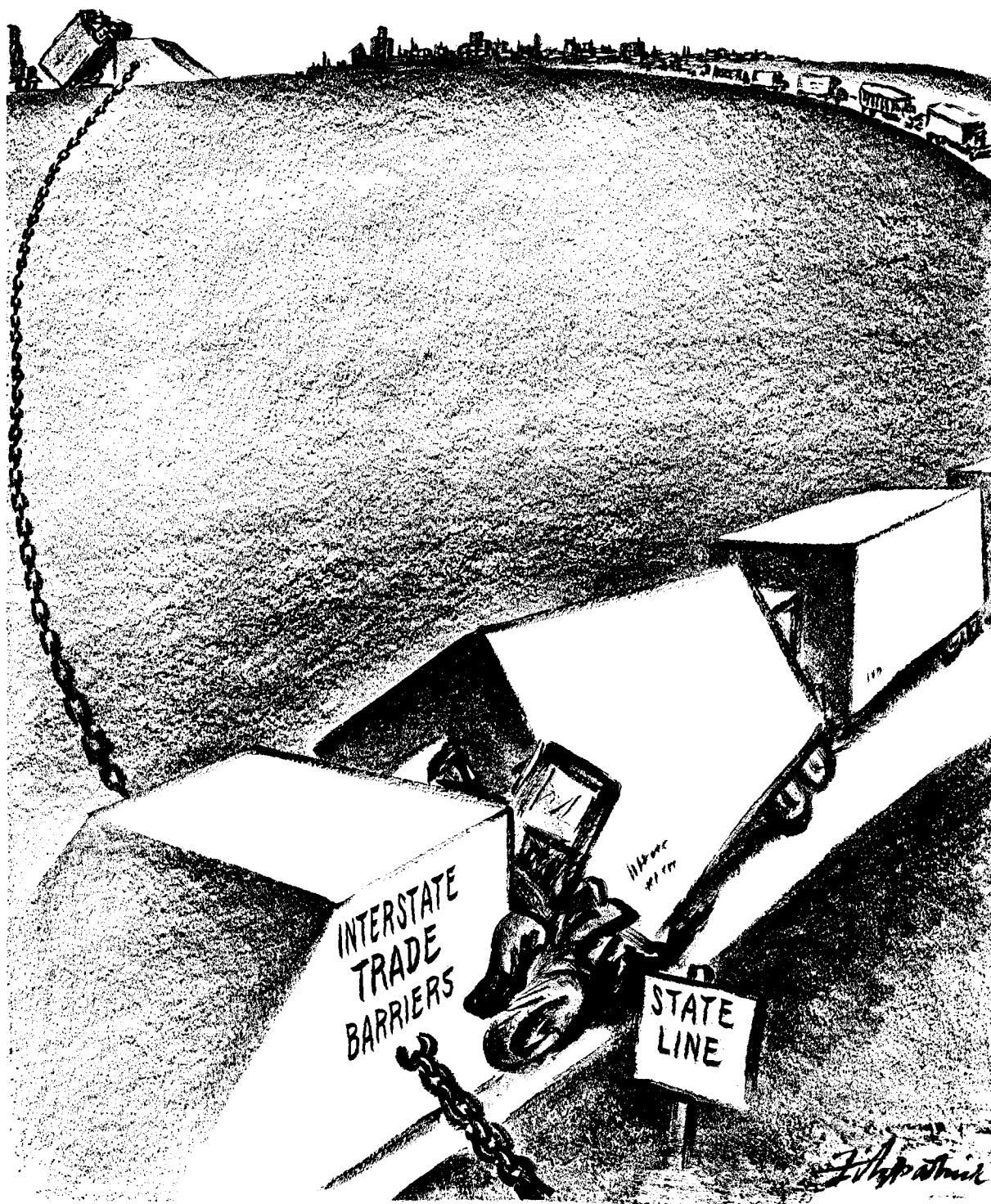
Largely on the insistence of Jesse Jones as Secretary of Commerce, most of these things were put into abeyance soon after Pearl Harbor, at least as to interstate shipments of war goods. This was done so that war goods traveling by truck would not be held up at state lines because the trucks' capacities weren't painted on their sides in the proper type faces, or because the drivers hadn't paid local taxes on gasoline in their tanks, or because the drivers themselves perhaps didn't look quite refined enough to the proud guardians of some state's "port of entry."

That fight, however, is not dead. It is only sleeping; and it is scheduled to wake up again right after the war if the interstate trade barriers are allowed to remain in their present states of suspended animation—and animosity. There are still more than 1,000 of these little trade handicaps on the statute books of most of the states.

After the cease-firing order in the Pacific war, they can take up anew their old-time work of hoisting costs to goods consumers, hampering the flow of products between states, and flouting the Constitution's ban on tariffs between states.

We hope the federal government, the Council of State Governments, broad-visioned state legislators all over the country and millions of private citizens will press the fight to get these public nuisances booted off the books for keeps—all of them, except obviously necessary precautions against interstate transmission of plant and animal diseases and infected foods.

There is no excuse for them. If they go on multiplying after the war as they were doing before Pearl Harbor, they can Balkanize the United States. Thereby, they can badly weaken if not wreck our entire economy, based as it is on free trade over a large area of land.



GREEN LIGHT FOR THE RAILS

THE big war effort will be shifting to the Pacific presently; and it is no military secret that our railroads view the prospect with some misgivings.

The railroads already have worked near-miracles in highballing astronomical quantities of supplies to Atlantic ports for the German war. They have done these things with workers and rolling stock in short supply, by stepping up operating efficiencies, improving vital pieces of roadbed, increasing trackage at some pivotal points and minimizing single-track delays by ingenious devices for remote control of siding switches.

Nevertheless, West Coast shipment troubles prom-

ise to become serious when our big war effort shifts to the Pacific. The Western railroads are single-tracked over long distances. Only seven railroads cross the Rockies. Yet it is expected that these roads will have to handle at least 50 per cent more war-material traffic than at present to the ports of Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles.

To lick these challenges and do their part of the job of powering the final smashes at Japan, U.S. railroads need two things, chiefly: They need about 85,000 more workers than they have at this writing; and they need some high and productive priorities on orders for new

engines and rolling stock. To get those things, they need the help of government officials, of Selective Service, and of local draft boards. We can think of no more important single war need than this, and it is to be hoped that any and every public official who can help the rails will consider it a special duty to do what he can.

Another thing the railroads need is for all of us who can possibly stay off the trains for the duration to do so. More pointedly important than ever is the question: "Is your trip necessary?" And that means your trip, not two other guys' or gals' trips.

ORGANIZED CANCER RESEARCH

IN PEACETIME, some 1,400,000 Americans die each year; and of this number more than 10 per cent—about 160,000—are carried off by cancer. Cancer remains one of the most terrifying and mysterious of the common diseases.

The impression has been pretty general that medical science was attacking the cancer mystery on a broad, well-organized front, with well-endowed laboratories, systematic collection and sifting of data, and so on. Unhappily, such has not been the case. Cancer research up to now has been handled mainly by a few big institutions or by individual scientists, generally with inadequate funds in both cases.

The American Cancer Society hopes to change all that. It is setting out to raise a fund of \$5,000,000 by popular subscription, with which to put cancer research on its feet financially and get it organized as it ought to be.

As we see it, the plan has two great merits. One, of course, is the heightened hope it should give the human race for an early discovery of some more effective method of combating internal cancers than we now have.

The other merit is that this is a plan to enlist the general public and its money in an all-out fight against cancer, instead of leaving it to wealthy old gentlemen

to bequeath money for cancer research to favored institutions.

The race of wealthy old gentlemen is becoming largely extinct, because of crushing income and inheritance taxes. It is time for the general public to take up where the old gentlemen are having to leave off. Public endowment of research on specified diseases looks like an idea which should be carried on from cancer, infantile paralysis and tuberculosis to a lot of other widespread ailments which can still stand some research. As early candidates, we'd nominate heart trouble, arthritis, malaria, undulant fever, the several influenzas and the common cold.

PLATINUM STRIKE

—in Colombia's
"Mountains of Gold"



1 "Finding my first nugget," writes a North American mineralogist stationed in Colombia. "was certainly a spine-tingling thrill—almost pure platinum, sprinkled with gold. But I quickly learned such finds are by no means rare . . . Colombia is one of the world's chief platinum producers. Why, I saw a man here on the San Juan River trade a nugget like mine for a bottle of Canadian Club Whisky . . . which, by the way, goes to show how highly they prize Canadian Club, even in these remote parts.



2 "Yesterday this area was all but inaccessible. Today, a network of air routes—affiliated with our own Pan American World Airways—links the San Juan Valley with all Colombia . . . and in 12 hours' flying time, with the United States.



3 "Another never-failing thrill is Colombia's riot of orchids—some of the world's finest varieties grow wild here. As for the botanical garden in Medellín, dynamic industrial city—that might well be termed the Orchid Capital of The World.



4 "Yet even dearer to Colombian hearts are her spreading acres of red-berried coffee trees. They produce coffee with a flavor that's mellow, distinctive—almost as distinctive and delightful as the flavor of Canadian Club.



5 "Mentioning Canadian Club in this connection comes easy, for every place I've been in this progressive land, I've found this whisky with the unmatched taste as highly prized as at home."

Once the war is over, you will find it even easier than now to visit Latin America. There you will find Canadian Club again. This whisky is *light* as Scotch,

rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. It is equally satisfying in mixed drinks and highballs; so you can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

• That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

Canadian Club



Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof

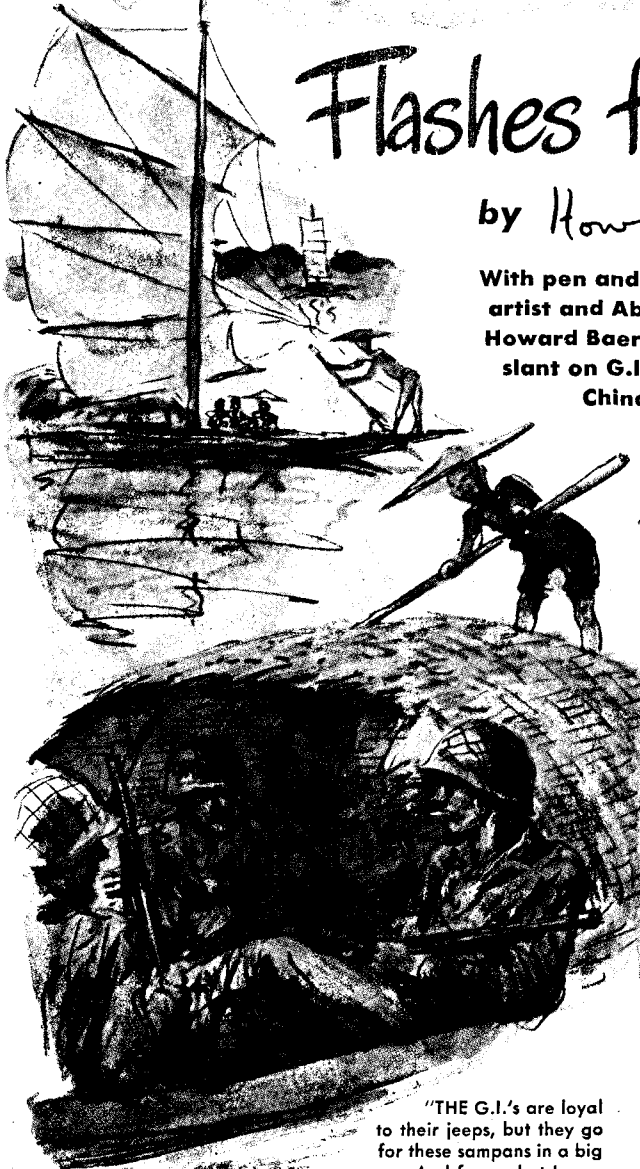
"ZERO ON BURMA ROAD! That," says War Correspondent Howard Baer, "has nothing to do with the temperature or the Nip fighter plane of the same name. It simply places the locale of this traffic scene at no miles from Kunming, the beginning of the Burma Road."



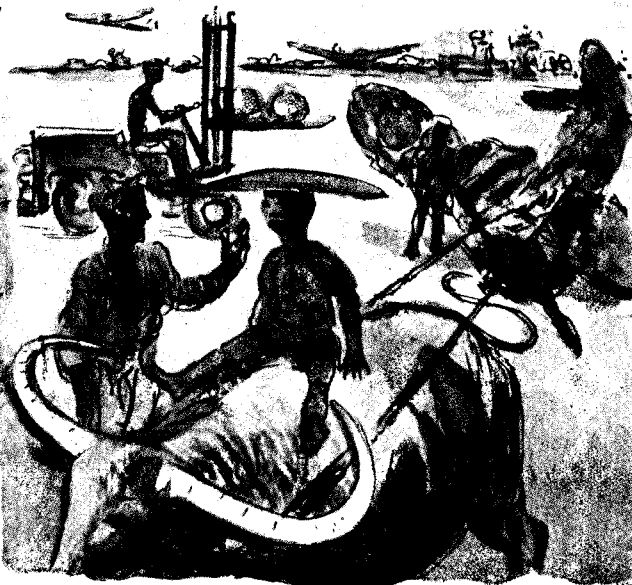
Flashes from Burma Road

by Howard Baer.

With pen and ink and brush, the noted artist and Abbott war correspondent, Howard Baer, gives you a sketchbook slant on G.I. Joe and Johnny in the China-Burma theater.



"THE G.I.'s are loyal to their jeeps, but they go for these sampans in a big way. And from what I saw, they go for Camel cigarettes too—plenty!"



"THE NIPS HAVE GONE. Correction! All but this one being towed off the air strip by the water buffalo. These boys not only can build air strips out of nothing—they can protect them too!"



"A FEW EMPTY gasoline tins—a few sticks of bamboo—a bit of Yank ingenuity—presto, you've got a shower! And nothing tops off a cool shower like a fresh, flavorful Camel."



"BASCHA, the boys called this, but that seems to go for any sliced-bamboo structure. This was a recreation hut where the boys gathered with their mail and their Camels. In Burma and China, a fresh, flavorful Camel cigarette is just like a taste of home."

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.



"THIS JUMBLE of symbols at the left is my *chop*—Baer, in Chinese. I can't speak one of their dialects, but I can tell you a pack of Camels says 'U.S.A.' without any interpreter. Camels are my smoke—they're tops with G.I.'s. And it's good to see them getting Camels, too, even if Camels are a little scarce on the home front."

Yes, your dealer may not always have Camels, but when you do get them you're still getting *Camels* . . . costlier tobaccos, properly aged. That's why Camels are worth asking for again . . . and again!

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

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